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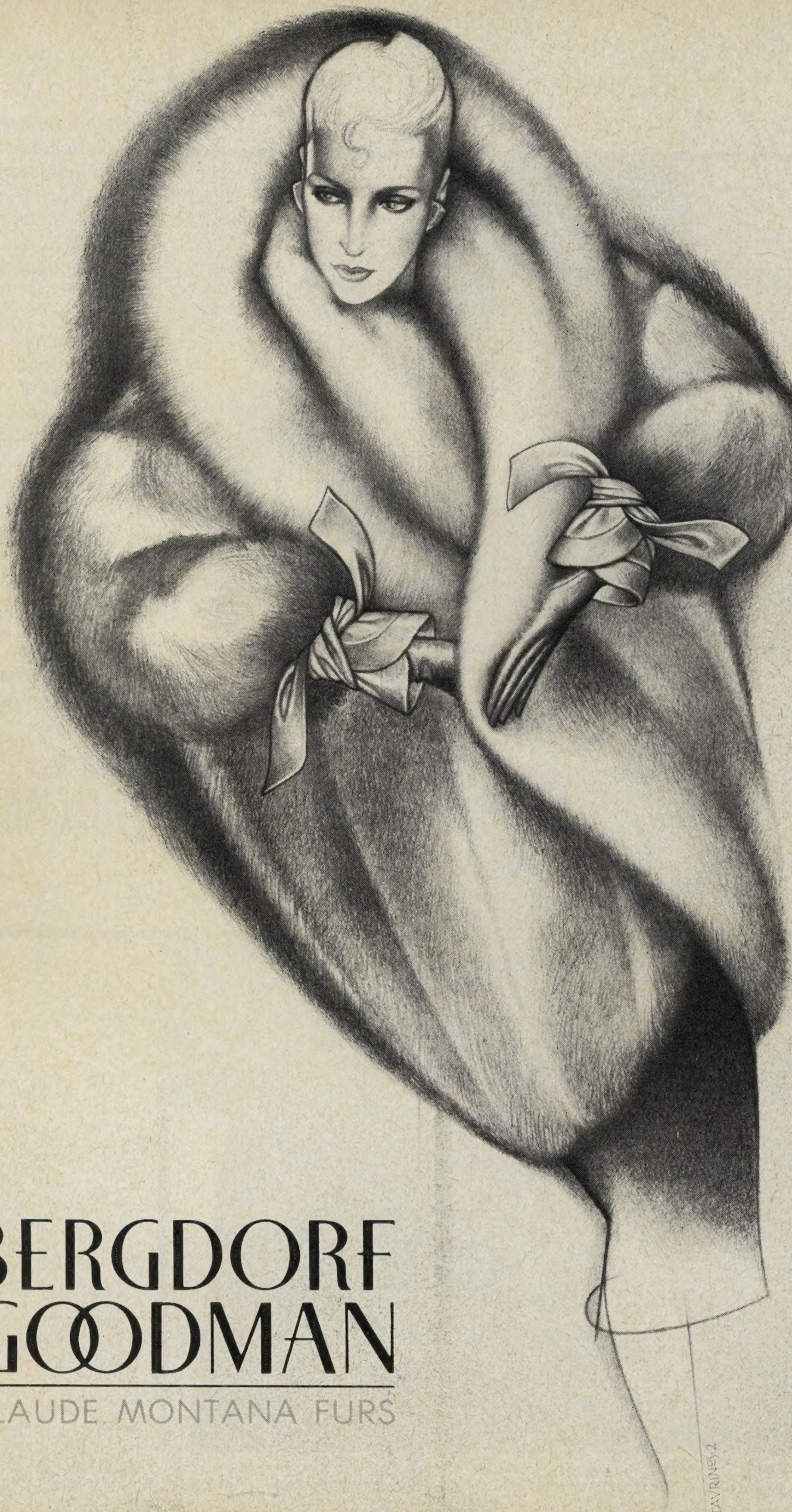

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Here she tosses bouquets of white flowers on a billowy black skirt of silk crêpe de Chine. Then she picks up the bouquet in black intarsia knit on a white cashmere sweatervest. Bloused in white pin dots on black silk crêpe de Chine. The blouse and skirt for sizes 4 to 12, the sweatervest, S, M, L. Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue.

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VOGUE®

october

FASHION

151 Women in China: The Inborn Desire to "Dress." By Beatrice Buckler
504-512 Vogue's View: People, Places . . . Ideas. Edited by Mary Russell
515 Point of View: What Stands Out This Season
516-535 A World Apart—the Most Romantic Evening Dressing
536-541 A Positive Change . . . in Jewelry
572-577 Viva Italia! News from the Couture
578-583 Fur: Racier, Rugged, More Elemental
584-589 The New-Shape Dressing
590 Vogue Patterns: The New-Shape Dressing
592 Vogue's Last Word

227 The Best of France
270 Paris: Style, Spirit. By Edmonde Charles-Roux
276 Couture: Ultimate Splendor
292 Couture: Splendid Craft. By Hebe Dorsey
337 France: What's Best. By Joan Juliet Buck
401 Ready-To-Wear Sizzle
410 Paris Temptations
424 The Lure of the Country. By Barbara Kafka and Christine Masson
430 Perfume. By Shirley Lord
442 Wines. By John Russell and Martin Gersh
456 The New Cuisine. By Henri Gault
464 Food. By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

113 Beauty Now/Cover Look
116 Beauty Q&A
138 Shape-Up Now: Curves
147 Health. By Melva Weber
148 Mind Health. By Carol Tavris
161 Hair Now: Movement
164 Hair Now: What Works
182 Beauty Now: Who Is a Good Candidate for Cosmetic Surgery? By Sharon Romm, M.D.
196 Beauty Now: Delights
474 Your Well-Being: Vulnerability. By Barbara Lang Stern
536-555 Beauty/Fitness Report '82
536-541 A Positive Change . . . in Makeup
542-546 A Positive Change in Skin Care. By Shirley Lord
548-553 Vogue's Fitness Symposium 1982: Living Fit—It Works. Edited by Karen Anderegg
554 A Positive Change in Hair. By Allison Leopold
594-599 HealthStyle: Improving Your Speech, Your Eating Habits . . . Stress Testing . . . more

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

68-96 People Are Talking About: What's News—Movies, Art, Books, Music, Restaurants, TV, Radio
122 Working: Sex and Business. By Patricia O'Toole
126 Snob Appeal. By James Wolcott
135 Talking About . . . Art. By Barbara Rose
140 The Marriage and Divorce Report. By Ellen Switzer
143 What's a Flat Tax? By Susan Lee
185 Conversational Style. By Deborah Tannen
186 Charles Fuller, Pulitzer Prize-winning Playwright. An Interview by Stanley Crouch
188 That Amazing Bloomsbury Group. By Mary Blume
206 Taxes: Audit Tightrope. By Julian Block
209 Talking About . . . Money. By Lisa Gubernick
212 Talking About . . . Treasures. By Jeffrey Hogrefe
219 Parents: Answering Questions. By Caroline Seebohm
220 Women and Cars: Buying Strategies. By Lillian Borgeson
225 Men and Women—The Credibility Gap. By Frances Lear
472 Between Us. By Lorraine Davis
556-561 The New Appeal of Sci-Fi
557 Deep Space and Visual Thrills. By Barbara Rose
558 The Feminization of Sci-Fi. By Isaac Asimov
559 Dancing in Space. By Veronica Geng
560 The Witch: Everything Men Fear About Women and Women Fear About Themselves. By Erica Jong
570-571 Robert Walser—A Wonderful Heartbreaking Writer Rediscovered. By Susan Sontag
Two Short Stories by Robert Walser
606 Gridlock—A Fable. By Elizabeth J. Block

LIVING

201 Food: Party Recipes from "Glorious Food." By Christopher Idone
476 Entertaining: Tips and Treats. By Sandi Britton
478-484 Living Gazette. By Barbara Plumb
562-569 M. Givenchy Finds His Dream House

TRAVEL

486 Travel Now. By Richard Alleman
489 Up North in Portugal. By Carla Hunt
493 Barcelona: Big-City Spain at Its Liveliest. By Patricia Brooks
496 A Day in Venice. By Despina Messinesi
496 Vogue Travel Guide

IN EVERY ISSUE

30 Masthead/Your Letters
177 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere

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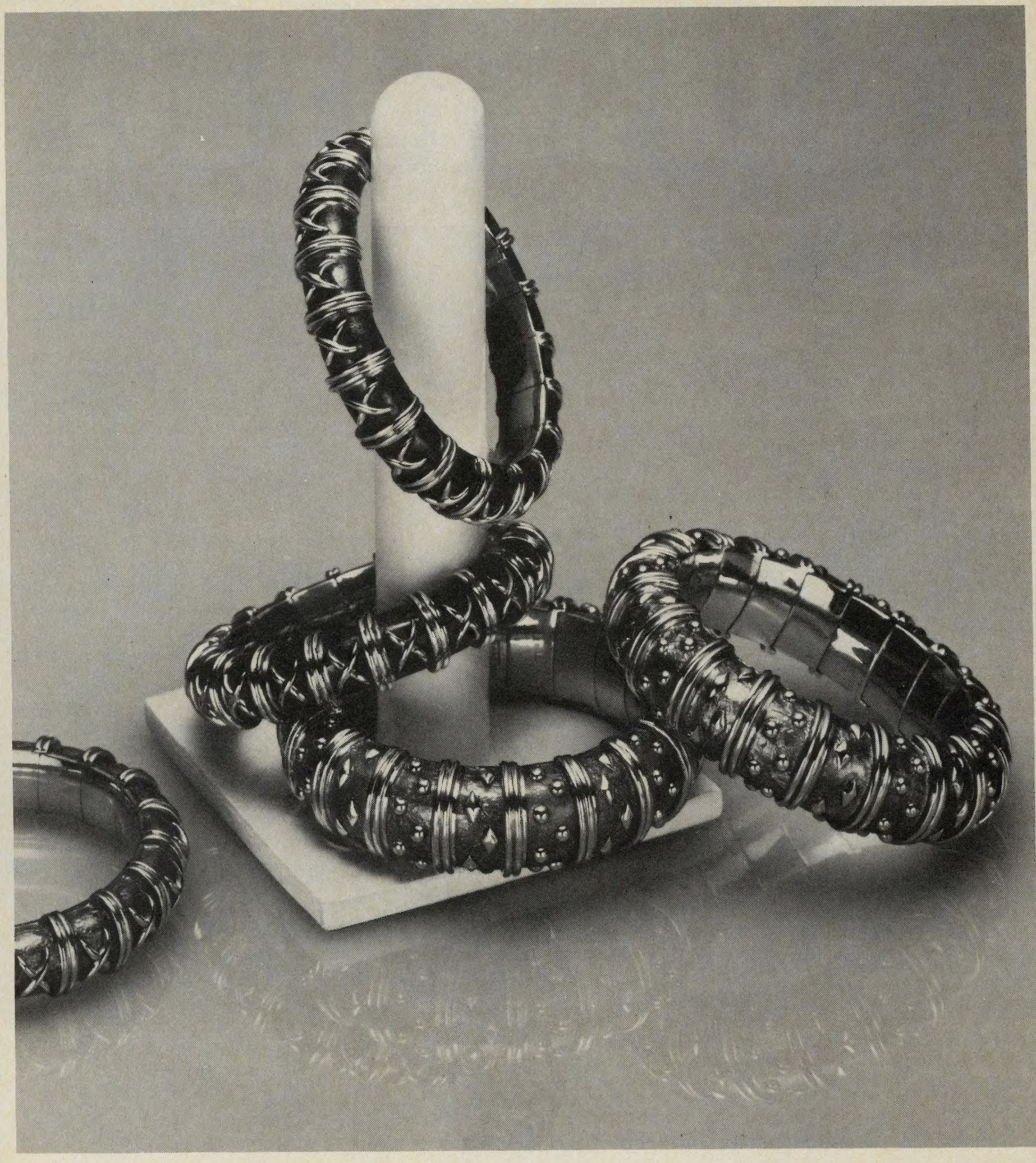

The Winning Designs of Jean Schlumberger

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Suit dressing for evening . . . with a modernist's vision. And that high degree of sophistication. Charcoal stripe wool flange jacket with stand up collar, $885. Stripe wool ankle skirt, $485. Silver Lurex metallic fold-over collar on silk blouse, $475. The 28 Shop®, Sixth Floor, State Street, and Water Tower Place, Chicago.

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Saks Fifth Avenue

JIMMY'S
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

From the Fall/Winter 1982 collection of Gianfranco Ferré, the architectural tuxedo blouse softly pleated in silk crepe de chine over black flannel pants.
To be worn with the shoes designed by Gianfranco Ferré, produced by Guido Pasquali.

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Lillie Rubin

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Revlon
celebrates '83:
New Year,
New You.

Your best year yet starts here, now ▶

Gown by Hanae Mori. Jewelry by Esther Gallant

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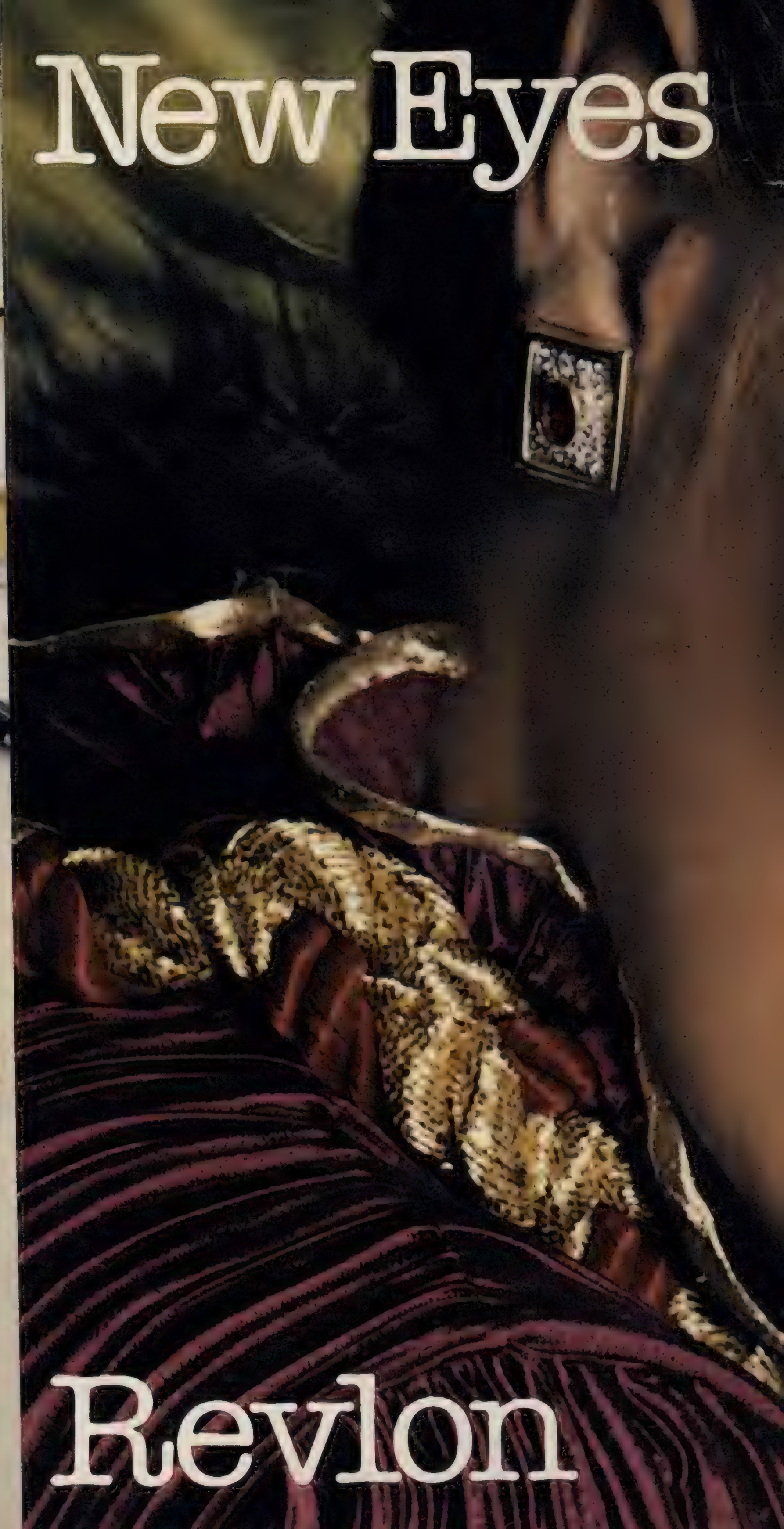
New Year, New You.

New attitude. Maybe this is the year to try that color you've never had the courage to try before. Revlon has 156 eyeshadow colors in 10 formulas. To brush on, sponge on, draw on. To help you look at yourself with new eyes in the new year.

New Eyes



Revlon

Kim is wearing
Spirited Rose and Deepglow Sapphire Eyeshadow,
and Scoundrel Perfume.
Dress by Ana Colon. Jewelry by Esther Gallant.

New Year,
New You.

New Skin

New spunk. You don't have to knuckle under to a complicated regimen to have silkier, smoother, younger-looking skin just 10 days from today. European women did it, and now so can you. With European Collagen Complex.

Revlon

Dress by Reiko. Jewelry by Esther Gallant.

New Lips

and Nails

New Year, New You.

On her lips and nails Kim is wearing Private Stock Brandy. Dress by Saz. Jewelry by Esther Gallant.

New kick. Think of great lip and nail colors as great accessories. They shine, moisten, enrich, give you a lift and are lots less expensive than, say, an alligator belt. Lipsticks in 269 landmark colors (70 glosses, too), and 156 nail enamel colors, ditto the landmark part. Nobody but Revlon has more colors than that.

Revlon

New Year, New You.

New Glow

New idea. You can look rested, loved, even rich if you bring your face to some of Revlon's versatile foundations and cheek colors. How about lightweight, moisturizing Touch & Glow as a foundation, with a dusting of Pure Radiance for an 'Is she in love or what?' glow?

Revlon

Kim is wearing Strike-It-Rich Ruby Lipstick,
and Society Mint & Deepened Olive Eyeshadow.
Suede Top by Vakko. Jewelry by Christopher Walling.

Private Stock Brandy

Strike-It-Rich Ruby

Big Deal Blackberry

Wine Dynasty

meanwhile, back at

Only Revlon would have the nerve to flaunt such a rich and restless collection of colors. Influential colors. Good-girl-gone-bad (but not too bad) colors. Like Private Stock Brandy, Big Deal Blackberry, Wine Dynasty, Plum Rich. The Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch collection. For your eyes, cheeks, lips and nails. For this fall. And for all the days of your lives.

Revlon

the ranch...

new year,
new you,
new colors
for fall.

On her lips and nails, Wine Dynasty; on her cheeks Saturday Night Red and Candlelight.
Dress by Akira; Jewelry by Esther Gallant.

Introducing
the first perfume-in-cologne*

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Spray it on, it's a cologne.
Hours later, rub it gently and
it blooms into Charlie perfume.
It's the darndest thing.

*NEW FROM REVLON: perfumed beads of Charlie, encapsulated in cologne, that bloom into Charlie perfume at your touch, your timing.

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TO THE
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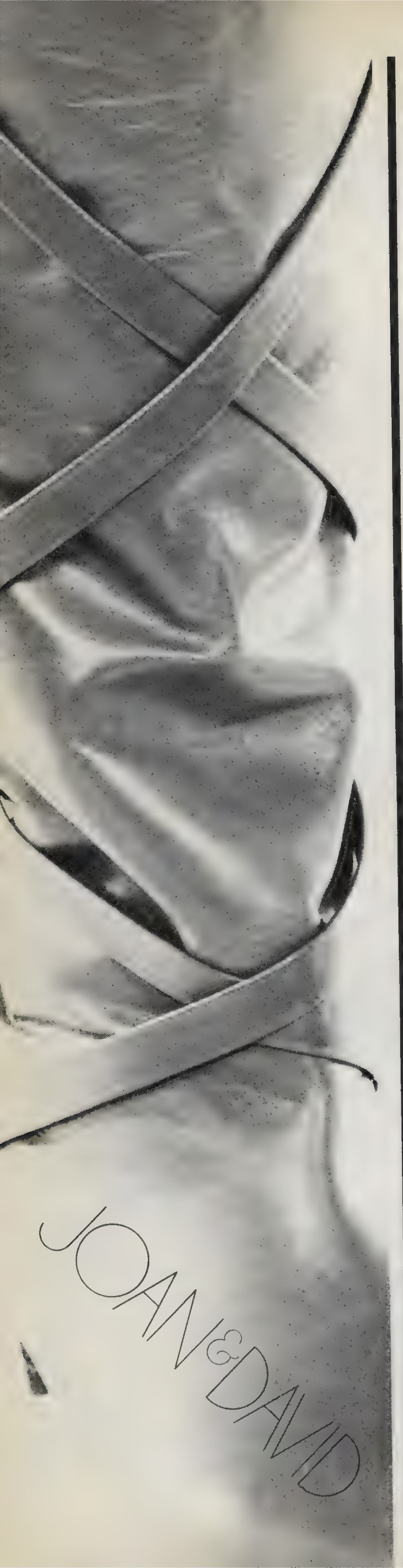

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Your Letters

Courage in numbers

After reading the interview with Helen Caldicott, M.D., by Amy Gross in the July issue, a joyously courageous feeling came over me—the same feeling I received after attending the Nuclear Disarmament Rally in Denver.

This amazing movement is bringing Americans together by the thousands, in a profound unity, because of our simple, inherent need to survive and to preserve our planet. I also believe, as Dr. Caldicott stated, that the Russians are acting out of fear just as we are. Because we live in a democracy, we citizens are able to therapeutically voice our long repressed fear of nuclear holocaust. My heartfelt compassion goes out to all the Russian citizens opposed to nuclear proliferation, who are unable to rally harmoniously with one another because of their oppressive government. We can only hope that the Soviet Embassy will realize their fear and convey it to the leaders so that a bilateral freeze will be put into effect as soon as possible. Together we can be a success!

Doris DeGenova
Morrison CO

Your July issue was excellent. Thank you, Amy Gross for your interview of Dr. Helen Caldicott. Not only did the article give an in-depth portrait of the founder of Physicians for Social Responsibility, but the philosophical and social issues were discussed in a manner that was timely, concise and eloquent. I am continually amazed at the quiet, calm resolve of the current anti-nuclear movement. People have awakened since I was arrested with members of the Wild Rose Affinity Group in Palo, Iowa, two years ago. *(Continued on page 129)*

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.

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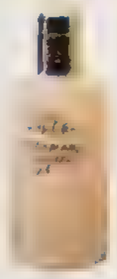
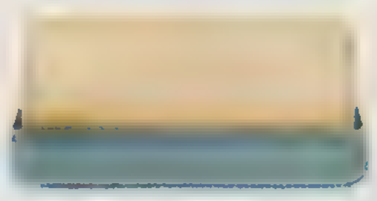
The Cleansers

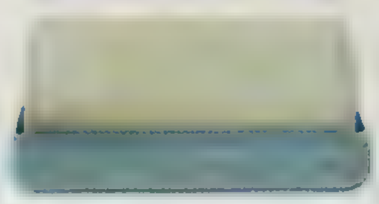
<u>One is for you</u>



Thorough Cleansing Gel



Basic Cleansing Bar
(normal/dry)



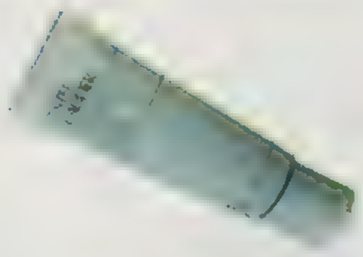
Basic Cleansing Bar
(normal/oily)

Tender Creme Cleanser

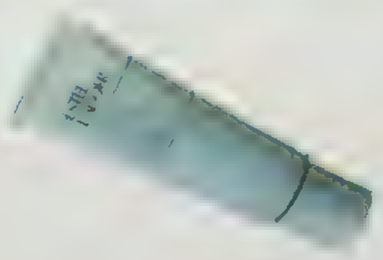
The Refiners

<u>One is for you</u>

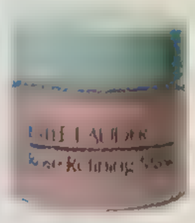
Solid Milk Cleansing Grains



Almond Clay Pack



Gentle Action Skin Polisher



Rose Refining Mask

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Full Strength Protection Tonic

Mild-Action Protection Tonic

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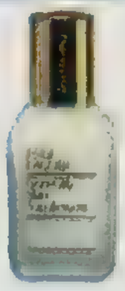
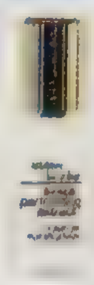


Non-Oily Skin Supplement



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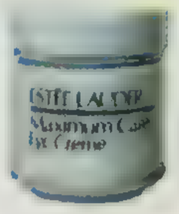

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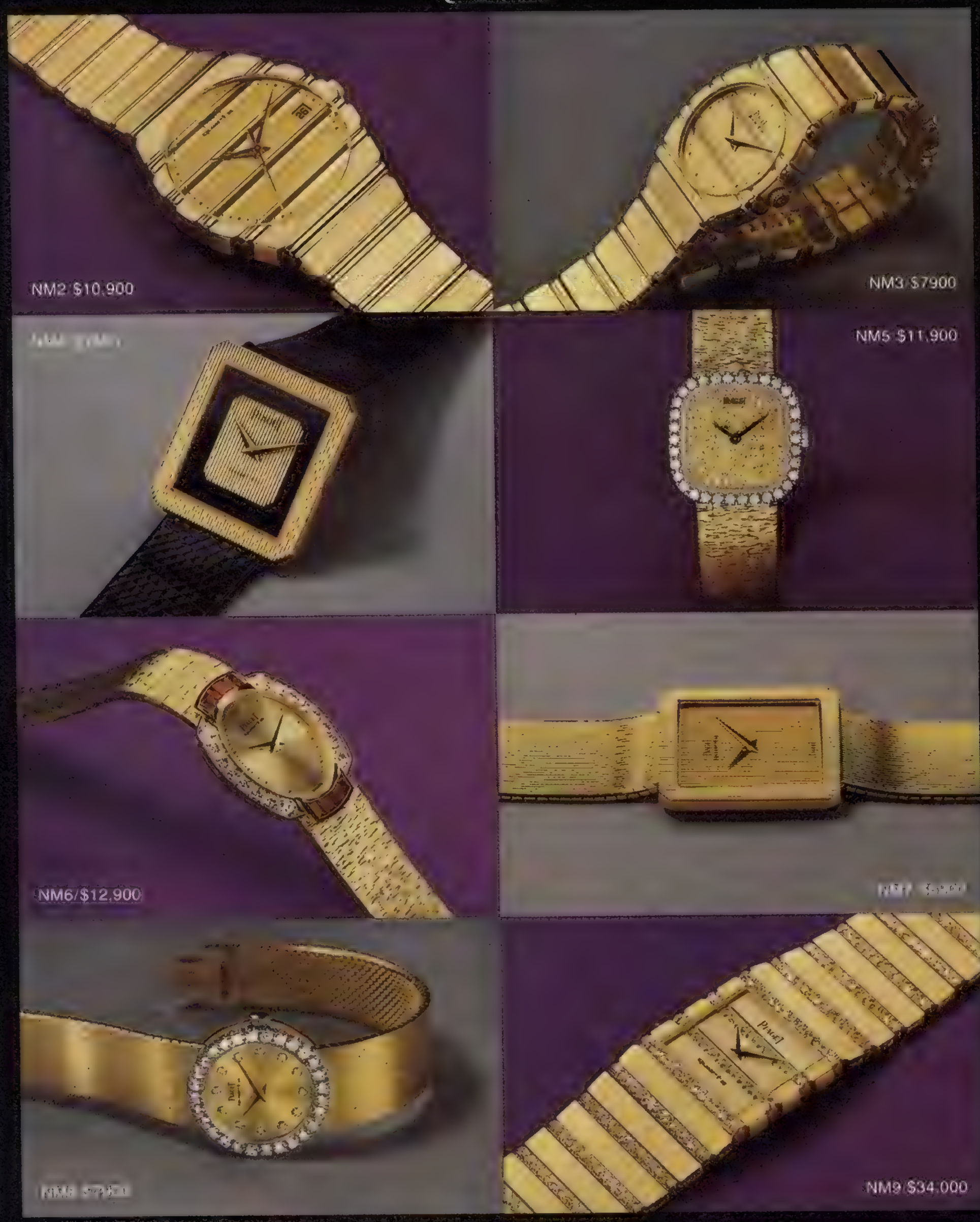

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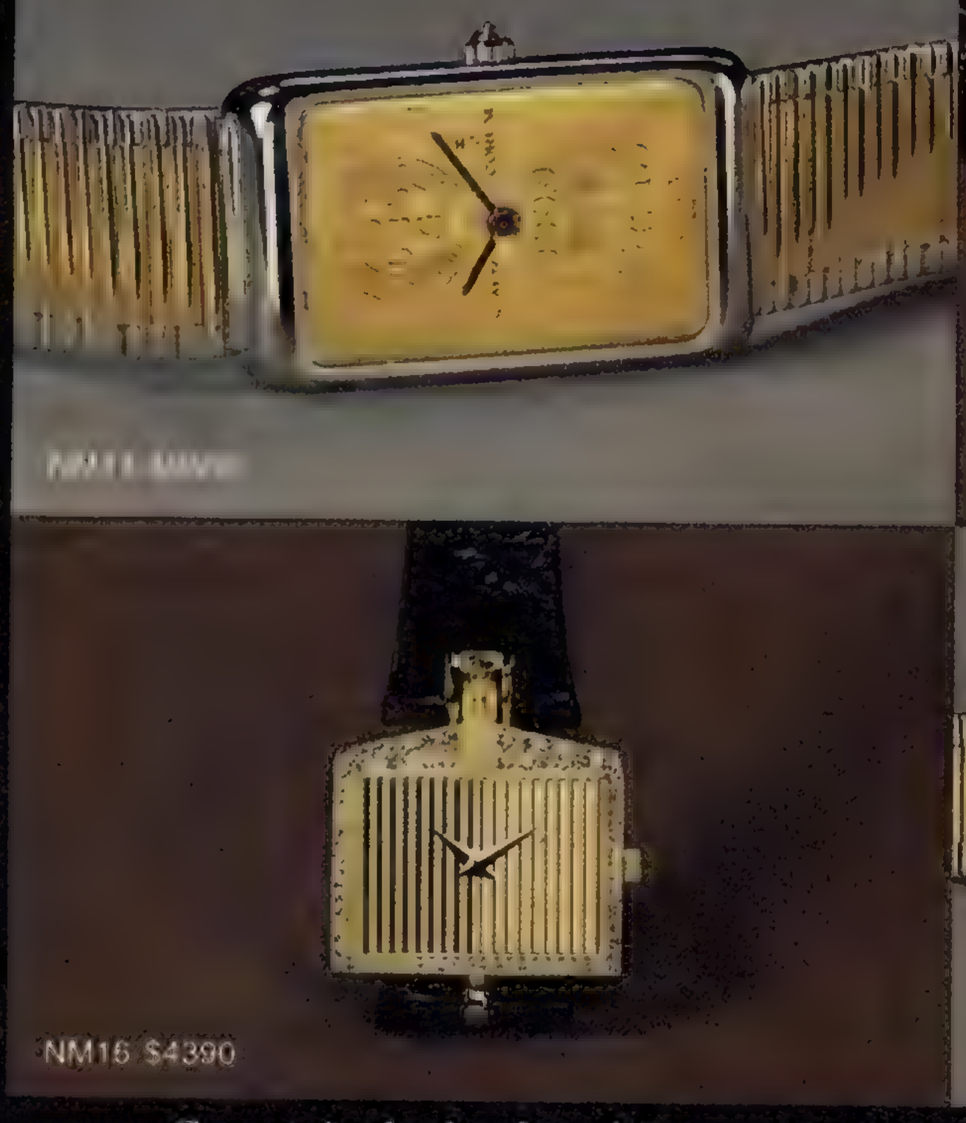

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What's News

WHAT'S COMING

People are talking about...

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MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES

RECASTING THE PAST: A HIT AND A MISS

As an actor, Richard Benjamin is a determined ham—he can be brilliantly aggravating, or just aggravating. As a first-time director, however, he rarely falters: *My Favorite Year* turns aggravated mayhem, assault, and hammery into comic gold. Based on a screenplay by Norman Steinberg and Dennis Palumbo, this is a wacky, head-spinning comedy about a few fondly remembered days in the life of live television.

Peter O'Toole stars, or rather, as the legendary Alan Swann, sweeps through the air with the ease of an aging swashbuckler sustained on drunken memory. "I'm a movie star," he declaims at one point, having looked for the first time into the one-take abyss of live television, "not an actor!" With the snap and pacing of veteran vaudevillians, a supporting cast conjures up the collective madness of working on a weekly show, the sense of life as a nonstop audition in which everybody—from producers to gofers—is straining to get one off, and even the bad jokes are good.

The time is 1954, the place "30 Rock"—New York City's Rockefeller Plaza. Through the eyes of Benjy Stone (né Steinberg), an apprentice writer played with just the right blend of chutzpah and humility by Mark Linn-Baker, we are invited to witness the preparation of a weekly special—the *Saturday Night Live* of its time—called *Comedy Cavalcade.* This is a high-wire act by definition, made more treacherous by the question of whether this week's guest star—the flamboyantly irresponsible matinee idol played by O'Toole—will stay sober long enough to do his number, and whether threats on the life of the show's top banana (Joseph Bologna) by a gangster he has been impersonating (Cameron Mitchell) will be carried out. Benjy's hero-worship of the great Swann is destined to take a beating, but not a fatal one, for it is one of the old-fashioned charms of this movie that it allows even wastrels and fools their moment of heroism.

This is not exactly virgin territory. The shedding of illusion and the getting of wisdom are standard showbiz story themes. No less irresistible as a subject dear to the hearts of urban Jewish comedy writers and directors is the portrait of the urban-Jewish comedy-writer artist as a klutzy kid (and boy genius), with such ancillary motifs as the urban-Jewish boy's mortifying attempts at getting the goyl (here played by Jessica Harper). But with a superbly choreographed cast and an attitude that is three parts affection to one part ridicule, Benjamin and his writers give the stereotypes new life. Scenes that might have been offensively outrageous are endearingly so, like the family dinner in which Lainie Kazan makes eyes both maternal and flirtatious at O'Toole, while her second husband, a Filipino ex-bantamweight, serves "meat" loaf made out of the family parrot.

O'Toole, with his bleary blue eyes and unfailing courtliness merges poignantly with Swann as a figure who straddles the line between illusion and reality. (The Swann persona is deliciously parodied in film clips of his sword epics, showing O'Toole as a sort of prematurely debauched cross between Errol Flynn and Charles Laughton.)

The set, a spruced-up and slightly stylized view of the 'fifties, is a delight. O'Toole provides what might serve as the movie's epigraph when, as Alan Swann quoting Edmund Kean, he intones, "Dying is easy;" (. . . one . . . two . . . three)

(Continued on page 72)

Peter O'Toole *(right)* as an aging star, Mark Linn-Baker as a fledgling TV writer, hilariously conjure up TV's early days in *My Favorite Year*

MOVIES M MOVIES M

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Frederic Forrest as Hammett: Wenders' tribute to the '30s detective genre exudes an air of leaden make-believe

MOVIES MOVIES

(Continued) "comedy is hard." Benjamin and company make it look easy.

Hammett, Wim Wenders' long awaited *hommage* to the American detective writer of the 'twenties and 'thirties, is another affectionate excursion into the past; but, unlike *My Favorite Year,* it makes everything look hard. From Frederic Forrest's labored impersonation of the boozing writer—or, rather, his impersonation of Jason Robards, Jr., who made a brief appearance as Hammett in *Julia*—to the cluttered and claustrophobic sets, shabby hotel rooms and dens of iniquity, *Hammett* exudes an atmosphere of leaden make-believe. It was produced by Francis Coppola in that acutely (and cutely) artificial style that is coming to be known as the Zoetrope look, as if a model set, or a doll's house, had been crafted, then blown up to human scale but without consideration for anything resembling spontaneous human life.

The supporting characters—Peter Boyle as an old colleague, Lydia Lei as a Chinese blackmailer, Marilu Henner as a literary vamp—pop up and down like puppets according to the mysterious dictates of a plot that is not quite funny enough to be parody but is played too unconvincingly to be believed. They are part real, part figments of Hammett's imagination, but in the process Hammett himself becomes spectral, a bloodless abstraction.

Wenders admires what he sees as the radical disenchantment of the American *film noir,* but from such an absurdist perspective that he can never hope to recapture its vitality.

In Hammett's fiction, there was a good deal of sybaritic pleasure beneath the hard-boiled veneer, but in *Hammett* there is none. Its women are mangy, uninviting creatures and the shot glasses of whiskey go down like cough syrup. Sadly, Wenders has given us yet another tinselly, secondhand view of the 'twenties, a department-store window that trots out the props of mood and sensuality, and misses their essence.

—MOLLY HASKELL

THE BOLD ICONOGRAPHERS OF INDUSTRIAL TECH

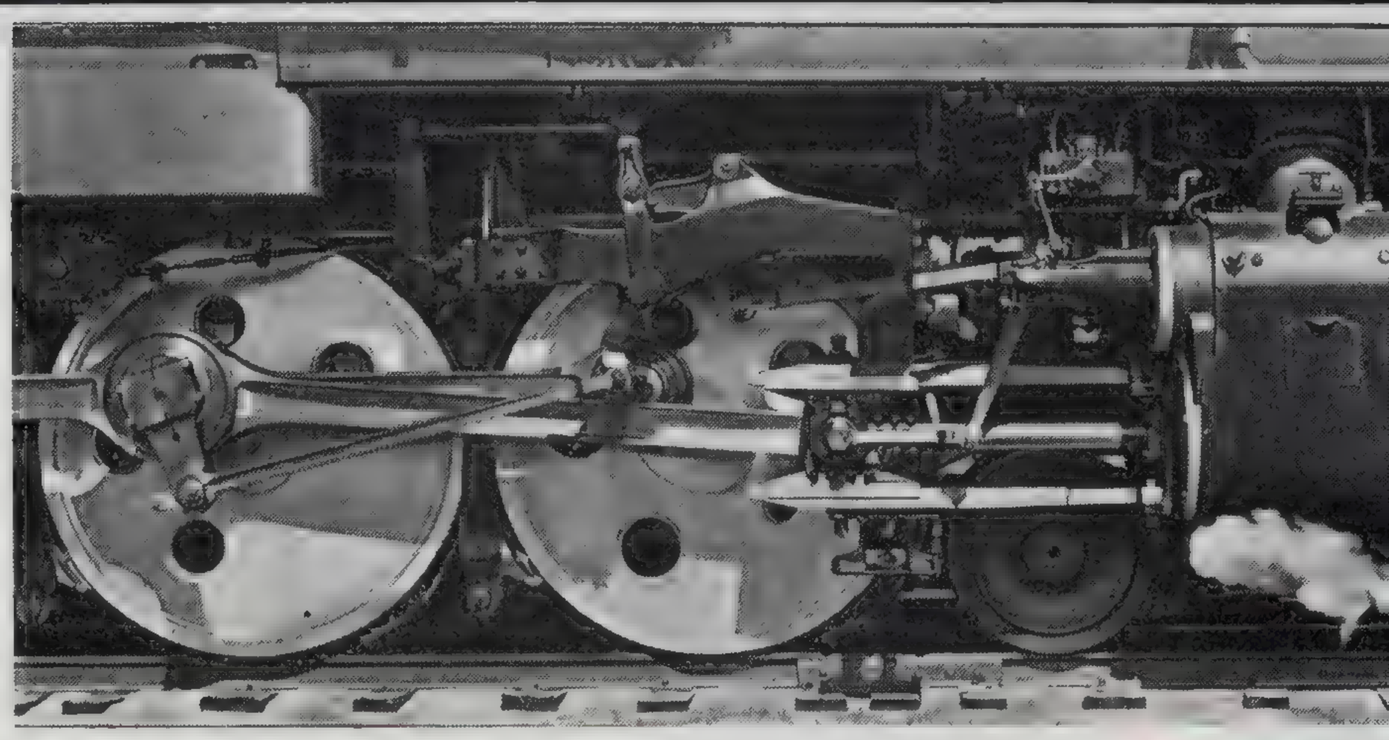
Images of America: Precisionist Painting and Modern Photography, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; through November 7. This provocative exhibition explores the new direction taken by American painters and photographers working out their own version of the "return to order" in the years following World War I. For the painters—Ralston Crawford, Charles Demuth, Louis Lozowick, Charles Sheeler, and Morton Schamberg—Precisionism meant coming to terms with European Modernism (Cubism and Dadaism) and recasting it to fit a more concrete, recognizable American subject matter. For the photographers—Paul Strand, Ralph Steiner, Alfred Stieglitz, Berenice Abbott, and the f/64 group—modernity meant getting rid of the poetic effects of the Pictorialist tradition and forging a new hard-edge, objective style based on "truth to the nature of the medium." And for both, Precisionism meant focusing on this country's increasingly industrial urban landscape, a ready-made subject matter for the Precisionist's orderly compromise between abstract principles and traditional American realism.

At the heart of the show lies the achievement of Charles Sheeler. Sheeler's style in both painting and photography is marked by a cool, dispassionate, estheticized view of his subject matter. In "Rolling Power" of 1939 (*above*), one of six canvases commissioned by *Fortune* magazine on the theme of industrial power, Sheeler severs subject from meaning by using a close-up viewpoint. This is a painfully precise and static rendering of a modern locomotive completely divorced from its context in the world of modern dynamism, a world conjured up by Monet's locomotives in the Gare St. Lazare series.

In general, the photographs in the show are of higher quality than the paintings, in part because they are more surprising. Margaret Bourke-White's elegant George Washington Bridge reveals that she was an aficionada of the machine esthetic before she documented the pressing social issues of her time; and Ansel Adams, it turns out, was as sensitive a recorder of factories in the 'thirties as he was of the Western wilderness.

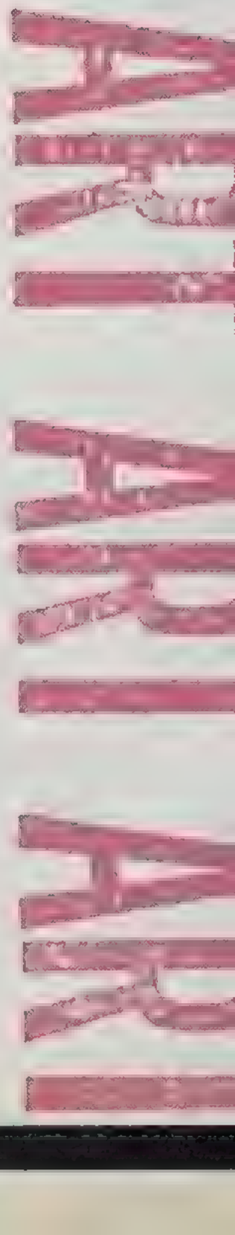
But, in the midst of the Precisionist's purity and high seriousness, Gerald Murphy's little canvas, "Razor", *(left),* stands out for its modesty, wit, and cheerfulness. The safety razor, one minor miracle of mass production, is crossed over another, the fountain pen, in front of a box of Three-Star matches. Murphy not only created a tongue-in-cheek icon of modern technology, a not-too-serious coat of arms for the triumph of American industrial might, but an arresting harbinger of the deadpan Pop imagery of the 1960s.

—LINDA NOCHLIN



SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART

DALLAS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS; FOUNDATION FOR THE ARTS COLLECTION GIFT OF GERALD MURPHY



Sheeler's "Rolling Power," *above;* Murphy's "Razor," *left*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

"Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre"

PURSUING THE FIERY VISION OF WILLIAM BLAKE—ARTIST, POET, RADICAL ROMANTIC —IN A RADIANT NEW SHOW

William Blake: His Art and Times; Yale Center for British Art, New Haven, Connecticut; through November 14. William Blake (1757-1827), one of England's greatest poets, a major visual artist, political revolutionary, and religious visionary, believed his works were divinely inspired. Indeed, Blake's works were so startling, so original, that some veered off mere eccentricity. This exhibition tries quite properly to place Blake's graphic achievement within the context of the art, religious ideas, and political upheavals of his times—a period that enveloped the French Revolution, the stirrings of the Industrial Revolution, and the birth of Romanticism in European art.

With his conception of the illuminated book as an organic entity, Blake wrote, designed, illustrated, as well as engraved his books. In his best-known volumes, *Songs of Innocence* and its sequel, *Songs of Experience,* a relief-etching technique of his own invention enabled the artist to create a close harmony between each short poem and the decorative border that surrounded it in a manner reminiscent of medieval manuscripts.

Throughout the early years of the nineteenth century, Blake invented an inimitable choreography of expression in which all the nuances of moral meaning are conveyed by stylized variations of wiry, linear contour and original strategies of pose and gesture. In the frontispiece to *Europe: A Prophecy,* the harsh, muscular form of the evil, repressive deity Urizen (your reason?) is bending down from the firmament, measuring out the natural world with his architect's dividers in an image of soulless materialism. The same head-down, concentrated, crouching pose and the same dividers are used for the monoprint of the scientist Newton, who, like Urizen, is depicted imposing a deadening rational order on the world. At the opposite pole—that of spiritual enlightenment—is the sprightly figure of Albion in "Glad Day or the Dance of Albion." Here, the highest form of ecstasy is expressed by the wide, expansive, palms-out gesture of the classical nude figure who stands gazing upward.

This exhibition features twenty of the more than fifty watercolor and tempera illustrations of the Bible commissioned from Blake by Thomas Butts, one of the artist's principal patrons. In the course of making these pictures, Blake turned away from the natural world, and moved closer and closer to the hieratic and devotional style of the middle ages. In "Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre" from this series, the composition is almost symmetrical, the contours have achieved a melting softness. Divine illumination is suggested by the gentle radiance uniting the standing figure of Christ with the kneeling one of the Magdalene, who turns back towards her Saviour with a look of astonishment; her state of spiritual vibration is delicately enhanced by the tumbling, radiant locks of hair enframing her body like a quivery mandolin.

"Blake believed his works were divinely inspired"

This valuable exhibition reveals that the personal iconography, the linear style, and the neo-classical and Gothic sources were also common to Blake's contemporaries, and that perhaps what Blake received from his angelic messenger was not supernatural guidance in draughtsmanship but rather glad tidings about the new romanticism which came to dominate the art world in the nineteenth century. —L.N.

ART BOOK NOTES

John Singer Sargent's paintings of strong-featured Edwardian women wrapped in crisp silks and satins won him such fame as a "society portraitist" that his rightful title of master painter has been denied. Now, in Carter Ratcliff's persuasive "John Singer Sargent" (Abbeville), Sargent emerges as an artist of the greatest range and subtlety. Little-known city scenes, sea- and landscapes—some reproduced here for the first time—illustrate Sargent's broad and expressive brushwork, his unerring sense of place (and person), and his sensitive hand as a colorist. Poet, sculptor, photographer Brassaï—vivid chronicler of Paris life and art in the 'thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties—knew and photographed its iconoclastic artists. Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Giacometti and seventeen others step forward in Brassaï's "The Artists of My Life" (Viking), through conversations and photographs they reveal themselves, their art, their thoughts, and their tradition-shattering era. —A.H.

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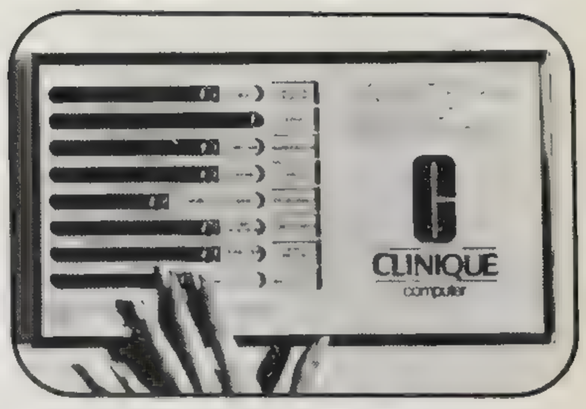

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BEATTIE AND DILLARD: WRITING TO SAVE THEIR LIVES

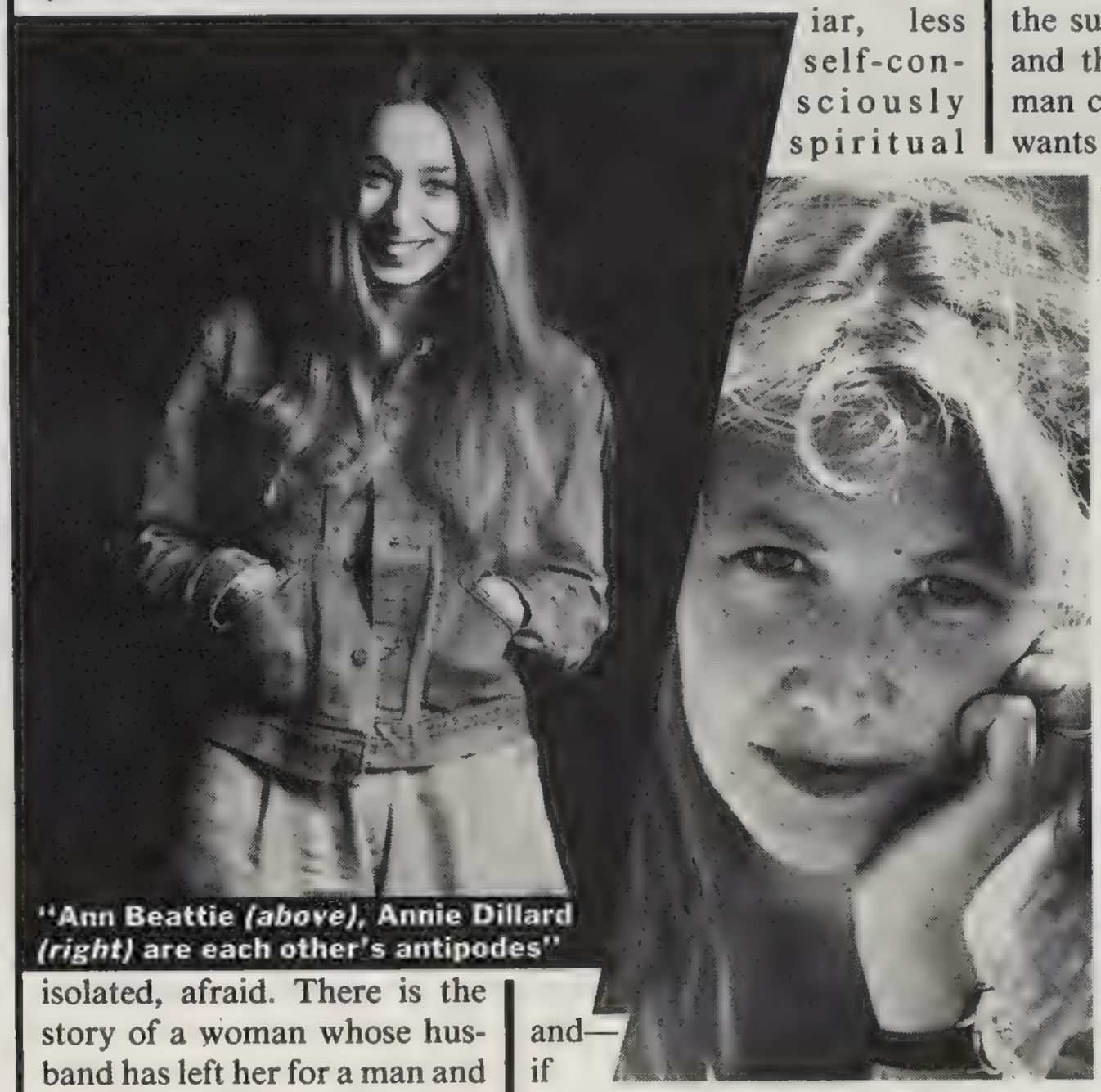
Consider these two women, Ann Beattie and Annie Dillard. Both young, recognized masters of their intractable art. Both living some version of rural solitude; writing, manifestly, to save their lives. Yet for most practical purposes Ann Beattie and Annie Dillard are each other's antipodes, each living at the extreme distance from the other's world. Dillard knows Beattie's terrain—that is, the geography of cold despair. She has mapped that pole in some detail; but she prefers not to live there. Beattie, on the other hand, makes her ice her element. She can never be at home in it—that's her point. Home is where the heart is most often betrayed; where, as she writes, "what will happen can't be stopped. Aim for grace." Grace—in either its sacred or esthetic sense—is the axis on which both poles turn. Either you have grace or you don't. Up or down, salvation or doom. Each writer, in her way, decides.

Ann Beattie's new collection of short stories, *The Burning House* (Random House), is peopled, like her earlier work (most recent was *Falling in Place*), with lost souls. These are spiritual nomads, peripheral to their own and others' lives. They can love, but their love is a way of grieving. Desire, when these characters can experience it, is quickly revealed to be a species of pain "more overwhelming than love—the desire, for one brief minute, simply to get off the earth." You can almost hear the undertone, "The horror! The horror!"

Beattie's stories turn swiftly and close hard. Nature snaps. "Now I have learned," a woman sensing herself in mortal danger—from another woman—observes, "that it is their dull lives that make people begin to say cutting things." The knowledge doesn't help. Almost invariably, a Beattie story leaves its characters in pain, isolated, afraid. There is the story of a woman whose husband has left her for a man and who now, in some insidious way, stands to lose her daughter as well. One about a woman who has betrayed her best friend and, of course, herself. Another about a woman who realizes that she has irretrievably lost the husband who is, at that moment, lying in bed with her. These stories are quiet screams.

There is, admittedly, something repetitive in all this; Beattie's female characters are unnervingly alike. Her men are nearly always witty (where does one find such witty men?). But the terror holds. It is the only thing in the world that does.

Dillard, on the other hand, is writing about a world so mobile, expansive, prolific that terror is not inevitable. Or, at least, Dillard has made a point of transcending it. This is perhaps the prerogative of "nonfiction"—but her talents are such that she makes you wonder where "fiction" really begins. In her new book, *Teaching a Stone To Talk* (Harper & Row), Dillard is more familiar, less self-consciously spiritual and—if we may use such a word—wiser than she was when she wrote (for example) *Holy the Firm,* a book richer in Hopkinesque particularities than in anything else. She continues to have an occasional weakness for high-flown rhetoric. Generally, her puritanical prose style carries the day.



"Ann Beattie *(above)*, Annie Dillard *(right)* are each other's antipodes"

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ · RENEE DeKONA

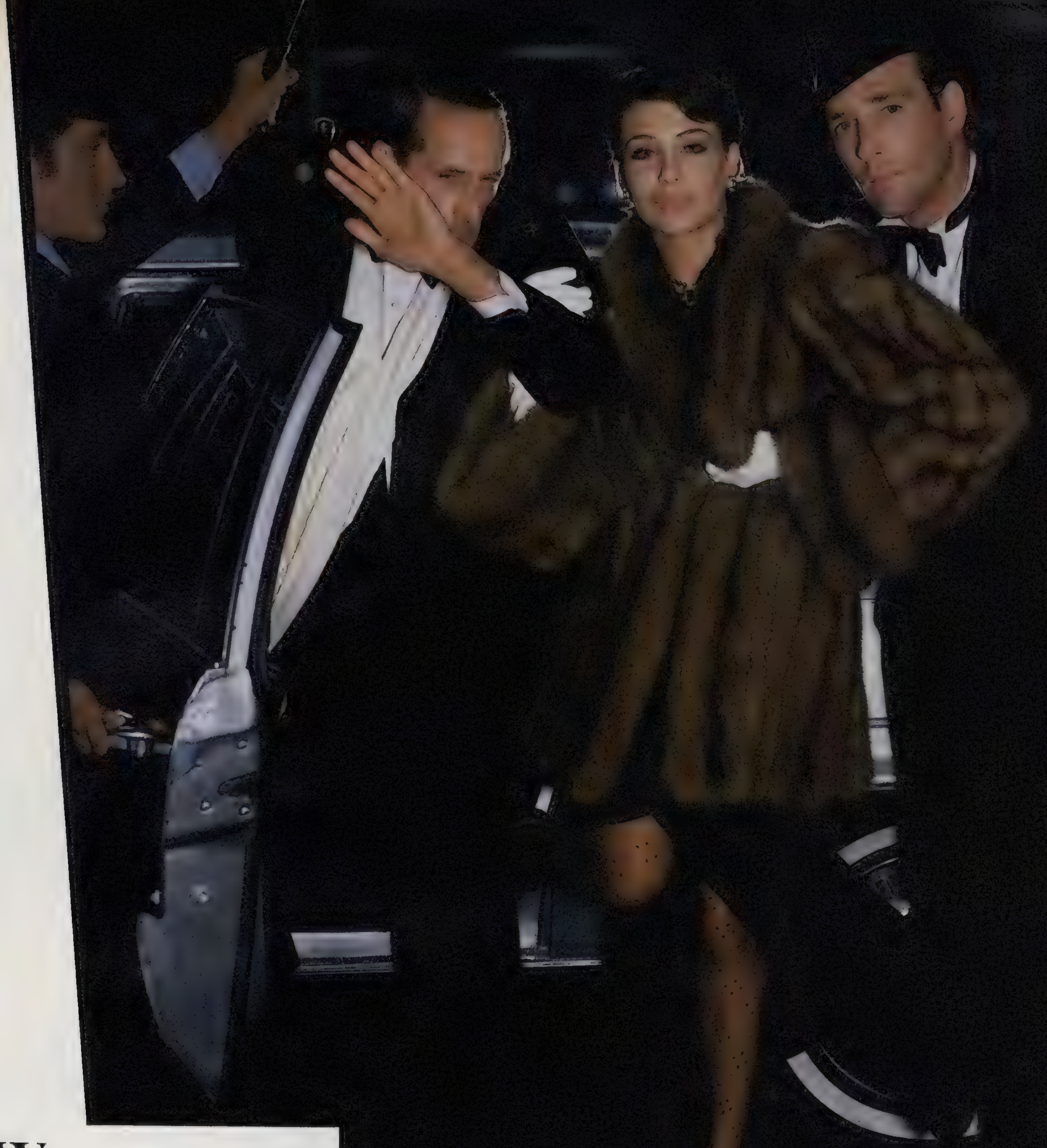
Dillard is still an austere witness in a sacred world; but she appears to have battled her own austerity, and won. She is now more convincingly a humanist, having found "workable compromises" between the sublimity of human ideas and the absurdity of the human condition. ". . . the mind wants to know all the world, and all eternity, and God. The mind's sidekick, however, will settle for two eggs over easy."

In Dillard's world things act upon each other, are driven. In Beattie's world, which is entropic, people act on each other and are stopped dead. Dillard seems to have an intuition (for her, that is a conviction) that despair is the great sin. The arctic explorers she evokes in her brilliantly constructed essay, "An Expedition to the Pole," know that. Like her, they have entered "the spread heart of silence . . . where love for its own sake, lacking an object, begins." At the pole, keeping warm is a necessity. More than that, an art.

—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Advertising—the tricky business of tastemaking

—succeeds best when carried out with wit and high style. Now, two seductive new books on this not-so-gentle art of persuasion. From hot air balloons to homeless camels, the Neiman-Marcus catalogue exalts consumption at its most conspicuous. Stanley Marcus—the power behind one of the most effective advertising vehicles ever—chronicles its deliberately outrageous history in "His & Hers: The Fantasy World of the Neiman-Marcus Catalogue" (Viking). The vivid history of advertising illustration tracked by Bryan Holme in "Advertising: Reflections of a Century" (Viking) is a spirited barometer of manners and morals. Often called the "art of the poor man," advertising since the Victorian age has employed artists like Matisse, Erté, Dufy and photographers Beaton, Horst, and Penn to combat this label and make the best of advertising much more than just disposable art. —A.H.



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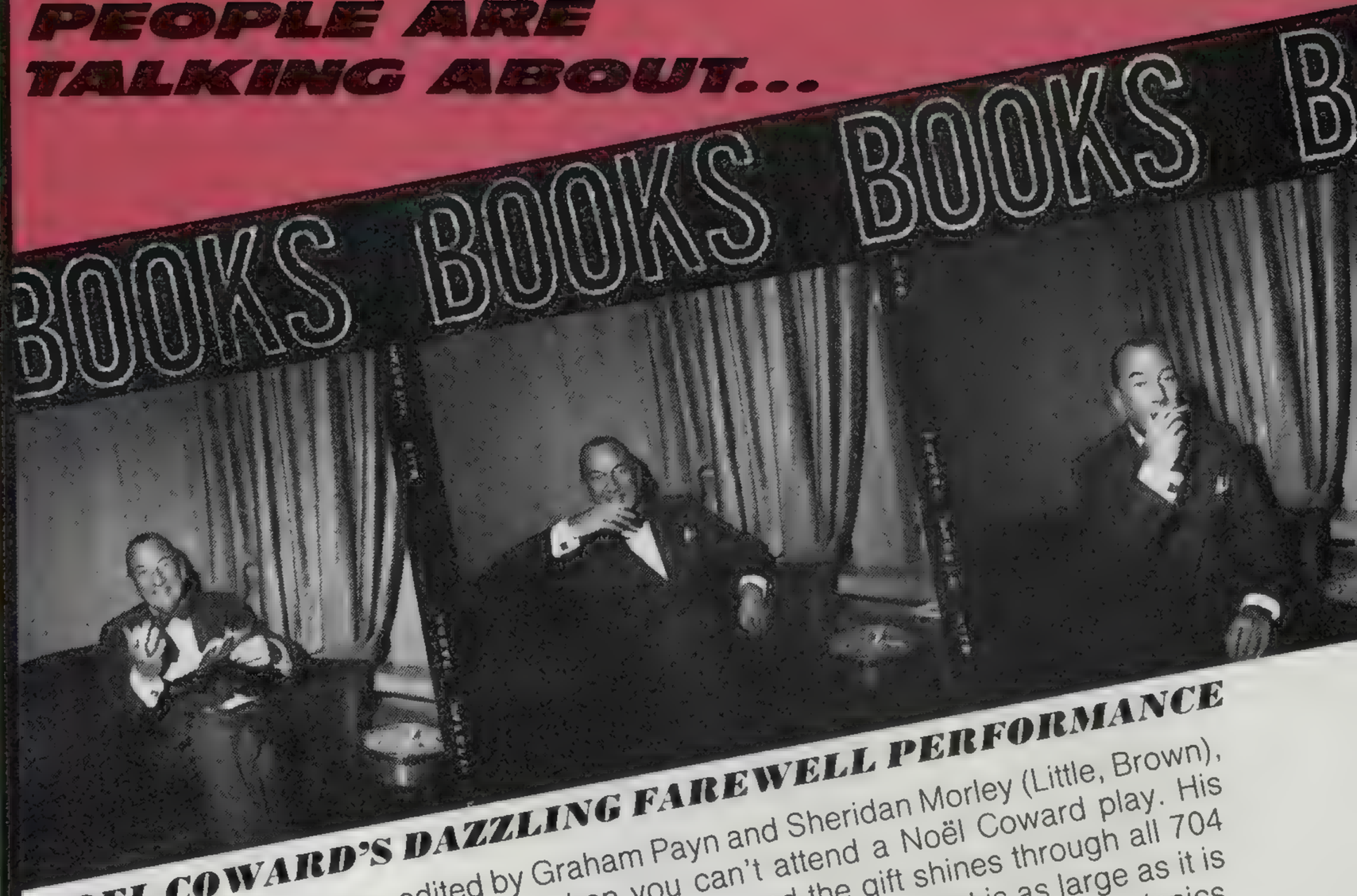
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



NOEL COWARD'S DAZZLING FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

The Noël Coward Diaries, edited by Graham Payn and Sheridan Morley (Little, Brown), are a perfect antidote for evenings when you can't attend a Noël Coward play. His "great gift" was for writing sophisticated dialogue and the gift shines through all 704 pages covering the last thirty years of an extraordinary life. The cast is as large as it is famous. From the entire Royal Family (he sings duets with Princess Margaret, picnics with the Queen Mother) to the entire world of entertainment (he sees Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh through their painful divorce, Nureyev bites his finger at a dinner party in Spoleto) to much of the political, literary, and merely very rich worlds of his time. Through all of his successes and not a few failures, he never steps out of the character he created for himself as the consummate entertainer. And this is as it should be: deft, polished, glittering observations on just about everything and everyone by a wise, witty and, perhaps surprisingly, nice man.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

NOTES OF AN IMPATIENT HUMANIST

"What is the anatomical location of grief? In which bodily organ is the warmth we feel at the approach of a loved child? Where is pain?" These are not (though one would be justified in suspecting it) rhetorical questions. They are fodder for good-natured scientific inquiry, as contained in behavioral biologist Melvin Konner's *The Tangled Wing: Biological Constraints on the Human Spirit* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Yes, here is another scientist/humanist (who could have guessed there were so many?) who pits common sense and a stockpile of well-documented facts against the riddle of the human condition. It is to Dr. Konner's credit that he is happy to preserve the riddle intact.

"The aim of science is not to open the door to everlasting wisdom," Dr. Konner reminds us, quoting Brecht, "but to set a limit on everlasting error." Preachy—but he's got a point. He's also got an impatient, hard edge that is more endearing than his obvious and slightly obtrusive humanism. And Dr. Konner is willing to draw personal conclusions. Having cited numerous cross-cultural studies to prove that "men are more violent than women," he goes on to say: "Serious disarmament may ultimately necessitate an increase in the proportion of women in government." Who among us would contradict him?

The book's central section breaks down the subject "Of Human Frailty," into seven components—"Rage," "Fear," "Joy," "Lust," "Love," "Grief," and "Gluttony." I liked "Love" best—it contains a disarming rebuttal of Dr. Spock by a primitive !Kung tribeswoman of Africa who finds Spock's advice on spoiling babies puzzling at best, and surprisingly cruel.

This is an innocent book, in its way, and full of wonder. Biology may yet be destiny. On the other hand, writes Dr. Konner, "Who knows what good may not yet lurk in the hearts of men?" Who, indeed.

—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

SUBURBAN HIP

Judith Guest specializes in trouble in paradise. With "Ordinary People," she etched a pristine WASP family in the sunlit Chicago suburbs, a family whose center, finally, could not hold. The subject of her new novel, "Second Heaven" (Viking), is the restless army of affluent, divorced suburbanites who take part-time jobs in art galleries and meet for lunch to compare notes on their current lovers and therapists.

"Heaven" s Cat Holzman is the lithe, fortyish ex-wife of a womanizing surgeon who lives with his twenty-six-year-old receptionist. Michael Atwood, a vaguely unhappy lawyer, is also divorced, also fortyish, also lithe, and misses his children. The third player is Gale Murray, a troubled adolescent, who flees his abusive father for Cat's mother-warmth and Michael's legal savvy. Together, the three forge a trendy new family unit—the kind you read about in "Psychology Today."

Don't look for any soaring Updike/Cheever epiphanies here—just the bland, uncomfortable undertow of pop-psych. "Second Heaven" is exactly what we all knew it would be—a second "Ordinary People"—but unquestionably more ordinary. I wonder who's bought the movie rights?—ALLENE TALMEY

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

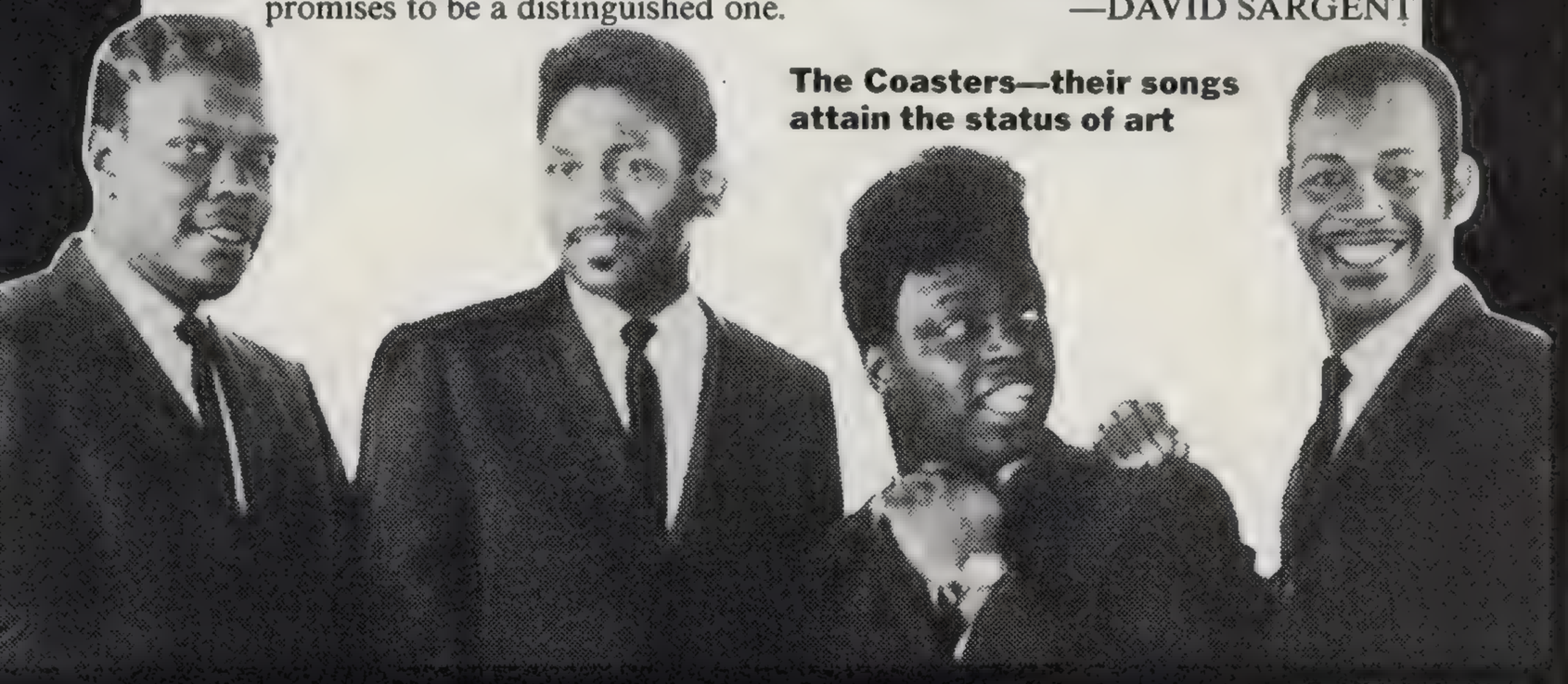
DOO-WOPPING WITH ROCK'S FOUNDING DADDIES

A lot of old-time rock & roll is pure nostalgia; people like the old songs because the music evokes their youth. But some of these records transcend the personal and the sociological to attain the status of art. Just what is "art" and what is "entertainment" is too weighty a question to be answered here, or perhaps anywhere. But to take a good example: the Coasters are art of some sort or another. Anyone who doubts that proposition need only obtain a two-disk set called *Young Blood* on the new Atlantic Deluxe reissue series.

The Coasters evolved out of an earlier group called the Robins—their new name an allusion to their Pacific Coast origins. As performers, they brought an irresistible comic authority to songs that established mini-scenarios of black and later, all-purpose, teenaged traumas and adventures. The Coasters took the character delineation of doo-wop and applied it to rock & roll in general.

But there was more to the group than mere vocal and dramatic authority. The "more" can be attributed to Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, the finest songwriting team of rock's early days. Their songs combined narrative ingenuity, verbal wit, and quirky rock & roll bounce in hit after hit: "Yakety Yak," "Young Blood," "Charlie Brown," "Along Came Jones," and more. In addition, Leiber and Stoller were among the first to produce rock records with painstaking care, refining first the arrangements and then the recording process in a way that never precluded expressive spontaneity. They were encouraged to do so by Atlantic Records itself, which revolutionized the recording of rhythm-and-blues with its sophistication at every level of the record business.

The Coasters album is one of the four first releases in the new Atlantic Deluxe series, which lives up to its name with first-class engineering (no fake stereo here; original mono remains unadulterated), lavish packaging and design, and extra-heavy vinyl. The other initial releases are devoted to Ray Charles, Albert King, and Professor Longhair, and while not every one of these matches the Coasters, the series as a whole promises to be a distinguished one. —DAVID SARGENT



The Coasters—their songs attain the status of art

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

EVE QUELER TRIUMPHANT

She's little, she's feisty—and she packs a huge talent. That's Eve Queler, whose Opera Orchestra of New York packs audiences into Carnegie Hall to hear rare, little-performed operas. Her eleventh season starts this month with Donizetti's *Il Duca d'Alba*. Queler says of the Orchestra she founded, directs, and conducts: "I had to create my own orchestra; there's so little opportunity for women conductors." Early in her studies, Queler was told by the only female orchestra manager in the business: "Women can't conduct. Brahms, Mahler are men's music." "In reaction," Queler says, "I've instinctively aimed for the larger works. In fact, I do better with them. I'm a small woman but I like a large sound." —S.B.

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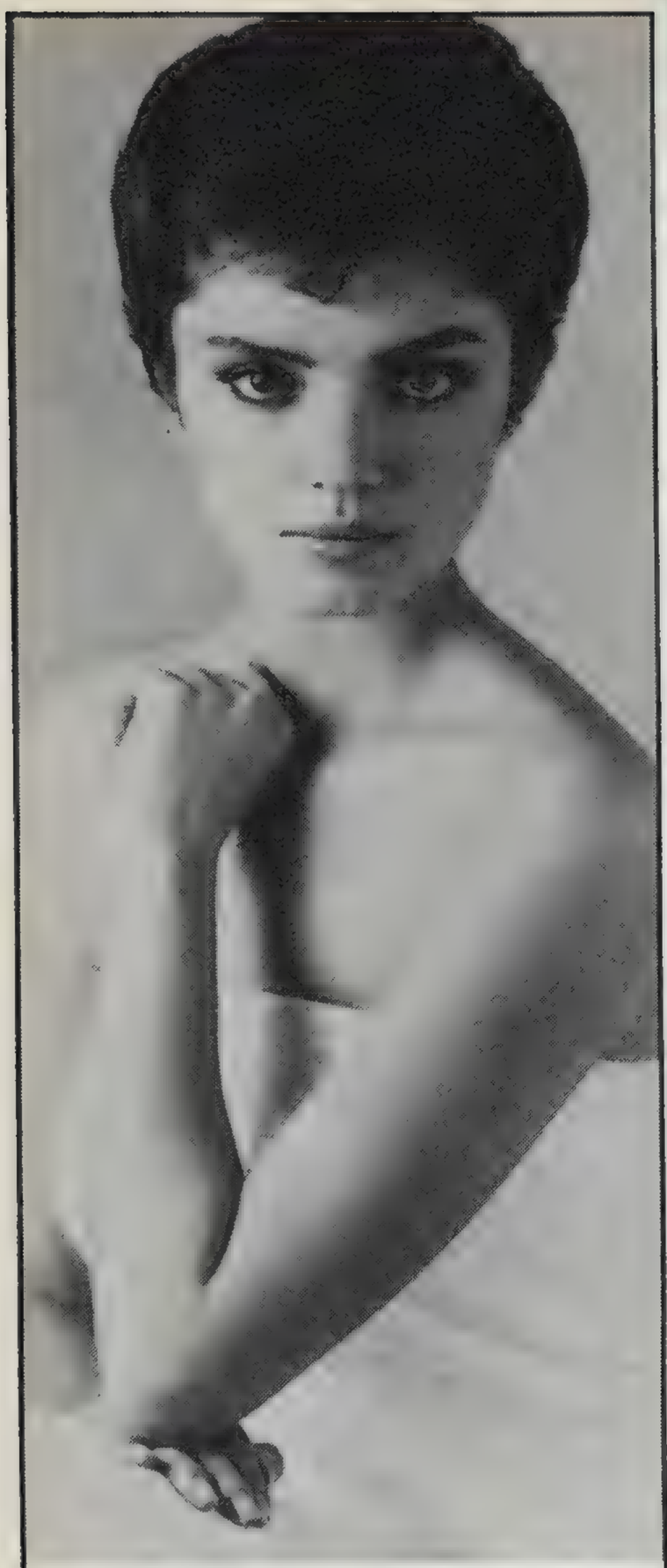

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Maitre d' Ernesto Cavalli of Lello, who helps make this a gastronomical haven.

TV TV TV TV

"CHEERS" FOR THE NEW SEASON

In all honesty, the prospect of yet another television comedy set in a bar or restaurant, another series depending on waitresses and customers for its wit, didn't cheer me up, since *Archie Bunker's Place* and *Alice* already illuminate that special terrain. So it is nice to report that NBC's new *Cheers,* which airs on Thursday nights just before *Taxi,* might turn out to be a delight. Cheers is a Boston bar owned and run by Sam, a former baseball player who is a recovered alcoholic, a predictably large and flawless-looking fellow.

But wait—the actor, Ted Danson, is not just another adorable blank face. In a medium where too many actors overact, he seems possessed of an admirable restraint, a genuine understanding of comedy. Most wonderful of all, Sam has his own laconic sarcasm and even, judging from the first episode, the faintest suggestion of melancholy possibly due to his old addiction.

Danson is considerably helped by his costar, Shelley Long as Diane, the very nicest of young women, keen on culture and about to elope with a professor of world literature. "He has an article in the current *Harper's,*" she tells Sam, who, of course, is unmoved. The professor abandons Diane in the bar after his ex-wife agrees to give back her wedding ring, a concession which leads him to say to her, "Barbara, your depth frightens me."

Conversation in the bar has no depth at all: "I hope no one told you the bus goes by here," says the older, affable, quite stupid bartender to Shelley Long. She finally agrees to work in Cheers. There is, to be sure, a tough wisecracking divorced waitress already on hand, and the expected cast of eccentric drinkers at the bar, including a demented old lady in a wheelchair who rants and raves about Communists in Latin America and says: "Bomb the serapes off them." But bear in mind that the men who created *Taxi* for ABC, and made it an exceptional series, are the same ones producing, writing, and directing the network's newest creation, *Cheers.* The casting, writing, and humor all suggest superior talent at work.

On CBS, our old friend the psychologist Bob Newhart is now a writer of sorts and the owner of a historic Vermont inn which he operates with his wife in *Newhart.* Also on Sunday nights is *Gloria,* a spinoff from the old Archie Bunker show with Sally Struthers going strong as Gloria Bunker Stivic, now *(Continued)*

"The casting, writing, humor of *Cheers* suggest superior talents at work"; *left,* Ted Danson, Shelley Long

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

divorced from Michael and on her own with their child, and working as an assistant to a veterinarian played by Burgess Meredith.

What I'm waiting for is neither *Gloria* nor *Newhart* but a Mark Russell special on PBS October 27. In some corners Mr. Russell is considered the best young comedian we have.

Those of you who want to write movies should watch PBS' *Screenwriters: Word Into Image*—six half-hour shows about six important American screenwriters (Paul Mazursky, William Goldman, Robert Towne, Neil Simon, Carl Foreman, and Eleanor Perry) who talk about and show clips from their most famous films. Quite impressive are the revelations of William Goldman *(Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, All the President's Men)* who insists that a good screenplay means deciding what the spine is and always protecting it. The spine is the story, of course, and Goldman says literary dialogue, while pleasant, doesn't much matter. —GLORIA EMERSON

Pas des Dieux: Baryshnikov, Fonteyn in "Spectre . . ." at Monte Carlo Opera House where it premiered in 1911

HEAVENLY BODIES: MARGOT FONTEYN'S "MAGIC OF DANCE"

Baryshnikov soars through the window as the sweet, seductive *Spectre de la Rose.* Pavlova languishes as the immortal *Dying Swan.* Fred Astaire hoorays old Hollywood. Kyra Nijinsky recalls the scandal of 1912—her father's darkly sensual *L'Après Midi d'un Faune.* This month: *The Magic of Dance,* PBS's kaleidoscopic series, leaps across the Atlantic from England to celebrate the universal rhythms, the energy, the lure of dance. *Magic's* royal lineage: narrator is Dame Margot Fonteyn. When she was seventeen, her *Sleeping Beauty* was hailed as "matchless"; in her forties, she became Nureyev's partner non-pareil. This spring, for her sixtieth birthday, choreographer Sir Frederick Ashton presented Fonteyn with a solo, *Salut d'Amour*— which she performs again here. In this series, television proves a brilliant partner for dance, treating us to revealing closeups (look for Nureyev's heartbreaking face in *Pierrot Lunaire*) as well as to the greater scheme—discovering patterns in dance that recur throughout the world (t'ai-chi in China, a thousand-year-old discipline, is surprisingly evocative of American modern dance of the last three decades). Declares Fonteyn, "Today, the standard of dance is higher than it's ever been." *Magic* accounts for this new excellence: the current supremacy of the male dancer (encouraging the female dancer to work even harder, Fonteyn contends); the new purity and abstraction in dance— movement for movement's sake; and the emergence of America as dance mecca and land of opportunity for ballet, modern, jazz . . . "Everything!" exclaims the Grande Dame, "it's all happening here." Dancers have been called the acrobats of God, and *The Magic of Dance* has snared them all.

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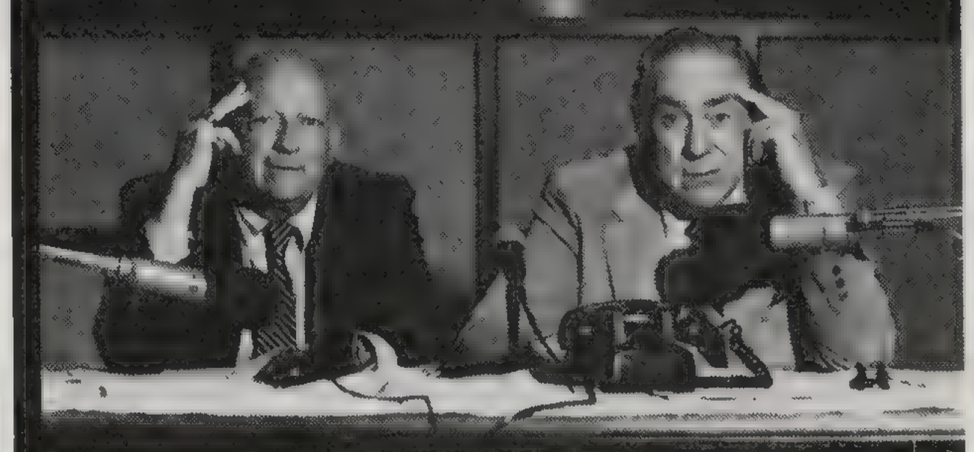
RADIO RADIO



BOB AND RAY RAMPANT

New York's RCA Recording Studio B. The audience: brisk young business men and women, attaché cases in laps, who waited in line for an hour to get a seat for this taping. The lure: two genial, balding men in crisp tailored suits who could be mistaken for bankers from Milwaukee. Until they open their mouths. Then Bob and Ray's sly, wry sotto voce humor unmasks their true identities—droll middle-aged imps dedicated to deftly, hilariously, deflating pomposity at every turn. This is "The Sunday Show presents Bob and Ray" starting October 3 on National Public Radio.

Bob Elliott, fifty-nine, and Ray Goulding, sixty, have been discovered again. By rough count, this is the fourth time since 1946. And as this new generation learns to savor them, its parents smile smugly. Over the years, they have cherished the amiably perverse characters Bob and Ray are spinning out for the studio audience: the smirking sportscaster who signs off with, "This is Biff Burns in the sports room saying 'this is Biff Burns in the sports room.'" Or Merton Harmerdoit, "professional fool": "I wear those little shoes that curl up at the toes". Bob and Ray's audience can't get enough. —D.M.

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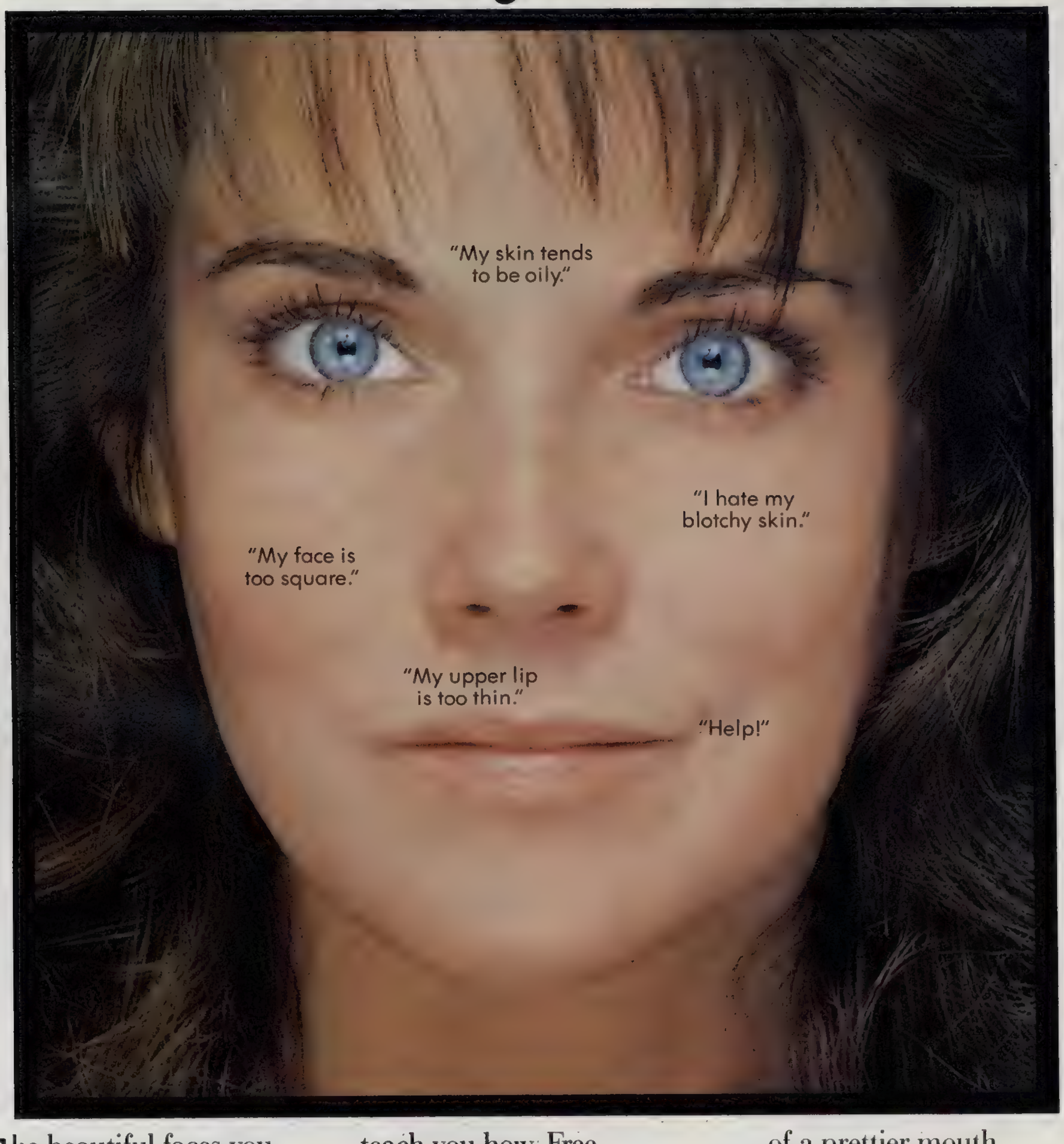

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COVER LOOK

BEAUTY NOW

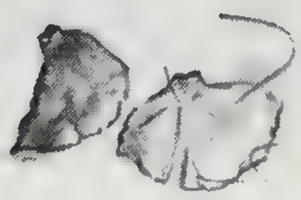
what's news...

Soft-focus evening makeup...
skin strategies to counter cold weather...
fragrance: a new change

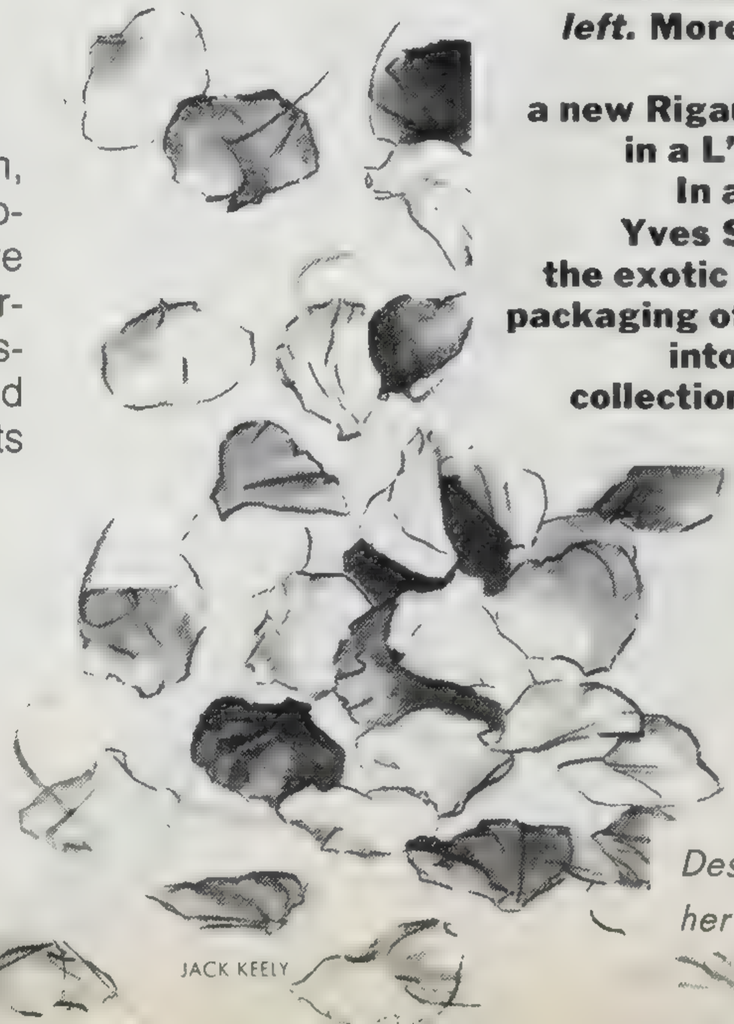
Underlying the subtle shifts in makeup this season—in shape, color, and texture: a real wearability, whatever your skin type or coloring. For evening, that can mean a less "made-up" look, a more controlled hand with color. A strikingly beautiful example, the makeup on model Isabella Rossellini, left and on our cover, in a monochromatic color scheme of soft pink reds—all from Christian Dior's makeup collection. Eyes (Brown/Mauve Palette) are softer, smoky; cheeks (Fig) are gently glowing—as much good skin as the right makeup. The real focus: lips, in a soft/bright Indian Red, highlighted on the lower lip with a touch of Fabuleux gloss. Other new "performers" to try: their Waterproof Eye Makeup Remover for removing eye makeup fast, efficiently, completely . . . and for setting up the right "base" for makeup—cared-for skin—their new Resultante treatments. (More about it—and the fall/winter beauty collections, page 543.) The fashion: Fernando Sanchez. Hair, Howard Fugler; makeup, Ariella. Details, stores, last pages. Photographed by Avedon.

As the weather cools down, skin-care routines should be stepped up. For most women, that means a switch to a more nourishing treatment, a strategy to condition skin against winter's harsh, drying effects. "Salon treatments can get your skin on the right track, so you can follow through more thoroughly at home," says Esfir, chief cosmetologist at Dimensions in Skin Care, NYC. The best strategy, day to day—a gentle cleansing, toning, conditioning regimen. To get you started, two skin-care lines are now offering introductory "packages": Charles of the Ritz Prescribed Skincare Starter Kits with travel sizes of their basics . . . Erno Laszlo's Preview Membership offers packages of small-size products, with an appointment after two months to monitor progress, fine-tune your routine . . . Leonard of London's super hair/skin/body care, now available in this country at NYC's Intercontinental Hotel, offers René Guinot facials, Chanel treatment products.

Environmentals: newest way to create a fragrance "atmosphere"—designed to please both sight and smell, blend with any decor



Scent as a finishing touch in home decorating is an easy way to create a mood, make a room inviting. More and more, designers are turning their talents to fragrances for the home. Designer Diane Love, *below,* known for her silk flowers and unique vases, is one, the creative force behind Prestige Place's Objects of Fragrance. The scent idea: to reproduce the experience of walking through a flower garden. The decorating idea: to create elegant objects that fit with any decor. Included: sachets, the scented "Love Petals," *left.* More "environmentals": for Rigaud lovers, a new Rigaud potpourri, candle in a L'Orangerie scent . . . In a different direction: Yves Saint Laurent brings the exotic cinnabar/black/gold packaging of his Opium perfume into the home via a new collection of Exotique sheets for J.P. Stevens.



JACK KEELY

Designer Diane Love and her scented flower petals

FRAGRANCE NOW

New for women: Lauren Soft Perfume (from Ralph Lauren), an eau de parfum, a happy medium somewhere in concentration between a perfume and a cologne . . . For perfume collectors: Guerlain's lineup of favorites—L'Heure Bleue, Shalimar, Mitsouko, Nahema, Chamade—now available in quarter-ounce sizes . . . Two new scents due out this month, destined to become classics: Daydreams, a delicate balance of chypre, semi-Orientals, floral . . . and Raffiné, from Houbigant, Paris, with two hundred ingredients that come to life a little bit differently on every skin. . .

DOUG HOPKINS

NEW FOR MEN: A "DISTINGUISHED" SCENT from Aramis, JHL (*left*), a fresh subtle blend of herbs, incense, woodsy notes created by Estée Lauder for her husband, Joseph H. Lauder . . . of it, Estée Lauder says, "I wanted something fresh, I didn't want an overpowering fragrance" . . .

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Q I like the "finished" look of foundation, but find it often looks like a mask. How should I apply it?

A "Most women do not need to apply foundation all over their faces but merely to use it to cover uneven spots and provide a 'base' for blusher," says makeup and skin-care specialist Trish McEvoy. Usual areas where foundation is needed: nose, cheeks, and under eyes. While some may need a touch of foundation on their chins, most women do not need it on their foreheads, where it can take on a particularly mask-like look.

"Blending foundation into your skin is, of course, important, especially around the 'edges.' Using a damp sponge as an applicator makes this easier, as does lightly brushing your entire face with pressed powder after you've applied foundation, to help even out skin tone. If you like the feel of a water-based foundation on your skin but find it sometimes looks chalky, use a cotton swab to mix it with a drop of an oil-based formula before application."

Q My skin tends to get oily and "shiny" by the middle of the day, especially on my nose. Powder covers the shine, but looks cakey. What can I do?

A Makeup artist Rick Gillette recommends *removing* the oiliness rather than trying to cover it up, using oil-blotting papers (available at many cosmetics counters). If you want to apply pressed powder *afterwards,* use a brush, not a powder puff, to avoid build-up. Touch brush to powder, shake off excess, then apply. What's needed is a *light* dusting of powder, not a layer.

Using the right foundation for your skin type can also help to prevent "shine," says Trish McEvoy. If your skin tends to be oily, use a water-based foundation. Don't apply moisturizer all over your face first, but just "spot treat" dry areas with a "light" formula.

Q What is the best way to remove eye makeup? Will soap and water do the trick, or should I use a specific eye makeup remover?

A The eye is vulnerable to irritation and infection; therefore, it's important to remove eye makeup carefully every night. If you neglect to clean the eye area, makeup builds up, can cause eye infection, irritation, blemishes on the skin around the eye. And eye creams—if applied to unclean eye skin—can exacerbate any of these problems.

While soap and other facial cleansers work to some degree, they aren't designed to take off eye makeup and can irritate eyes. Removers made specifically for the eye area are tested for eye safety and are usually oil-based to gently clean away powders, mascara, liner, and other products that aren't readily soluble in water, even so-called waterproof makeup. (Good: Clinique's Extremely Gentle Eye Makeup Remover, which is less oily; Chanel's Gentle Eye Makeup Remover.)

To clean eye area: saturate cotton with remover, sweep gently from upper lid downward. Blot or wash off excess to prevent its seeping into the eye. (Be sure to take out contact lenses beforehand; permanent lens-wearers should consult their eye doctor about eye cosmetics and their removal.)

Q I am thinking of having my ears pierced. What is the safest way to do this?

A Although you may feel most secure having your ears pierced by a doctor, even doctors say ear piercing can safely be done by someone such as a jeweler, registered nurse, or beauty expert who observes basic hygenic guidelines and is experienced with the equipment being used. "The earlobe is a very insensitive area and the incidence of infection from piercing is uncommon," says Steven Herman, M.D., instructor of plastic surgery at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, NYC.

Different methods are used to pierce ears. After anesthetizing the area, some doctors use surgical needles, others the earring post itself. Another way (from Inverness)—used at jewelers, beauty salons, drugstores, and some doctors' offices—pierces ears with earrings packaged in sterile, disposable cassettes.

Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, Mount Sinai School of Medicine, warns against having ears pierced if you're prone to keloid scarring. He also discourages prolonged wearing of heavy earrings in newly pierced ears or, for that matter, any pierced ears because they can cause linear tearing, occasionally through the earlobe. He suggests instead wearing stud-type earrings in gold or stainless steel—to prevent an allergic reaction to impurities in costume jewelry—for several weeks after piercing and stresses the care taken after piercing is as important, if not more so, than the piercing itself. Dr. Herman recommends using bacitracin ointment on the incision for a few days to prevent infection. ▽

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Sex and business —for women, the combination is a time bomb

BY PATRICIA O'TOOLE

A woman manager in Chicago, highly regarded in her field, suddenly can't get her boss's approval for anything she wants to do. She is mystified—until she learns he is having an affair with her chief rival. After a year of frustration, she is fired for "poor performance."

● In New York City, a woman falls in love with her boss. Months later, she wants to end the relationship. He doesn't. He now uses every opportunity to belittle her and her work in front of her peers. She hopes she can take it until a job opens up in another department.

● At IBM in San Francisco, a top-flight sales manager is called on the carpet for her romantic involvement with a salesman from a competing company. Told she would have to start over again in another division and would never again be a manager, she quits.

From these stories and countless others, it would seem that the nation's lagging productivity owes more to the distractions of sex in the office than to lazy workers and dilapidated factories combined. The Labor Department statisticians have not yet gotten around to calculating the effects of on-the-job romance on the Gross National Product, but the effects on women are the same as they've always been: When the relationship runs into trouble, it's the woman who, however reluctantly, is "let go." This, of course, is so well known that it would hardly deserve a mention if it weren't for the wildfire spread of the phenomenon, which has put more working women at risk than ever before.

Work-related romances seem to be as easy to start as they are hard to end. Judging by the evidence Patrice and Jack Horn collected for their new book, *Sex in the Office: Power and Passion in the Workplace* (Addison-Wesley), men and women are much more comfortable getting to know each other at work than in singles bars or other chance encounters. "For many men and women," the authors say, "the corporation is well on its way to replacing the family as a source of affection, community, and support."

And, they add, the "emotional seesaw" of office life makes "an ideal spawning ground for sexual attraction." A man and a woman working together on an important project share a high adrenalin level that "can be easily translated into sexual attraction." Whether the project succeeds or fails, the Horns continue, "the one person who knows and understands all that has happened and all that was at stake is close by. . . . Falling into one another's arms seems right and natural."

● ● ●

Right and natural as it seems, though, the course of true love seems unable to run smooth at the office. Consider the relationship between a woman engineer and her boss at a large Eastern construction company. Deeply in love and planning to marry, they will probably never put each other through the scarifying vendetta that is so often the last chapter of the office romance. Nevertheless, a big cloud surrounds their silver lining: The boss can no longer give the engineer's performance the impartial evaluations that are the heart of the company's system for determining raises and promotions. To avoid accusations of bias, the engineer has transferred to another department. But this solution was not without a price of its own. She is a terrific engineer, and her transfer was a loss to her department.

Gina Rulon-Miller, the IBM sales manager who quit her job when threatened with a demotion because of her intimate relationship with a competitor, has also ended up both a winner and a loser. She sued IBM, claiming invasion of privacy as well as sex discrimination, and she won—$300,000. But her romance broke up, she spent $50,000 and a year looking for a job, and she held two jobs that didn't work out before she found the right spot. As for the $300,000, it could be years before she collects, if she ever does. IBM is now planning to appeal the case.

As might be expected, the company where her boyfriend worked never worried about his relationship with her. And despite the fierce competition between his company and IBM, IBM expressed no concern about his friendships with other IBMers. A former IBM salesman himself, he still played on the company's softball team, golfed and partied with IBM people, went to their weddings, and even shared his hot tub with them.

> ***A man and a woman working together on an important project share a high adrenalin level that can be easily translated into sexual attraction***

This double standard was the cornerstone of her attorneys' argument that IBM was guilty of sex discrimination in forcing her to resign for behavior that is routinely tolerated in men. One of her lawyers, Cliff Palefsky of San Francisco, says that, in preparing for the trial, he compiled a list of IBM men known to be involved with women at competing companies. "But," he says, "we weren't allowed to introduce the names because that would have been a violation of those men's privacy."

Since the trial, Palefsky's law firm has received dozens of phone calls from people who feel their off-the-job relationships are making them targets of on-the-job discrimination. The callers live in many states and work in a wide range of fields, but they all have one thing in common: they're women.

So far, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission hasn't been much help in protecting women from this growing form of discrimination. The typical complaint filed in this area, an EEOC spokesman says, alleges that the woman had an affair with her boss, ended it, and then began to suffer retaliation of some sort: dismissal, demotion, or treatment so rough that the woman felt she had to quit. But the EEOC has found that it is infinitely easier to condemn such behavior than to prove it. It is unlikely, for example, that Gina Rulon-Miller's case could have been won without the documents in her personnel file, which contained irrefutable evidence of her outstanding sales performance, compliments from customers, and materials showing she had been given a merit raise just one week before she was forced out. Without such evidence, the situation comes down to the word of one person against another.

● ● ●

Although women unquestionably suffer most of the consequences when an office romance goes sour, it would be wrong to argue that they are innocent victims. By now they have been warned by career advisors of every stripe that the combination of sex and business is a time bomb. But all the warnings and all the dangers haven't stopped love from blooming at the office, and all signs point to an increase in the phenomenon. Not only are more women going to work, but they are moving into fields and rising to levels where only men have worked in the past.

Corporations can do little more than walk gingerly around the edges of the sexual briar patch. Not wanting to face lawsuits like the one against IBM, the few companies that have formulated official policies on employees' personal relationships have confined themselves to marriage. Boise Cascade, a manufacturer of forest products, won't employ the spouse of corporate officers because of the potential for favoritism. At CBS, when two people in the same department marry, one is transferred elsewhere. Several other companies follow similar rules in the hope of heading off problems that could arise if one spouse moved ahead faster than the other.

As Patrice and Jack Horn see it, in *Sex in the Office,* the problem of mixing sex and business is transitional: "The old rules, rituals, and restrictions have not yet caught up with new sexual freedoms and expectations. Consequently, old and new ways "conflict and intermingle, creating situations that are confusing to everyone involved." The solution, they say, is to allow men and women to "act like men and women in the office as freely as they do elsewhere, so long as they do their jobs and don't interfere with how others do theirs." The Horns expect that the punitive and exploitive aspects will disappear when "American business and business people decide to treat sex in the office maturely, and respect the privacy of its practitioners."

They may be right. It would be a mistake, however, for women to confuse the Horns' wish for the prevailing state of affairs. Love may be sweeping the office, but the maturity they ask for isn't. Until that maturity arrives, on-the-job romances hold more threat than promise for working women. That is egregiously unjust. But it is real. ▽

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Evelyn Waugh, royally impossible snob, whose *Charles Ryder's Schooldays and Other Stories* was just published by Little, Brown; see Brideshead itself—Castle Howard—pages 516-535.

Snob Appeal: mischief and malice—from Evelyn Waugh to *Mrs. Harris*

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Sheridan Whiteside booming across the breakfast table in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* couldn't cut a patch on Evelyn Waugh, who in his most piquish moments could be a snappish, snobbish terror, capable of reducing even the most composed hostess to a state of hand-wringing desperation. Being disagreeable wasn't an art Waugh mastered overnight; years of practice went into whittling the poking-edge of his malice and inconsideration. Peter Quennell reports in his memoir *The Marble Foot* that when Waugh felt the financial pinch at Oxford he moved into the college's dingiest rooms and, trading in his dandyism for a bohemian swagger, "took to drinking beer in dusky riverside pubs, and after dark roamed the streets and quadrangles, carrying a heavy stick and venting his personal likes or dislikes in Bacchic chants and objurgations." On one occasion, he even chucked an empty Champagne bottle at an innocent stroller.

With fame, Evelyn Waugh became even more royally impossible. At a literary luncheon in 1957, Waugh—going deaf in his right ear—arrived with an ear trumpet, which he insultingly laid on the table once Malcolm Muggeridge began to speak, picking it up again only after Muggeridge had finished gassing. Not everyone, however, endured Waugh's rude eccentricities without retaliation. In his biography of Waugh, Christopher Sykes recounts that when Waugh employed his ear trumpet at a lunch party hosted by Mrs. Ian Fleming, she responded by banging on his trumpet with a spoon. "The noise, Evelyn told me later, was that of a gun being fired an inch away."

Snobbery like Evelyn Waugh's is mostly a bothersome trifle, something remedied with a swift whack of the spoon. For all its fume and bluster, Waugh's snobbery fails to offend because it's so obviously an artifice, a suit of armor it took years to forge and hammer smooth. An interesting contrast can be made with Waugh's friend Nancy Mitford, whose novel *Love in a Cold Climate* was recently adapted and broadcast for PBS-TV's *Masterpiece Theatre.* In the Art Deco-ish musical biography *The Mitford Girls,* which had a brief tramp across the boards in London, Nancy and her sisters were depicted as frolicsome darlings who spent their youths giggling and complaining over the latest weird whim of their dear Papa. Even their political enthusiasms were coated with vanilla icing: Jessica falls for Communism, Unity for Nazism, and their fondness for decorating their rooms with swastikas and hammer-and-sickles is treated as a droll infatuation. But there's nothing droll about Unity Mitford's toasting Hitler, or sister Diana's marrying the English fascist Oswald Mosley; and perhaps the reason the Mitford girls became so cavalier in their political affiliations is that they grew up thinking of lesser mortals as little more than extras in their private enchantments.

Waugh himself was susceptible to bully-boy struts of power—he gave Mussolini a fawning build-up in his travel book *Waugh in Abyssinia*—but he also had the intelligence to shrug off such attractions in later years, which is more than can be said of the fascist cheerleaders in the Mitford clan. His footing on planet earth was more secure. Unlike the Mitford girls, who seem to have been dropped from a pink cloud, Waugh had to *work* his way up to tweeds and ear trumpet, and he learned how to take more measured steps on the road to squiredom. Politically, he managed not to put his foot in it.

Like many a self-made snob, Waugh seems to have feared that the blustering lord-of-the-manor image he created for himself would be undone by a ridiculous detail—a bit of toilet paper trailing from the shoe-heel, a churning rumble of indigestion. But Waugh's greatest embarrassment was not a social gaffe but a literary miscalculation. When Waugh published *Brideshead Revisited* in 1945, he abandoned the mean, fleet style of his early satirical novels and allowed his writing to become sweet and fleecy—and critics, most notably Edmund Wilson, gave him a sound boxing.

Although Waugh later dismissed Edmund Wilson as a nuisance of no consequence—"I don't think what they [i.e., American critics] have to say is of much interest, do you?" he grumbled to the *Paris Review* in 1962—he was clearly rocked and nettled by the buffeting *Brideshead* received. The great flaw (though not fatal) of *Brideshead Revisited* is that Waugh let his snobbery have too long a leash. Lord Marchmain and company are not only the guardians of taste and culture and wealth; but, in Charles Ryder's eyes (and, presumably, Waugh's), they possess finer *souls* than the common ruck of mankind. He spiritualized their earthly inheritance, fluffing up their angelic wings like a celestial courtier before giving them a fond send-off.

The snobbery in *Brideshead Revisited* is a harmless spread of excess, a bit of heavenly frosting. But it does point out the dangers of letting your prejudices swank about unchaperoned. Perhaps better evidence can be found in Diana Trilling's recent study of the Scarsdale-diet-doctor murder case, *Mrs. Harris.* Sizing up Jean Harris in the courtroom, Trilling writes, "Her pale-blond hair—is it faded or dyed?—is enviably disciplined, held back with an old-fashioned circular barrette; it's very nice." One's suspicions that Trilling is being snobbish about Mrs. Harris are clinched by that condescending "nice."

On the victim, Dr. Herman Tarnower, Trilling is even more withering. "One patient told me, with obvious point, that the magazines to which Tarnower subscribed for his waiting room were chiefly British publications. I had myself sampled his esthetic pretentiousness. Suddenly I was filled with rage at our present-day unwillingness to connect esthetic and moral judgment. The bad esthetics of a society *matter* and so do the bad esthetics of the individual within the society; Tarnower's house matters, the pretensions of his diet book matter—style is a moral mode, a mode in morality." Waugh I suspect, would subscribe to such sentiments—certainly *Brideshead Revisited* is an examination of style as a moral code.

> ***Snobbery seems to me most agreeable when it is shallow—a gust of whimsy blown up the hostess's skirt***

But there's something off-putting about Mrs. Trilling's ringing declaration. "Rage" seems a pretty hefty emotion to be kindled by the thought of a few British publications stacked up in a doctor's waiting room. (Why is *Punch* a more offensive item than, say, *Reader's Digest* or *The New York Review of Books?*) Esthetics may matter, but they don't matter *that* much, which is to say: esthetics are hardly a strict guide to moral worth. Tackiness may be an eyesore, but it doesn't necessarily signal a lapse from grace.

Snobbery is often condemned as a shallow attitude, but snobbery seems to me most agreeable when it is shallow—when it's a play of mischief and malice, a honing of one's wit, a gust of whimsy blown up the hostess's skirt. It's when snobbery tries to go deep that it becomes ugly. Dr. Herman Tarnower may have been an affected upstart, but then so was Evelyn Waugh, so are a lot of people saddling up at the stable. Pretentiousness is as much a part of life's comedy as bad manners or pratfalls, and it hardly seems to be the fittest target for a talented writer's indignation. If pretentiousness were a crime, we'd all be whistling through the stripes of iron bars. ▽

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 30)

Dr. Helen Caldicott has become a beacon of intelligence for the masses. No longer are the effects of radiation and the bomb on ourselves and our children a secret to all but the military. Thank you.

Brenda C. Knox
Argyle IA

Danger at home
Thank you, thank you for the perceptive article on "Love and Rage," (July, 1982). Prior to reading this article which explores middle-class men's rage toward women, and subsequent intimidation, I suppose I felt I was the only woman in the world who had had to deal with this matter. It is comforting to see it brought out of the closet.

For the first ten years of marriage, my husband told me that he had "the world's worst temper." The last five years he spent demonstrating it. Only one who has been subjected to scathing, irrational rage can understand how depressing and debilitating it is.

Your article makes me know I have not walked this path alone and sheds some light on unraveling the syndrome. Judy Halpern
New Orleans LA

Regarding your article "Love and Rage"—women "provoke" violence the same way they "provoke" rape—by being convenient, physically non-threatening targets for men who have been encouraged all their lives to act out aggression and violence. Until we recognize that people who use intimidation to gain power are contemptible, until we cease glorifying violence in sport and art, until we actively encourage strength of mind and body in *all* women, we are doomed to a future of escalating domestic violence, rape, and war. J.K. Hoy
Beaverton OR

I am writing in regard to Laura Cunningham's "Love and Rage—The Threat of Male Violence." . . . Ms. Cunningham's stating that males are genetically aggressive as a "permissible generalization" is jumping the gun of scientific validity. Many do not feel any sound research has proven this "fact." What is worse, this statement justifies battering as almost "natural" behavior only caused by "enhanced" genetic tendency. Poor men!

Finally, Ms. Cunningham's excuses for men's (behavior) which I find most objectionable are: that women "bait" their husbands; and that men are sorry afterward and suffer for it as much as their wives.

Nothing a woman says to her husband is an excuse for his beating her. Although Ms. Cunningham says she resists the belief that women are "asking for it," she does nothing of the kind. She only restates the myth in subtler language.

Ms. Cunningham ends her article with several paragraphs just dripping with sympathy for the poor batterer. She puts full responsibility on the wife for "lowering her emotional thermostat" so the husband will do the same. How ridiculous! She cannot express healthy anger for fear she is then somehow forcing him to express unreasonable force and brutality . . . Please be more careful in the future. . . .

Martha Pollock
Rancho Cordova CA

Art show on tour
We were pleased to see reviewed in July's Vogue *Yves Klein (1928–1962): A Retrospective,* currently on view at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. But it is misleading to mention only the Chicago museum and not credit the Institute for the Arts, Rice University, Houston, with organizing this exhibition and publishing its catalogue.

The retrospective opened at the Rice Museum, Houston, and, after it closes in Chicago, it will travel to The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York City, from November 18, 1982 through January 9, 1983. The exhibition will then go to the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, from February 15 through May 23, 1983. . . .

Heidi Rentería
Curator of Exhibitions, Rice Museum
Houston TX

Gypsy chic
As a Spanish Gypsy (Gitano) I was intrigued by your Vogue's View section (July, 1982) called "Summer Gypsies." However, please be advised as all your lady readers and "payos" (non-gypsies) should be that the "dress" of the world's Gypsy race (particularly its women) is not, nor has it ever been, a matter of fashion.

The distinctive and often copied (by fashion designers) life style and clothing of us Gypsies serves a specific purpose and has, through centuries of fierce, passionate living developed out of moral or cultural necessity. Take the ankle-length dress for instance. Its sole purpose is to hide what Gypsy women regard as sexual objects—their legs. Contrary to non-Gypsy women, however, the breasts are *not* considered sexual and are freely exposed in the presence of Gypsy men, as when suckling an infant or washing—Gypsy men not being conscious of the slightest lewdness on the part of women.

When fashions can cover the legs and yet be fearless of exposing the bosom (as men are allowed to be) then you'll have really captured the "Gypsy" look. My best to you and your beautiful ladies. Derek D'Marcos
Albuquerque NM

Royal err
Considering that Edward VII died in 1910, how well he looks on page 134 (Vogue's View, July, 1982)! It must be all that glen plaid.

Mary De Camp
Pacific Palisades CA

Editor's reply: *How embarrassing! We somehow misread the Roman numerals and called glen-plaid-wearer Edward VIII by the name of his own grandfather, Edward VII (also a snappy dresser). Reviewing the guards (in our picture) in 1931, he was H.R.H. The Prince of Wales; in 1936, after less than a year as Edward the Eighth, he abdicated, became the Duke of Windsor.*

Children's hour
I read with interest your article entitled "Child Care" by Nancy Coons (June, 1982). I thought it significant that the main point of the article centered on how different day care options were helpful to the parent rather than to the child. Perhaps the article should have been titled "Taking Over for the Part-time Parent."

You mentioned that day care on the site of parental employment supposedly builds children's trust because parents can drop by to "deliver medication and feel foreheads," an idea . . . [that is] certainly debatable. It was not until the very end of *(Continued on page 131)*

em

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.Holtzman

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 129)

the article, however, . . . that the most important subject of all was discussed—children's feelings. Dr. Sheila Kammerman's statement that "If the mother is very concerned about the consequences for her child, obviously her anxiety is going to be communicated" has a bit of truth to it. It is most likely, though, that a mother's intuition is telling her that no one else can care for her child with the same love and sensitivity that she has.

. . . If our society truly wants to provide quality child care that will in fact *care* for children, we should make it possible for young children to spend more time with the people who can love and really care for them like no others—their families.

Amy Clift
Chapel Hill NC

Calling Children's World a cut-rate chain is an egregious error. . . . Children's World has been praised for its quality: Jan Yocum, formerly executive director of the Day Care Council of America, calls Children's World "a very caring place." Alice Lake, in an article written for *Working Mother* magazine, said ". . . Children's World is aware—and so are its competitors—that it has class. Some call it the Cadillac of the industry." We value the reputation for quality that our centers have earned over the years . . .

Lewis Shapiro
Vice President/Children's World
Englewood CO

. . . Kinder Care is not a "cut-rate" chain of centers with "skimpy services." We are a chain of centers dedicated to giving children love, education, and the best care available outside the home. Even though we are a large corporation, each center has very close contact with the home office that is very involved in the planning and implementation of our programs. We do more than babysit which is what the majority of children staying in private homes get. We have a fine pre-school program with trained and qualified staff people. . . .

Peggy Knepp
Director, Kinder Care Learning Center
Charlotte NC

Bad Ad?

I am writing as a concerned reader about your advertisement in the July issue for a handgun, (*bijan* designer for men, p. 39). I read your magazine monthly for fashion advice and don't find any place in a fashion magazine for an advertisement promoting the purchase of a handgun. Handguns are not fashionable! In 1979, 9,459 people in the United States were killed with handguns. Vogue absolutely should not be advocating that kind of violence by carrying that ad regardless of how "pretty" or seemingly innocuous the ad may appear; it is still a handgun. Violence, death and murder are not fashionable.

Debra R. Higgin
Minneapolis MN

Work of love

I thought the article, "Am I Getting Paid For This? A love story about work," by Betty Rollin (August, 1982) was great! I am not a lover of reading, and after reading the first few lines, I couldn't put it down. Great style.

Ann DelGrande
White Plains NY

Supporting the family

On behalf of the more than 100,000 members of the National Council of Jewish Women (NCJW), I extend thanks for your insightful and provocative symposium on the family published in the June 1982 issue of Vogue.

In the face of growing hardships caused by inflation, unemployment, and other alarming economic realities, threatened by the narrow definitions imposed by special interest groups and religious fundamentalists, today's family is struggling against extraordinary odds. By providing a forum for the discussion of the family's diversity and some of the problems facing it, Vogue has made an important contribution to reinforcing the strength of this vital institution. . . .

Shirley I. Leviton
National President/NCJW
New York NY

Northern music

It bemused me greatly to read Margaret Atwood's article on Canadian Culture (June 1982). In an otherwise representative piece, she neglected to give any mention to Canada's highly acclaimed classical musicians: The Canadian Brass, the Canadian Opera Company, tenor Jon Vickers, pianist Glenn Gould, the Orford String Quartet, soprano Maureen Forrester, and the National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa all rank in the Who's Who of international music.

As Canadians, we are debilitated by a severe inferiority complex; and, although I applauded the appearance of Miss Atwood's article in an "American" magazine, I was disappointed at her failure to acknowledge one vital facet of our cultural community.

Cynthia Dann-Beardsley
Toronto, Ontario

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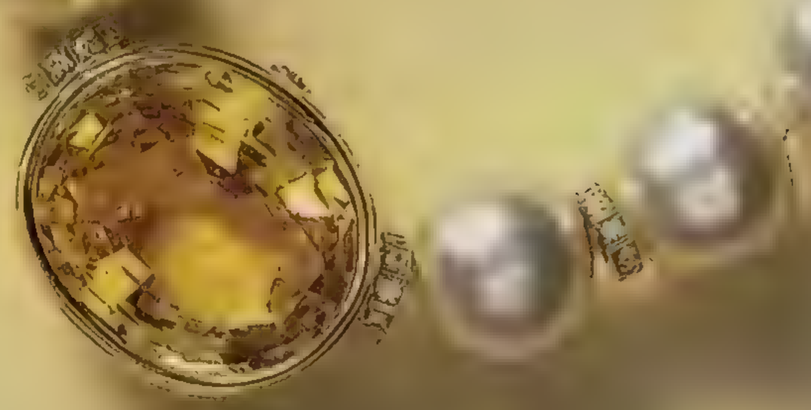

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Talking about... Art

Photos from a cold climate...
more artworks by Scandinavians
...collages made in U.S.A.

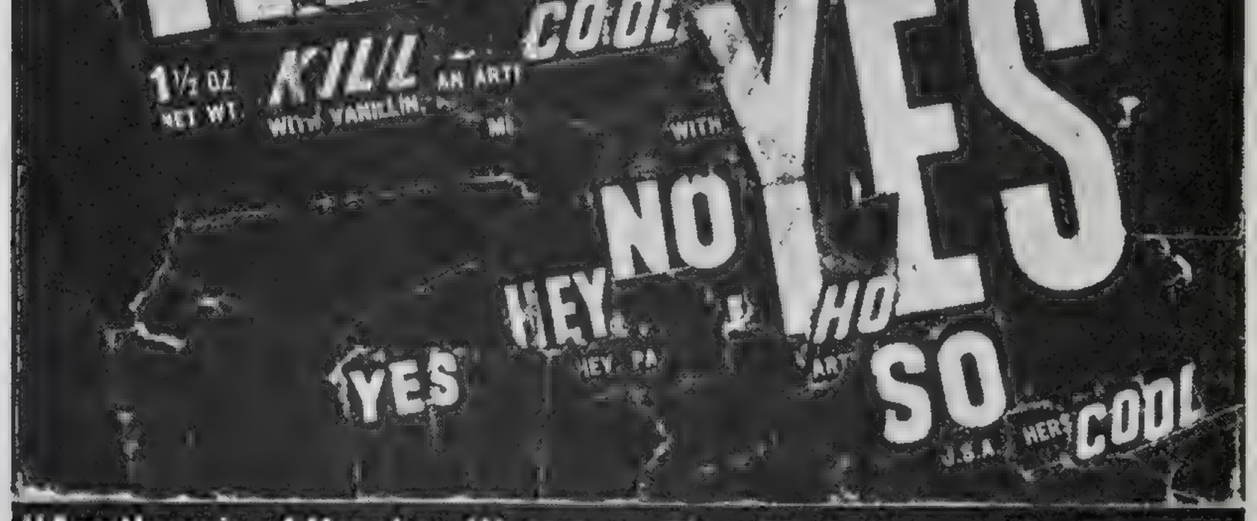
By Barbara Rose

The films of Ingmar Bergman are filled with images of such extraordinary beauty and psychological insight, one feels they must be rooted in a great art tradition. Now, we can see the context that created Bergman's sense of visual poetry in the first comprehensive examination of Scandinavian photography. Aptly titled *The Frozen Image,* the exhibition of over 450 photographs from collections in Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden will be on view until November 14 at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The show, organized by Martin Friedman, director of the Walker Art Center, is full of surprises and new research on photographers ranging from Queen Victoria of Sweden, who dabbled in photography in the nineteenth century, Norwegian painter Edvard Munch, who used his snapshots like a sketchbook, to Henry B. Goodwin, who photographed Swedish high society and did glamorous portraits for *Vanity Fair* in the 'twenties.

Organized into thematic categories, *The Frozen Image* includes photographs of Scandinavian landscapes, Arctic explorations, ethnographic subjects, urban life, portraits, pictorial photographs, historical events, and new work by young Nordic camera artists. All in all, a lot to see and a lot to learn. From Minneapolis, the show travels to New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, and major Scandinavian cities; it is accompanied by an illustrated catalogue written by Friedman and leading Scandinavian critics, curators, and scholars.

Filling out our picture of Scandinavian culture, The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York City is showing works by three generations of Scandinavian modern artists: Works by Danish painter Asger Jorn, one of the founders of the COBRA group of post-war Expressionists, anticipate the violent imagery and charged brushwork of today's "new wave" neo-Expressionists. Swedish artist Öyvind Fahlström, whose death in 1976 at forty-eight cut short a brilliant career, is featured in the first major museum exhibition of his work in the United States, where he worked during the 'sixties, anticipating Pop Art in his comic-strip paintings, and created a vocabulary of multivalent images based on popular sources that were critical and satiric. Among the fifty works in the show are examples of Fahlström's highly original "variable paintings" with magnetized parts that can be rearranged by the spectator.

A survey of contemporary art by the new generation of artists from Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden brings the exhibition of *Northern Visions* up to date (on view until November 7).



"Apotheosis of Hershey Wrapper—They Made Love in the Zoo at 3 A.M.," collage on wood, 4¾" square, 1964, by American Alfred Hansen; Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston

THE AMERICANS: THE COLLAGE—*Works on paper have been the focus of many recent exhibitions. Now, Linda L. Cathcart, energetic director of the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston, has organized a survey of American Collage that is full of remarkable works in this mixed medium, some by artists known for collage like Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and Robert Rauschenberg, others by leading painters and sculptors—such as Hans Hofmann, John Chamberlain, Roy Lichtenstein, David Hare, and Ellsworth Kelly—not necessarily known for collage. Among the ninety-five artists in the show are a number from Texas; by including their works in a major survey, the C.A.M. does the best a contemporary art center can do: creates the highest standards for local artists to measure themselves against.*

"Portrait of a Lady," photograph, 14¼" x 10½", ca. 1930, Norwegian John Riise; collection Sonja Henie-Niels Onstad Foundations, Hovikodden, Norway; Statens Hanverks og Kunstindustriskole, Oslo.

"Early Notes," watercolor, 10" x 13" by Swede Öyvind Fahlstrom; The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York City

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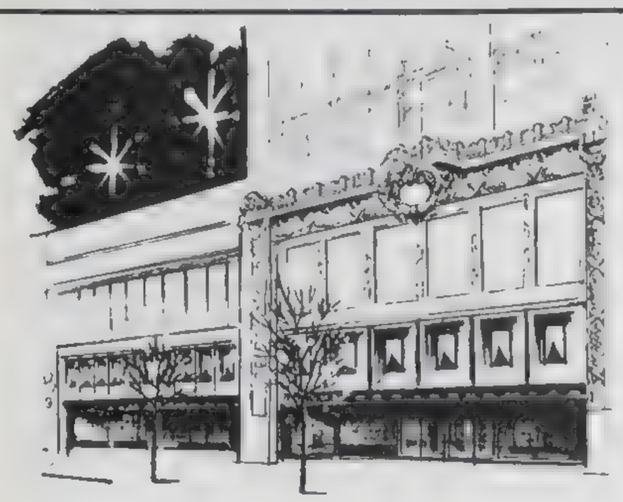

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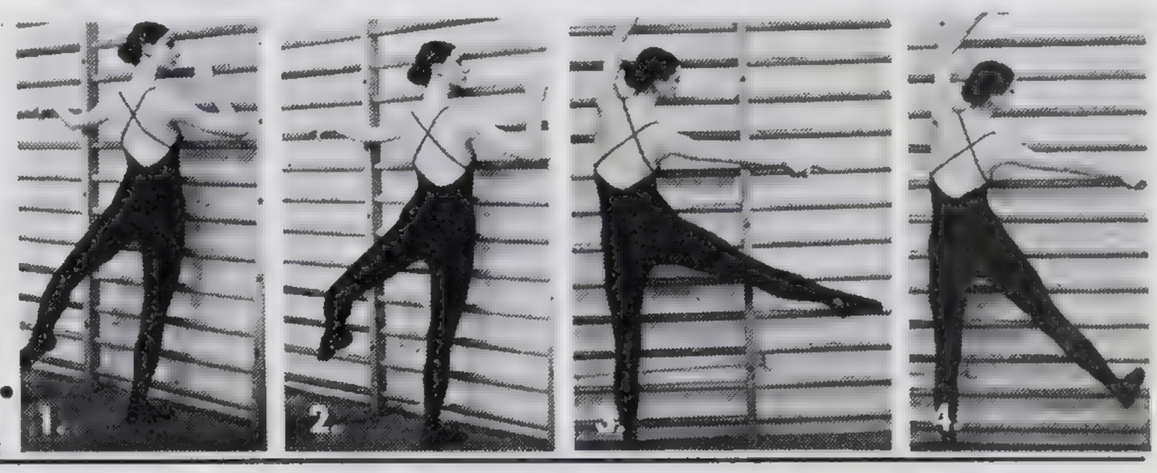
Breast appearance has more to do with *posture* than with breasts themselves. Correct posture makes breasts look more prominent, lifted," says Willibald Nagler, M.D., director of the department of rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "Posture can also improve the shape of your buttocks. Stretch the muscle in front of your hips, strengthen abdominal muscles, and you'll automatically tuck buttocks under."

Sitting at a desk all day can tighten your hip muscles, causing your back to sway, exaggerating the size of your buttocks. Do stretching exercises for hips and chest, strengthening workouts for buttocks, abdomen, and upper-back muscles every day to improve posture, and the "shape" of breasts and buttocks.

Exercise, however, *cannot* increase breast *size.* Breast contour or appearance can benefit by stretching and strengthening the pectoral muscles that support breasts. Swimming the butterfly or breaststroke zeros in on these areas. So does specific weight work. Says one long-time body builder: "I noticed an unexpected change in the look of my breasts. After about six months of working with weights, my breasts appeared higher, more defined." Classic exercise for strong pectorals: with arms crossed in front, grasp wrists tightly and pretend to push up sleeves without moving hands. Repeat 10 times; hold to a count of 3.

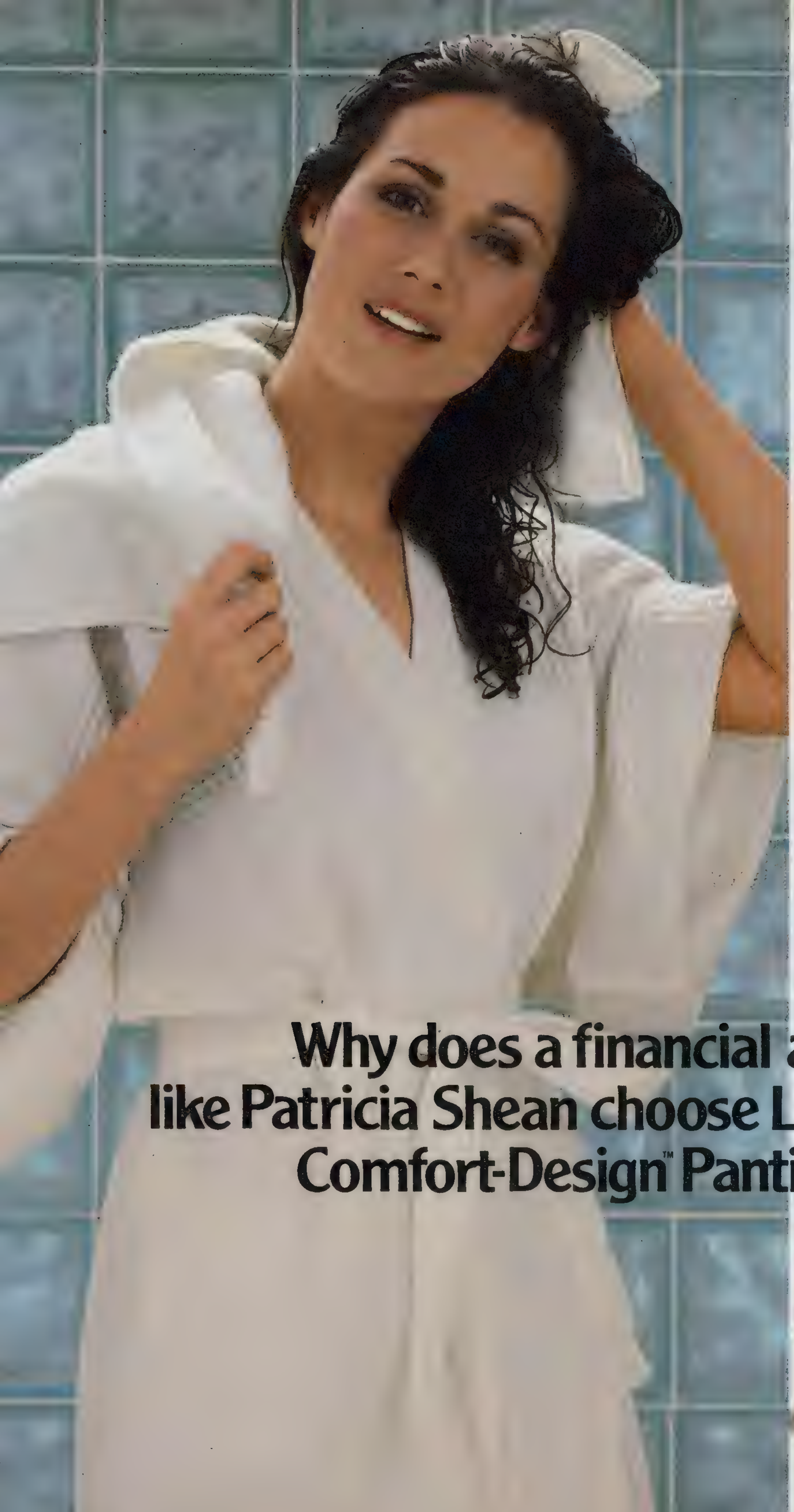
Buttocks can be firmed with specific "spot" exercises, weight work, and sports like walking, jogging, swimming. While spot toners will not reduce the size of your buttocks, they will help to firm and tone buttocks muscles; aerobic exercise and overall weight loss are the *only* ways to decrease buttocks' size.

The two best leg/seat firmers that tone thighs, remove "bulge"...



Both, from the Lotte Berk Method. The key: a "tuck" position held, controlled throughout. **To "lift"/firm buttocks,** *above:* **1.** Tuck buttocks under and tilt pelvis up, then pull in abdomen. **2.** Bend left knee and lift leg diagonally behind you. Press leg slightly back and forth without lifting hips or arching back. Continue, nonstop, for one minute. Repeat with right leg. **To flatten/firm "saddle bags,"** work waist and hips: **3.** Tuck hips, tilt pelvis up, and pull in abdomen. Lift right leg to side, as shown, with knee facing *forward,* toe pointed. Raise left arm overhead with palm facing ceiling. **4.** Use upper thigh to lift and lower right leg slightly, foot flexed, for one minute. Repeat with left leg. Do three times a day for best results.

Top photo: PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Insets *above:* JAY ACKERMAN



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The Marriage and Divorce Report

The best new thinking on how to prevent family turmoil — from lawyers, counseling experts

BY ELLEN SWITZER

In the United States today, four out of every ten marriages end in the divorce courts. That worries psychiatrists, couples about to get married, and just about everybody else. All of these marital break-ups are causing legal logjams in the courts, especially since even apparently carefully worked out divorce settlements tend, these days, to come unglued. The unhappy couple may come back into court time after time to relitigate points of dispute.This worries lawyers, judges, and state legislators. It should also worry taxpayers, who, in the long run, have to supply some of the funds for more courtrooms, judges, and domestic-relations officers.

In recent years, lawyers and mental-health professionals have come to the conclusion that there must be a better way of settling marital and family disputes. In June, a conference for professionals in the legal and mental-health fields, sponsored by the American Bar Association, attracted more than four hundred participants who came to exchange views on what they called "alternative means of family-dispute resolution." The consensus: Some forms of *preventive* legal procedure, combined if necessary with psychological counseling, might help to alleviate the emotional and legal turmoil created by divorce.

Under discussion were relatively new methods of arriving at equitable (and enforceable) solutions to such legal problems as child custody, division of property, alimony, and child support. Under consideration were: *no-fault divorce, divorce mediation, joint custody arrangements,* and *prenuptial agreements.*

NO-FAULT DIVORCE

One reason why new ways of resolving divorce-connected disputes have become necessary is the prevalence of no-fault divorce. Almost all states have laws that make it possible to end a marriage solely because of "irreconcilable differences" between the couple.

No-fault laws have some distinct advantages. The system has put an end to the deception often involved in old-style adversary divorces. But no-fault divorce has some problems of its own. In the bad old days, one partner could hold up a decree almost indefinitely simply by refusing to cooperate, thus giving him/her a powerful negotiating tool in property division, child support, alimony, and child custody. Today, the partner who wishes the divorce simply applies for a decree on grounds that the marriage has broken down irretrievably. The spouse who may not want a divorce, or who fears that a divorce will leave him/her in very poor financial and emotional condition, will have very few negotiating chips. As a result, child custody increasingly has been used as a negotiating tool.

DIVORCE MEDIATION

Divorce mediation is seen as one important way to circumvent such problems by restoring a better power balance between the couple. Most divorcing couples really don't want to destroy each other in court. They certainly don't want to harm the children. And the mediation process allows them to look at all kinds of options, for property and child care, that they might never have considered in a strictly adversary procedure.

Actually, while divorce mediation, as a strictly legal procedure, is quite new in the United States, it has been used long before there were family courts, attorneys, and other legal trappings. Warring couples often went to a clergyman, a village leader, a medicine man. In some tightly knit communities, this system is still used informally today; and, in recent years, the American Arbitration Association, a non-profit public-service organization, will, for a fee, refer couples to a mediator or arbitrator. Although any couple who wants a legal divorce must, of course, use the civil court system, separation and divorce agreements are often hammered out with the help of such an arbiter before either spouse even seeks an attorney.

A mediator is usually a lawyer who makes it clear that he/she represents neither the husband nor the wife, but works for the welfare of the entire family. When the team approach is used, the second mediator is often a psychologist or a social worker who helps with the emotional trauma that too often gets in the way of a fair legal agreement. Even couples who feel bitterly towards each other often succeed in negotiating their differences.

Finding a qualified mediator is not easy. Although many lawyers now advertise, mediators usually do not. State Bar Associations may have a list of qualified local mediators who have had specific academic and practical training in the art and science of conflict resolution. The National Legal Resource Center for Child Advocacy and Protection has published a list of mediation resources on a state-by-state basis, which can be obtained by writing to the Center in care of Howard Davidson, American Bar Association, 1800 M Street N.W., Washington, DC 20036. In some communities, a Family Service agency may have a list of lawyers who have had training and experience in mediation, and who probably work as part of a law/mental-health team.

How does mediation work? Most of the experts at the Washington conference will ask the couple to come in for one introductory session at which the process is thoroughly discussed. The couple then has the option of continuing to see the mediator, or to proceed along orthodox lines by asking their attorneys to begin negotiations. The price of the first one-hour session averages about fifty dollars. After the first session, most mediators arrange for two-hour sessions at an average cost of seventy-five dollars per hour for one mediator and double that amount for a team. Mediators agreed that they generally did not meet with either party separately, even if requested to do so. "Both have to be present at all times, or one will feel that a conspiracy between the mediator and the other party may be underway," one attorney explained. For the same reason, mediators insist that *both* parties pay the bill. "If the party best able to pay for services does so on his or her own, the other party will understandably feel that the one who writes the check gets the preferred treatment, " another lawyer said.

The number of sessions necessary to work out a document of understanding varies, but most mediators felt that three to eight two-hour sessions were usually sufficient. The fact that the couple pays by the hour tends to cut the time in which an agreement is reached.

Even if the mediator is an attorney, both spouses are usually urged to engage lawyers of their own. In fact, many state bar associations do not feel that a mediator-attorney can, ethically, draw up a final divorce agreement for both parties. Lawyers tend to feel that divorce, even a friendly one, is an adversary process, and that each party should have legal counsel in order to have his/her interests protected.

But does not engaging a mediator plus two attorneys turn out to be prohibitively expensive? Almost all the experts felt that this procedure probably will not cost more than hiring two lawyers to conduct a thorough adversary procedure, especially if the two attorneys cannot come to a pretrial agreement and have to fight out every point of dispute before a judge. It usually costs only a small percentage of the price that couples who relitigate their divorce settlements several times over have to pay.

There are other advantages to a mediated settlement. Since both parties have worked out the agreement between themselves, not through attorneys, the final agreement tends to hold up better in the years to come. Statistics show that even court-ordered child-support and alimony payments usually lag after the first two years, and tend to be ignored entirely after five years. Experience so far has shown that financial agreements worked out in mediation tend to be carried out.

Certainly, child-care agreements tend to be more equitable, more lasting. Mediation may alleviate some of the bitterness and anger that so many divorcing couples feel against each other so that they realize earlier, rather than later, that they are still *parents,* even though they will no longer be husband and wife.

JOINT CUSTODY

When the children become part of the marital tug of war, joint custody is one solution that more and more divorcing parents seem to be choosing. Today, many states have provisions that allow parents equal access to the children, and equal rights in making decisions affecting their lives. Joint custody does not mean that youngsters shuttle back and forth between parental homes. Usually, they live with one parent and spend vacations with the other parent. Also, they may spend several years with one parent and then move to the home of the other, if both parents agree. Many couples who have joint custody feel that this arrangement works exceedingly well. Even mothers who traditionally have been awarded sole custody of minor children have found *(Continued on page 143)*

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What's a Flat Tax—and why is everybody talking about it?

By SUSAN LEE

Time was when people who complained about income taxes were called cranks. Nowadays, however, cries of dismay and irritation are considered reasonable responses to the tax system. A shade less reasonable are the millions who should pay taxes but don't; and the tens of millions more who would rather pay accountants and lawyers to find tax shelters than ante-up for Uncle Sam. Indeed, this year, outright cheating will come to $97 billion and almost triple that amount will slip through legal loopholes known politely as tax shelters.

Just what kind of system makes cheaters and evaders out of otherwise responsible citizens? Well, for one thing, the tax code itself invites people to shave their taxable income by offering them various loopholes that Congress has inserted over the years to encourage social goals. For example, housing deductions—like mortgage and property-tax payments—have helped to make us a nation of homeowners. In fact, homeowning is a legal loophole that will cost the Treasury over $35 billion this year.

That seems like a cozy and harmless—if pricey—thing for Congress to do, but there are other special-interest loopholes that are not so homey. Consider this year's hot shelter: the buying and then leasing of cable TV equipment. Big earners who don't know a transponder from a receiving dish can invest in such paraphernalia just to reduce taxable income.

Another troublesome feature of the tax code is its steep progressivity. Tax rates—from 12 percent to 50 percent—take a bigger and bigger bite as income grows. A $20,000-a-year earner will see 30 percent of each extra dollar nipped off, while a $50,000-a-year earner will watch 50 percent of each additional dollar chomped down by the government.

This progressivity causes two widespread inequities. The first, known as the marriage penalty, happens when two earners marry and their combined, larger income moves them into a higher tax bracket. The second, called bracket creep, occurs as inflation lifts income, moving taxpayers into higher brackets even though their real income has stayed constant.

Moreover, it is these high marginal rates that encourage people either to evade taxes altogether or to seek shelters. Just as bad, steep marginal rates discourage people from working and investing more: If the more you earn, the less you keep, why bother?

And so the injuries of a hundred-plus legal loopholes and severe progressivity, combined with the insult of trying to calculate the bill, make tax reform look like the right thing to do.

The reform that has *le tout* Washington buzzing is a flat-rate tax: One rate for all, regardless of income. A $30,000-a-year college professor would pay the same percentage of income in taxes as a $200,000-a-year dermatologist. A two-earner family would face the same rate as a one-earner family or two separate earners. Congress will be weighing proposals with rates between 10 percent and 19 percent.

A flat-rate income tax has caught Washington's fancy for several reasons. First is its utter simplicity. The entire form could fit on a postcard and be straightforward enough to calm math phobics. No elaborate schedules, no endless columns of figures, no lists of deductions and credits to confuse the uninitiated.

Second, it offers Congress an easy way out of all the special-interest loopholes. After all, if the single rate is lower than most current rates (which it must be to have political appeal), then those billions of dollars given away through loopholes must be taken back—or else tax revenues would fall dramatically short of revenues collected under the present law.

The last, but by no means least, attraction of a flat tax is that it would lower the marginal rates faced by most taxpayers; and, by removing the penalty levied against individual incentives to work and invest more, it should result in a productive boost for the economy.

With all this going for it, you'd think a flat tax would be a shoo-in. There are, however, complications. A philosophical objection comes from those committed to the progressivity of the existing system, who argue that taxpayers who can afford to pay more, should. But supporters of the flat tax respond that progressivity is mostly a fiction. No matter how just the idea is, in practice the existence of loopholes means that many high earners pay less than middle- or even low-income earners. Justice can be found, too, in the notion that everybody should be taxed at the *same* rate.

Another complication is figuring out just who would win and who would lose from a flat tax. It's easy to formulate the general rule: Those whose effective tax rate is below the flat tax would pay more and those whose rate is above the flat tax would pay less. Since all proposals contain allowances to protect the poor, low income earners have nothing to fear from a flat tax. With that said, though, winners and losers are a highly individual matter.

For example, consider the $30,000-a-year college professor. If she takes advantage of loopholes (she owns a house, deducts finance charges from her Bloomingdale's card, and all those visits to the acupuncturist), her tax rate could be as low as 14 percent. She might come out a loser under a flat-rate system. But if she doesn't make use of loopholes (she rents an apartment, pays Bloomingdale's promptly, and takes no medical deductions), her effective rate is around 20 percent. She would probably be a winner from a flat tax—especially if the rate is well below the 20 percent mark.

A third worrisome aspect concerns charitable contributions. Closing all loopholes would, of course, include the deductibility of those contributions. If, for instance, people give money to various arts' endeavors more with an eye to their tax bill than to the support of artistry, the nation will be so much the poorer.

One thing is certain. The country as a whole would surely profit from a tax code that is fair and simple. And that, according to tax experts, might very well be a flat-rate tax. ▽

MARRIAGE/DIVORCE REPORT

(Continued from page 140)

that dividing the responsibility for the children relieves them of many emotional and some financial burdens. "Having to make all the decisions on my own really frightened me," said one mother who has shared custody for three children. "But even though Bob and I could not get along, we both were terrific parents. This way, we can still maintain the relationship that worked . . . being mom and dad to the kids."

PRENUPTIAL AGREEMENTS

These legal contracts, made by couples about the disposition of property in case of death or divorce, sound like an entirely new development on the family-law scene. They are, however, deeply rooted in marriage law and custom. Anyone who has read the novels of Jane Austen or Anthony Trollope, for instance, knows about the "settlements" that always preceded the marriages of young ladies and gentlemen with property to their names. Remember the feckless Lydia Bennet who ran off with the detestable Lieutenant Wickham in *Pride and Prejudice?* Even though her family was horrified by Lydia's elopement and desperately eager for a quick marriage to wipe out the disgrace, the ceremony had to wait until "a proper settlement" could be drawn up. What was called a "settlement" then is today called a "prenuptial agreement."

These agreements have become popular because, increasingly, men and women marry more than once. The divorced and widowed, especially if they have children, may want to make sure that their offspring are protected under all circumstances. Since, in most states, *it is not possible to disinherit a spouse through a will,* the premarital agreement makes it legally possible to divide up property in ways that make the best sense to both partners. Premarital agreements are considered legal and binding contracts by the courts even if, in such an agreement, the couple declares that if one dies his/her property will go directly to the children of a previous marriage, to elderly relatives who may need to be provided for, or to a charity rather than to the spouse.

Usually such agreements cover only property that the two persons involved brought into the marriage, not what may be acquired during the marriage.

The agreements often make it easier for couples to get approval of the proposed marriage from grown-up children who may look with dismay at the prospect of mom's or dad's bestowing property they had expected to inherit on a new spouse. Such considerations may seem unromantic, but lawyers encourage a prenuptial agreement if predictable future problems might result in expensive and time-consuming litigation.

It is also possible to agree before marriage on how property is to be divided in case of divorce. However, judges may be more reluctant to accept such contracts if one partner asserts that he or she was coerced into signing the agreement as a precondition to marriage.

Incidentally, so-called "marriage contracts" in which spouses promise prior to the wedding to do half of the housework, maintain the car, split parental duties, etc., are not likely to be honored by the courts. Judges feel that such contracts should be considered a sort of gentleman's (and lady's) agreement, rather than a legal document. ▽

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Health

New help for burn victims...take-along oxygen tank...why exercise may prevent infection..."invisible" dental fillings

By Melva Weber

SAVING YOUR SKIN

New hope for victims of severe burns—a new material made with a layer of collagen from cowhide and shark, plus a top layer of synthetic chemical, has been used at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, and its neighboring Shriners Burns Institute for ten patients whose burns covered more than 50 percent of body surface. The substitute skin doesn't set off rejection reactions, so immunosuppressant drugs are not needed—a safety plus for patients, because rejection-preventing drugs also lower resistance to infection.

In addition, the collagen layer actually becomes a permanent replacement; body cells, blood vessels and nerves grow into it, and connective tissues from the flesh beneath fuse with it. The plastic top layer is shed, however, and epidermal cells from other parts of the body may be "seeded" on the collagen surface to form a natural outer layer.

The substitute skin is the result of a ten-year collaboration by surgical and engineering teams at "Mass General" and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), led by John F. Burke, M.D., and I.V. Yannas, Ph.D. For many of the estimated 130,000 who are hospitalized for burns each year, it can be a great boon.

EASY BREATHER

Henry J. Heimlich, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio—the man who gave the world the Heimlich Hug—has developed a way for breathing-impaired patients to receive oxygen without being hooked up with huge tanks, nostril tubing, face masks. Instead, the user can move about and even carry his own small oxygen tank, which weighs about six and a half pounds, can breathe easily, receive oxygen continuously, even while eating. The key: a small Teflon catheter that enters the trachea, or windpipe, at the base of the throat and feeds oxygen directly into the main airway.

The new transtracheal system uses only a fraction of the oxygen required by other systems for maintaining an equal blood oxygen level, according to Dr. Heimlich, because standard oxygen equipment using face masks or nasal tubing wastes a great deal of the oxygen. The small tank with the new system lasts most of a day. In a group of men and women fitted with the new system, all had been housebound and in wheelchairs. With the transtracheal device, thirteen of fourteen patients soon were walking and returning to normal activities, and some were back at their jobs.

FLY BY THE BOOK

Pain in the ears and temporary deafness are prices some travelers pay for taking airline trips during a flourishing head cold, sinus infection, or allergic attack.

The American Academy of Otolaryngology-Head and Neck Surgery, Inc. (otolaryngologists are doctors who specialize in ear-throat disorders) explains what happens when the Eustachian tube connecting the middle-ear chamber (behind the eardrum) and the throat becomes blocked. With air pressure reduced inside, the delicate eardrum is sucked inward, causing pain, impaired hearing, possible damage. Blockage can be caused by swelling of the tube's lining, which is similar to nasal lining tissue.

An effective self-help technique for unblocking a stuffy Eustachian tube is given in detail in the Academy's brochure, "Ears, Altitude and Airplane Travel." It's a must if you travel, have touchy ears, or both. The booklet also explains how to use decongestant pills or nasal sprays to avert problems, what precautions you should take, what to do if your ears will not unblock. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with the booklet title on the outside to American Academy of Otolaryngology-Head and Neck Surgery, 1101 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Suite 302, Washington DC 20005.

EXERCISE EXTRA

Score another health point for physical fitness activities: researchers at the University of Michigan have found that regular exercise may help ward off infection.

Physiologists Joseph G. Cannon and Matthew J. Kluger, Ph.D., injected laboratory rats with blood plasma from humans who had exercised for an hour. The rat's temperatures went up and blood iron went down—the same reactions produced by pyrogen, the protein that causes fever during infection. Blood and thermal changes of fever are unfavorable to bacterial growth and hence, can help inhibit infection. Samples from the same people without exercise had no effect on the rats. Conclusions? If the temperature-raising blood fraction of exercise and fever turns out to be the same substance, it may reinforce the claim that exercise helps prevent infection.

OF SPASMS AND SPRAYS

Just because a medicine does not require a prescription doesn't mean it's not a drug—with possible unsafe side effects. J. Michael Powers, M.D., Phoenix, AZ, recently reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* an unusual case in which a man with severe eyelid spasms and facial grimaces was treated with drugs but had experienced only temporary relief. The patient said he was taking no other medications; but, during one visit, his physician noted he was carrying a nasal spray, which he acknowledged having used several times a day for ten years at a rate of a bottle a week. When the spraying was stopped, the twitches gradually subsided. Dr. Powers urges all doctors to ask patients who suffer from facial and eyelid spasms about their nasal-spray habits and discourages long use of decongestants by anyone, except under special medical direction by a physician.

FILLING A NEED

At last: dental fillings that you can hardly see. I. Leon Dogon, D.M.D., at the Harvard School of Dental Medicine has compounded a resin-bonded quartz ceramic tooth-filling material that matches tooth enamel and is durable enough for long service in back teeth where you may be applying grinding force of thirty-thousand pounds per square inch.

Tooth-color capping, repair materials have been available before but not for use in the back of the mouth. Dr. Dogon's standards for ideal tooth-filling include: ability to adhere to tooth surfaces, nontoxicity to vital tissues, ability to withstand the mouth's environment.

Dr. Dogon tested the material on monkeys because they eat abrasive foods, often with sand, and they grind their teeth and chew on objects. Six months of wear in a monkey, says Dr. Dogon, equals two years of human use. Your dentist will know the new filling material as P-10 for Posterior-10. Still in the wings: an even harder, more complex substance, P-30.

Mind Health

Thinking—why we often don't... assertiveness training update... pride, prejudice, war and peace

By Carol Tavris, Ph.D.

MINDLESSLY WE ROLL ALONG

We all have minds; it's just that we don't use them very often. Mindlessness occurs when you accept what someone tells you without question or critical thought, when you assume that your experience is the only one possible, when you can't remember whether your best friend wears glasses or not, when you pay more attention to the predictable externals of a situation—such as the chitchat at a cocktail party—than to its novel and idiosyncratic details—such as the new people at the party.

Naturally, no one can pay attention to everything that happens every day; the mental effort would be exhausting. But to psychologist Ellen J. Langer, Ph.D., who has been exploring the effects of mindlessness in our everyday lives, the way we process information can affect our psychological, social, and even physical well-being. Her experiments are themselves imaginative. In one study, a person would interrupt people waiting to use a Xerox machine, using one of two excuses: one "mindful" ("Excuse me, may I use the Xerox machine because I'm in a rush?") or one "mindless" ("Excuse me, may I use the Xerox machine because I have to make copies?"). As long as the question had the familiar *form* of a request plus a reason, Dr. Langer found, virtually everyone complied with it—*even when it made no sense*—whereas they were less likely to comply with an unadorned request ("Excuse me, may I use the Xerox machine?").

Mindlessness can be damaging, Dr. Langer believes, especially in new situations where we apply information we have previously accepted uncritically. For example, we tend to make "premature commitments" to ideas that seem irrelevant to our experience, such as "once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic," or "poor people are worthless." As Dr. Langer's work shows, if we suddenly become poor, we may now buy the self-defeating idea that we are worthless. If we get cancer, and we haven't learned the statistics on survival, we may despair unduly. Alcoholics who cling to the idea that there is one kind of alcoholism and it is impervious to cure are less likely to be helped by therapy than are those who have observed several types of drinking problems. In her studies of nursing-home patients, Dr. Langer found that residents who actively made decisions, and took active responsibility for caring for something as modest in its demands as a plant, lived longer than other residents who accepted unreflectively what was done for and to them.

Curiously enough, mindlessness increases with skill: the better you are at something, the less able you are to explain how you do it—indeed, the less attention you pay to doing it. "The irony of being skillful," says Dr. Langer, "is that when we perform tasks perfectly, we are mindless, passively repeating what we already know; when we perform them imperfectly, we are mindful, actively creating what we are not yet sure of." Clearly, the task for us is to balance skills with creative novelties. . . .

CONSUMER'S REPORT ON ASSERTIVENESS TRAINING

The ads promise so much: a seminar or book that will teach you to stand up to your boss, husband, nosy neighbor, pushy stranger. But new research shows: assertiveness training works, all right, but only for the situation you've practiced it in. A workshop on assertiveness at the office, for example, won't necessarily help you at home. The effects are so specific partly because of the specificity of role-playing in the training itself, and partly because personality and behavior are not consistent across all settings. Other things to be wary of:

- **Programs aren't enough to help you actually become more assertive. For that, you need to *practice* new actions, and *watch* correct assertive behavior modeled for you.**
- **Talking out your feelings ("Boy, does my boss make me mad") is not enough to help you become more assertive. You may learn why you are afraid of asserting yourself, but not how to replace old habits with new action.**

Assertiveness, like self-esteem or courage, is as much a result of environment as of personality. There's no magic formula that can teach us to do, say, or feel the right thing on all occasions, but AT's a step in the right direction.

WHAT MAKES PEOPLE LONELY?

Who are the loneliest people in America—middle-aged divorcees? Bored housewives? The answer: adolescents and young adults, who are also most likely to be dissatisfied with life, love, and sex, and to have low self-esteem. Who are the least lonely? Surprisingly, the elderly: belying the myth of the isolated shut-in, older people have more social contacts and longer, more intimate relationships than the young. Is living alone a lonely condition? Not for those who distinguish passive loneliness from active solitude—and either condition can occur among both married and single.

These revelations about intimacy and loneliness turn up in a new book, "In Search of Intimacy" (Delacorte), by social psychologists Carin Rubenstein, Ph.D., and Phillip Shaver, Ph.D., who find that loneliness is not so much a result of objective circumstances as of the way we interpret those circumstances. Consider, for example, two lonely teenagers who have left home for the first time for college. One blames her loneliness on the "facts" that she's ugly, shy, and socially inept; the other realizes that she's in an unfamiliar world, without her old friends, and is socially inept because she hasn't grown up yet. Guess which young woman will sit in front of the TV, eating junk food and weeping, and which will get out and meet people?

MEN, WOMEN, AND STATUS

Is women's rising status—economic, legal, educational—reducing wife abuse? Sociologists Kersti Yllo, Ph.D., and Murray A. Straus, Ph.D., say yes, *but*. In most of the country, as women's position improves, rates of wife-beating fall; but in a few states where women's status is high, so are rates of marital violence.

Yllo and Straus's research explains this paradox. Wife abuse is prevalent where women's status is high outside the family but low at home; conflicts between old values and new realities erupt in violence. The good news is that couples who share decision-making have the lowest incidence of abuse of all.

MAKING PEACE, SAVING FACE—WHEN TO CALL FOR HELP

There are, as everyone stuck in a squabble knows, at least two sides to every conflict. Many negotiators will want to call in a third party but, until recently, few researchers paid attention to the conditions under which a mediator (professional negotiator, lawyer, friend) helps—or hurts. At Tufts University, psychologists Jeffrey Z. Rubin, Ph.D., and Jean M. Hiltrop, Ph.D., have found that one determining factor has to do with saving face, and saving face has to do with the intensity of the conflict.

For example, says Dr. Rubin, when a conflict is small, it is enough if a third party merely *threatens* to intercede; this will prompt the disputants to resolve their conflict without unwanted intrusions. *Actual* intervention should be avoided since it is likely to dampen the disputants' motivation to reach agreement.

But, when a dispute is complicated, intervention may be the only solution because it allows participants to make concessions and to save face. In large conflicts, Dr. Rubin finds, both sides fear to "give in" because they think they will appear weak. We are all highly narcissistic about our role in bargaining, he says; we explain our own concessions as signs of our willingness to compromise, but we explain our opponent's as signs of our negotiating skill! A third party helps because, if the mediation works, we can take credit for being generous; if it doesn't, we can blame the mediator.

Dr. Rubin warns disputing parties to avoid public airing of every detail of their quarrel, and this is true whether they are labor and management or wife and husband. When a debate goes public, he explains, "negotiations are likely to become more a matter of posturing than actual movement toward conciliation." Once you've told your mother everything wrong with your husband, it will be that much harder for you to back down from your position (threatening to leave him if he doesn't do X).

Dr. Rubin does not believe that you can negotiate everything—deeply held, cherished beliefs, for instance, are rarely abandoned for amity's sake. But solving the little negotiations of everyday life is important and, he adds, fun.

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Women in China: The inborn desire to "dress"

BY BEATRICE BUCKLER

Before coming to China, I had become aware that an interest in fashion—that most bourgeois of all Western notions—was beginning to stir in the People's Republic. A fashion magazine was started two years ago by the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Trade, fashion design was added to the curriculum of Beijing's Central Institute of Arts and Crafts, and news reports had mentioned that some street stalls had sold out their clothing because the slightly smarter cut and color of the jackets differed from the usual Chinese uniform.

Were the women in the People's Republic actually giving in to the human creature's inborn need for self-adornment? Were they about to discard the idea that clothes were simply a serviceable covering for the body?

While I waited for my guide early one morning in the cavernous Beijing Hotel lobby, a fellow American on his third business trip to China stopped to chat. Things had changed, he remarked. "You see women dressed a lot differently. Some even wear plaids."

But the change he mentioned was barely discernible to a first-time visitor like myself. My own impression had been that the masses of women and men walking or cycling in Beijing's broad thoroughfares all seemed to be wearing buttoned-up Mao jackets and baggy pants, a veritable unisex army in unpressed blue, varied ever so slightly by a few subdued greens and greys. When I looked more closely, I saw an occasional woman in a suit jacket with collar and lapels, plain and sober and not well-tailored. The plaid my informant mentioned was so low-key a mix of line and color as to just barely qualify as a plaid. Underneath the jackets, I had caught glimpses of collarless blouses or thin sweaters. And in Beijing and other cities, the women's faces were bare of makeup.

In the central Chinese city of Xian, there was no evidence of even the little bit of variety in dress that relieved the monotony of clothes in Beijing. The one exception was a factory director I met who wore a blouse with red and blue embroidery around the collar.

It was in that most Westernized of China's cities, Shanghai, that I saw more women in skirts, in brightly colored jackets, and in patterned dresses, and even a few wearing the subtlest touch of color on their lips. A clerk in a bookstore showed some bright red silk at the neckline of her jacket, and quite a few of the ordinary blue cotton uniforms were nipped in at the waist. More women were trying different hairstyles, and I noticed some women with gently curly permanents. A few stores carried hair conditioners and the like, and a few others even gave permanents.

It was in Shanghai, too, that I saw a few couples holding hands. Moralistic news items in the papers made it clear that sex outside of marriage was a definite no-no; a typical item reported that a very able student had just been expelled from his school for having "illicit relations" with a woman student.

The puritanical attitude toward sex combined with the buttoned-up jackets and wide-legged pants are part of a national attitude that encourages people to ignore the frivolous demands of the flesh. The Chinese people today are expected to be single-minded and hard-working, to help China make up for the progress everyone said had been lost during the years of the "Gang of Four."

Back in Beijing, Miss R., the youngest of the interpreters my hosts chose for different occasions, picked me up exactly at the stroke of eight-thirty one morning—the Chinese are punctual always—and off we went to speak to the editor-in-chief of the new Chinese fashion magazine, at the Ministry of Foreign Trade. I noted that Miss R. wore a bright yellow bit of scarf above her pale grey jacket, and I was cheered by the symbolic meaning of this small brave banner.

When we arrived at the unadorned grey-walled offices of the magazine called simply *Fashion,* we found three men—and not a single woman—sitting round a table.

Like every business meeting in China, this one was accompanied by the pouring of tea, a pleasant ritual that gave everyone something to do while making small talk.

As a result of the improved economy, said Mr. G., the editor-in-chief, attention could now be paid to such matters as fashion. In fact, China wanted people to start sprucing up. And the young people of course wanted more variety, more color.

I had been riffling through a copy of the magazine, part of it printed on pulp paper, part with glossy full-color photographs of clothes. Many of the models were Western, rather than Oriental. *(Continued on page 153)*

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FASHION IN CHINA

(Continued from page 151)

Only the centerspread of this issue showed Chinese women exclusively, in graceful variations on the classic Chinese dress with Mandarin collars.

I had not seen any of these clothes in the stores, I said, pointing to the centerspread.

Ah, these clothes were for very special celebrations only. At present, in any case, the more attractive styles had to be made by women who could sew or by dressmakers. Eventually, said Mr. G., more styles would be available for "ordinary" people.

Who had designed these dresses? I asked. Men who had been designers before the revolution, said Mr. G. No women? I asked. No young designers?

Not yet. And as for women, there were some in the new design course. The near future would see young designers of both sexes. "You must realize," he said, "before the People's Republic was declared in 1949, the designers were all men because then women were not treated with the equality given them today."

I singled out a white evening gown. Will Chinese women ever be able to buy this? I asked.

That, said the editor, was for export only. Definitely not for Chinese women.

Export?

Yes, China was trying to develop her fashion business so it could become a money-making export. This fashion magazine, he explained, was as much for designers as for "ordinary" people. *(Continued on page 159)*

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FASHION IN CHINA

(Continued from page 153)

Now I understood the reason for those Western models, and why it was the Ministry of Foreign Trade that was publishing the magazine. It was, in fact, a trade journal in the budding fashion business. "Ordinary" people, they told me, could find some special patterns to copy, that they would not be able to find in the stores.

But were Chinese women encouraged to wear these clothes? I pointed to a Western model in a staid little sleeveless sundress. Was this right for China?

No, Mr. G. said severely, it was certainly not right.

You see, he said, it was important to keep the Chinese identity. The Chinese idea of how women—and men—should dress was not the American or Western idea. The Americans had their identity and the Chinese theirs, and the important thing—hadn't the Western philosopher Hegel said something to this effect?—was to have and to hold to a recognizable, developed character.

"Our designers can design for export what other women want, but they design differently for China. Our designers must be ideologically correct."

Then, as if to reassure me, when I got up to leave, Mr. G. said that although extreme Western styles would not be acceptable in the People's Republic, Chinese women, and men, would soon enjoy more variety and better clothes than they did now.

I wasn't convinced. Outside, I asked Miss R. what she thought. She obviously didn't want to say. What she did tell me was that her mother was making a summer skirt for her in a pretty blue and white striped fabric. She was very lucky to have it, she told me, because there had not been enough fabric for all the women who wanted to buy.

I gathered that the heat of summer melted the dress code somewhat. Miss R. and several women I met told me they loved summer because they could blossom out in bright skirts.

As we walked along, Miss R. stole a sidelong glance at me from time to time. I had brought along my simplest pants and jackets, but the sun's glare was vicious and I drew the line at not wearing sunglasses. After a while, Miss R. opened her pocketbook, slid out a pair of pink-lensed sunglasses and put them on. But her lapse from conformity seemed to daunt her; and, after walking another block or so, she took the glasses off.

It was in Beijing at a banquet that our charming chief interpreter, Mrs. Y., wore a perfectly tailored dark-brown jacket and trousers; severe, but well-fitting. With her trim figure and sleekly combed hair, she looked positively chic. I found out later that the suit had been made by a professional dressmaker. Obviously, some women were way ahead of the designers and officialdom in their search for ways to dress attractively within the framework of Chinese ideology.

And it was in Beijing that I met with three delightful, friendly spokeswomen for *Women of China* magazine. I wanted to hear what they had to say; they, more than the men at the Ministry of Trade, might reveal what women really wanted in the way of style.

Mrs. L., a lively woman in her late thirties did most of the talking for the group. "Yes, at this point, we want people to care about their appearance. Some schools have even installed mirrors so students can see if they look neat. Young people are very interested in more attractive clothes. But—we encourage people to think in ways that are healthy."

Healthy? Echoes of my talk with Mr. G.

"It is one thing to look neat and attractive. It is quite another to dress to be admired."

Cotton Mather would never have said it so nicely.

Now that fashion was being encouraged, I persisted, would a really wide variety of styles *ever* be permitted in their Socialist state? Or would the government control that kind of creativity?

Oh never the government, said Mrs. L. If people dressed inappropriately, public opinion would control them.

Public opinion, when she was pressed to define it, meant the group to which you belonged—and everyone in China belongs to a group, either at work or at home. The group would, it was clear, make you aware of the error of your ways.

"You see," Mrs. L. looked at me thoughtfully, "there could never be an overemphasis on dress here."

I waited.

"In China," she said gently, "we are more concerned with what people contribute than with how they look." ▽

Beatrice Buckler, *founding editor of "Working Woman" magazine, went to the People's Republic of China last March with her husband, Edgar Gotthold, who had been invited by the Chinese Ministry of Aviation. At the same time, Ms. Buckler was able to meet with editors of women's publications.*

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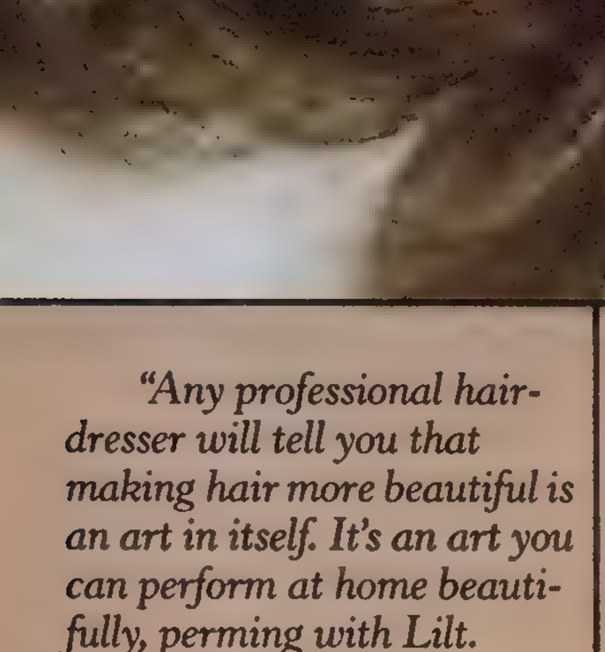

"Good roll-ups are critical to a good perm. That's why so many women are impressed with Lilt. It's the only home perm with sponge end-wraps.

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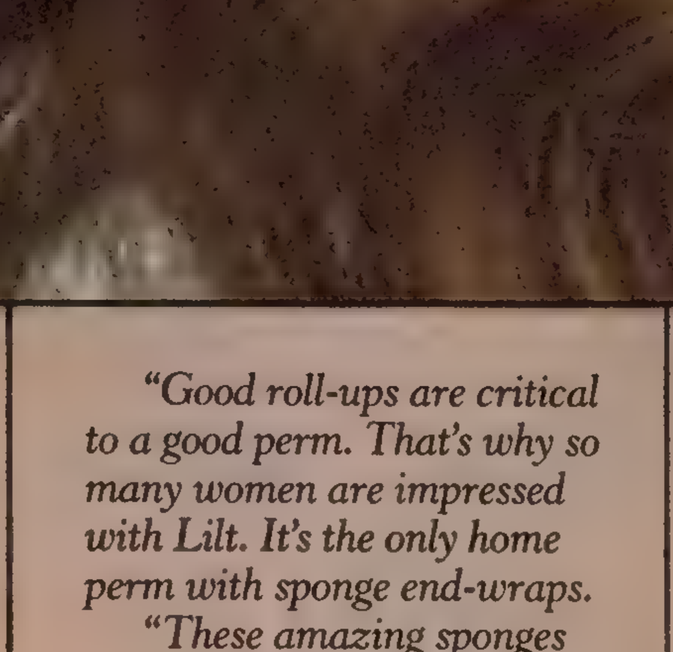
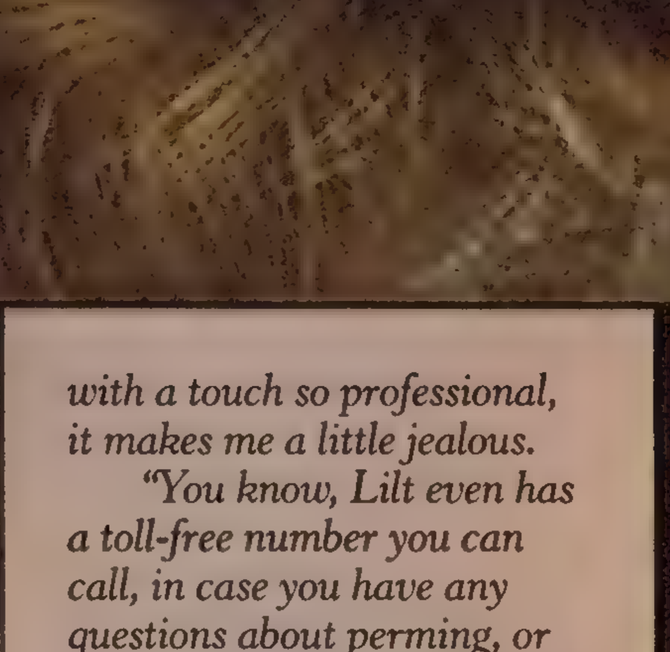


with a touch so professional, it makes me a little jealous.

"You know, Lilt even has a toll-free number you can call, in case you have any questions about perming, or hair care. That's professional."



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HAIR NOW

movement

Hair this fall pairs control with fullness... N.Y.C. to L.A. salon news... strategies to "up" hair's texture

The news in hair now: *movement* . . . from line, softness, contrasts in texture. And the ways to achieve it are simpler, easier than ever before—especially for a woman on a busy schedule. Result: hair that moves as you move, that keeps pace with your life.

One good example, *left,* done by Anthony DeMay for Garren, New York, who used setting lotion/gel to build hair's texture. First, he sprayed setting lotion on damp hair. Next: setting gel is slicked on dry hair for "hold." (One to try: Don Sullivan's Jellé, water-based, doesn't flake; available only at salons.) For wave, top pieces were looped into big pin curls, brushed out and spritzed again with setting lotion. For touchups: hair can be misted with water to "reactivate" setting lotion, allow style changes. Anthony believes "short hair should be free, slightly asymmetrical—with a side part or a stray lock falling softly over the forehead."

CHOOSING A HAIRSTYLIST

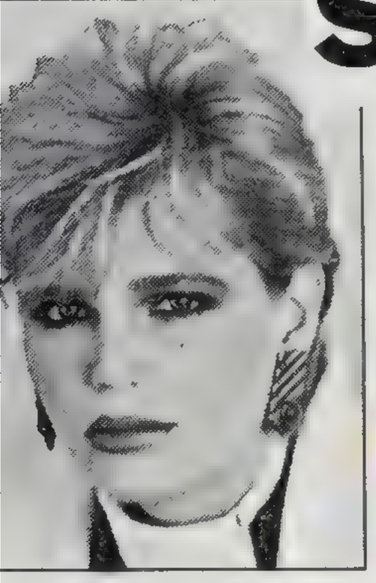
When you're ready for a change in hairstyle—or hairstylist—but don't know quite what you want . . . guidelines to help you decide, from Gerard Bollei at the Galleria . . .

Find a woman with a good cut and ask her which salon she visits. Make a manicure appointment at that salon. This allots a good half-hour to assess the salon, the stylist. Ask for a consultation. Telling the stylist what you do, how you live is important; hair should work with career, habits. Does the stylist consider face shape, hair texture? Ask about hair care. Before the stylist cuts your hair, learn about maintenance: does the style adapt for evening? How often should you return for trims? If you like the stylist's answers, go with her or him.

New salons—opening from New York City to Los Angeles—all specializing in up-to-the-minute styling, relaxed atmosphere . . . In New York, Garren—who does the hair for many Vogue sittings and models—opens a new salon at 675 Madison Avenue. The black-and-white interior has accent colors that change with the seasons, private nooks for clients.

In Hollywood, California, Lorraine Watson's one-chair salon gives the privacy many celebs relish. When the weather is clement, she moves to her garden for cutting, styling both men's and women's hair.

At JosephMartin Salon in Beverly Hills—where clients include actresses Candice Bergen, Paula Prentiss—hairdressers are doing shorter cuts, "something that Californians—who love long hair—are usually hesistant to try. But short hair is slowly catching on," says co-owner Joseph Kendall.



Style notes from top pros

Three views of hair style—all interpretations of what's best, what's to come. The styles, *left* and *below right,* are based on the same versatile cut: long layers on top, short layers on sides. With this cut and this slightly curly texture, hairstylist Louis Alonzo (of Pipino Buccheri) was able to accent hair's straightness *(above left)* or waviness *(right).* All it takes, a little moisturizer (Louis used a skin cream) rubbed on hair, then combed through for the straight look, fluffed by hand for the curly. For evening, Louis prefers straighter hair. "It's close, neat, balances with more dramatic makeup and fashion." . . . The shoulder-length hair *below left* has the same clean feeling as shorter hair. The trick: hairstylist John Killebrew (of Xavier, NYC) keeps hair tidy, tight to the head by pulling it into a chignon. Setting lotion adds control; a side part and full front add curve, to make it a look that works with the higher necklines you're seeing in this season's fashions.

For active women, *hair should move easily—and with real style versatility—from office to exercise gym to evening, through several shampooings. Well-cut short hair has the added advantage that it can be pushed into place when damp, left to air-dry when time permits. . . . To exploit good hair texture, La Coupe creates a shape that is layered for fullness on top, see right, and blunt-cut along the neck, to give the look of longer hair. For surprise, La Coupe's colorist, Louis Licari, adds highlights under bangs. When hair moves, it reveals a "shot" of color, giving hair still more dimension.*

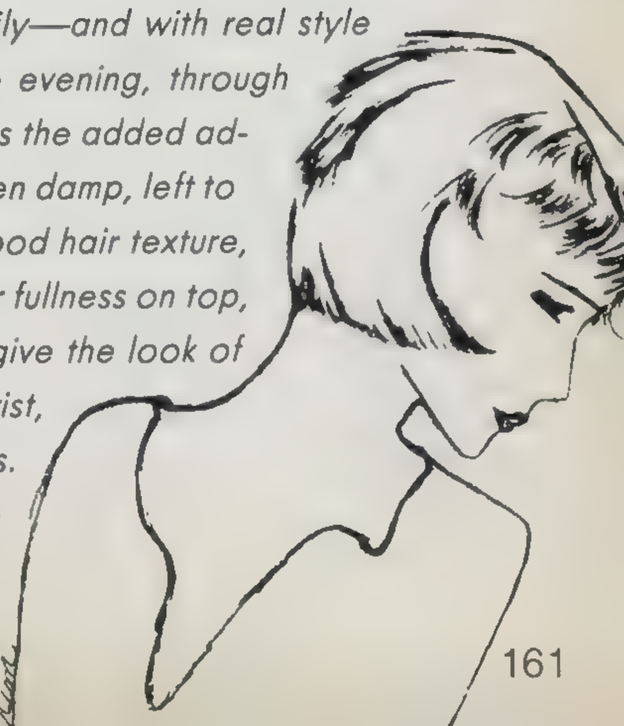


Photo *top:* MARCO GLAVIANO. Makeup, Richard Adams. Coat, Saks-Jandel, Washington DC Insets: ANDREA BLANCH. Makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren, New York. Details, last pages

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hi, what works

ews, from salons: "It's attractive when a woman's hair looks soft, can be freed simply by using her hands . . . with no sharp, tailored lines," says David Daines of the Daines Salon, NYC, who believes that short hair can look very feminine. His softening secret: scissoring zigzag cuts into blunt-cut strands. . . . Color enricher: deepening near roots only, the way Jean Louis David (at Henri Bendel's) does it, by protecting hair with Vaseline petroleum jelly and end papers, applying color—a half-tone darker than natural color—just close to roots. . . . Another idea, for a different kind of illumination: a glitter spray in silver and gold, from the Nubest & Co. Salon (1482 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, NY).

In colder weather, more caring's needed. Here, some ways . . . Ogilvie Heavenly Body protein shampoos and conditioners, pH-balanced and protein controlled . . . From Stendhal: their revitalizing treatment (G. Sen Soin Capillaire)—leaves hair feeling supple, stronger; contains a natural sunscreen (good for skiiers); plus a Gentle Shampoo—both with ginseng, said to strengthen hair. . . . Styling finds: GE's Tangle Free II Heated Curling Brush that, they say, solves the problems of tangling and damage . . . For shorter, curlier styles: Clairol's Custom CareSetter for Tighter Curls.

pH question: Although hair doesn't have a pH factor, research shows that choosing a *pH-balanced* product—in the slightly acidic pH range of 4.5 to 6.5—helps to maintain scalp's normal pH and lessens the chance of damage to hair.

As weather turns colder, you want a little "more" hair—a bit fuller, less "slicked"

SCALP *health can influence/reflect the health of both skin and hair. Flakiness and dryness can spread from scalp to forehead; dandruff can offset hair's good appearance. Good preventive measures: humidify your environment (particularly in wintertime) and massage conditioning lotion into your scalp—as well as hair—after shampooing. If problems persist, seek professional advice.*

Scalp/skin care is a scientific business at cosmetics companies, including, for example, the Georgette Klinger salons. To insure the purity and uniformity of every skin-care product, as well as every shampoo and conditioner, each raw ingredient is given a computer "fingerprint" at her NYC laboratory, to be checked against before its use, and a sealed sample of each forty-gallon product "batch" is kept on file for future reference. More skin-care news: personalized advice from Miss Klinger is now available by mail. Write: Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 10022.

Top photo: MARCO GLAVIANO. Coat, Ralph Lauren Furs. Grandoe gloves. Hair, Anthony DeMay for Garren, New York. Makeup, Richard Adams. *Bottom* photo: REYNOLDS ROLLES

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© Vidal Sassoon, Inc. 1982 Hair by Jerry Brennan of Vidal Sassoon Salon, Beverly Hills.

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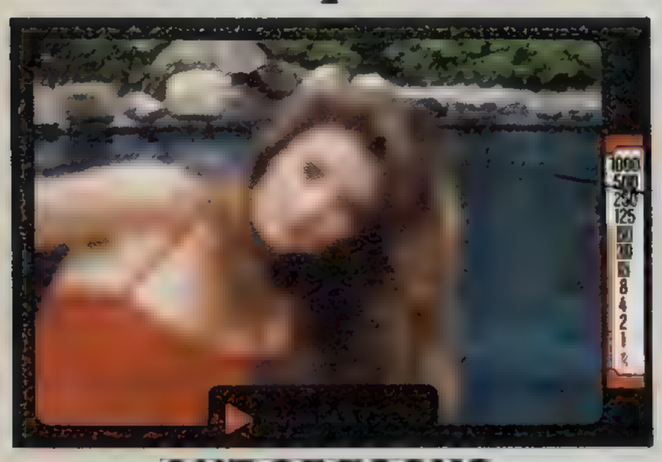

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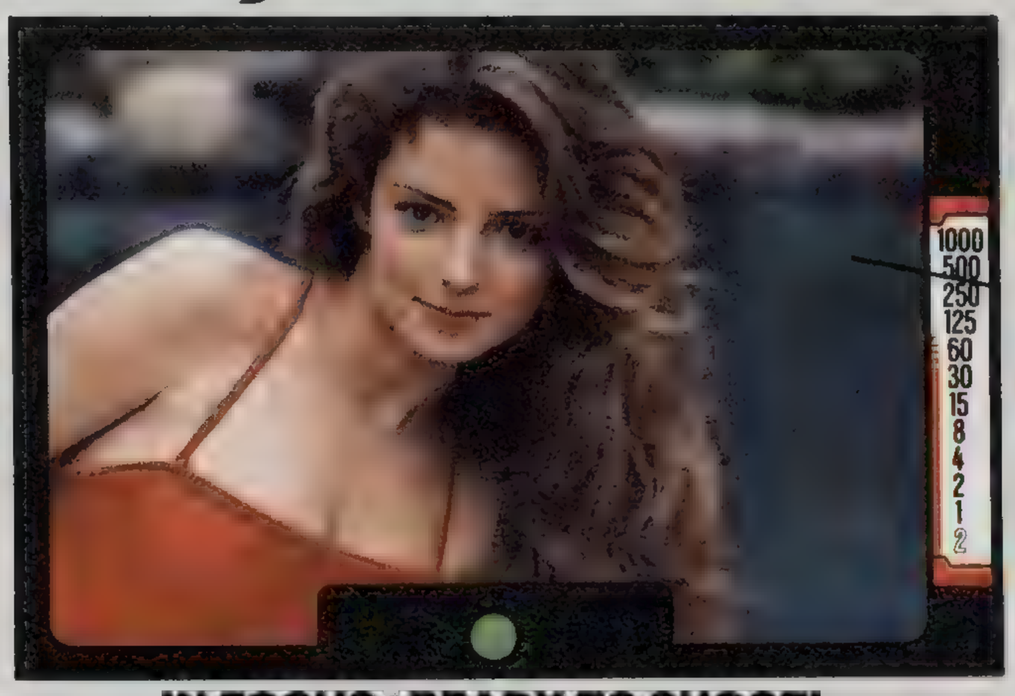

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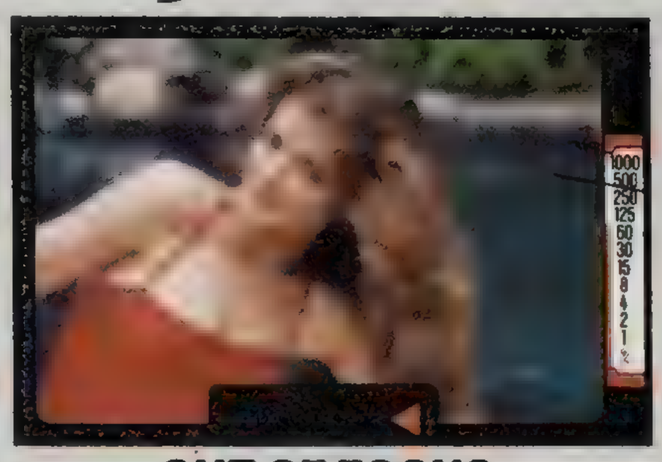

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **October**

GUY BILLOUT

Your Libra profile: A just and compassionate judge, you have an extraordinary ability to weigh, balance, and make fair comparisons. Peacemaking is your special talent. Libras are sensitive, sociable, and fun-loving and relate best in love to emotionally responsive, harmonious partners. Your temper is smooth and unflappable—unless you are pushed to unreasonable limits

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

Get ready for the best month of the year! With five history-making planets in your sign, this period will be one of the most significant ever for you. The possibilities in front of you are limitless. Your ruler, Venus, has the unusual good fortune to be joined with lucky Jupiter for two special days this month: the 12th and 13th. Anything you wish for can be yours. Until the 22nd, the time is ripe to extend past successes or to establish a goal in a completely new area. Enjoy this period fully: The planets won't give you such a splendid month again for many a moon!

Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

With lucky Jupiter in your sign, lots of exciting opportunities pop up for you this month—give them the attention they deserve! Saturn will give you the stability to back up your own firm determination. Everyone is eager to please you; beginning on the 6th, you will find strong support from the new group you join. Watch for the appearance of a powerful partner on the 12th. Things move along at a swift pace from the 18th to the 25th. Wrap up all important endeavors on the 24th and 25th.

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Your love of freedom is circumvented by more important things this month as Jupiter, your ruler, enters resourceful Scorpio. Trust your aspirations. Partners may try your patience on the 7th and the 9th by giving you difficult tasks. Be alert on the 13th when an important deal arises. Your judgment is tested between the 18th and the 21st. Push yourself for the best results. That elusive someone you're seeking should arrive on the 31st!

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

A month of worthwhile partnerships and fruitful cooperation for you while your ruler, Saturn, is in Libra, the sign of partners. On the 14th and 15th, new and cooperative associates come your way. On the 18th, one of them will help you to carry out an old plan which will then endure. A new friend—to be cultivated and appreciated—appears in a dreamy period on the 31st. Don't let this interesting stranger slip by unnoticed!

Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

With your ruler, Uranus, in Sagittarius, this is your most self-reliant and powerful peak! An important period from the 10th to the 13th stimulates significant new opportunities for you. This is the time to try to reach a new audience in a new way—and by the 26th, you will have resolved it all. Satisfaction can be yours now—you can even map out a path into that new profession you've been thinking of.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

This month marks the end of a recent period of dissatisfaction. Your ruler, Neptune, is now supported by the great organizer, Saturn, which gives you that extra edge. Get behind your plans and push! The optimal time for action is from the 9th to the end of the month. After the 26th, your newfound security should prompt you to seek out a new love. Get in the mood to gamble.

Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

With your ruler, Mars, in Sagittarius all month, your ability to initiate and form new partnerships is crucial. The full moon on the 3rd will bring as many as three options to explore. But don't sign on the dotted line until Mercury moves on the 12th. Don't rush into anything! Take your time and weigh the facts. The 14th is the day to close the deal. The time to clarify your position is with the new moon on the 17th—especially with the one you love. Unexpected excitement comes your way on the 27th. *(Continued on page 179)*

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 177)

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

You have resolved to make that new relationship succeed—congratulations on the right decision! The 7th is the perfect day to solidify your plans. State your motives late on the 13th; everything should fall into place. With your ruler, Venus, in the marriage sign of Libra, your plans should meet with excellent results! Race toward a decision with the new moon on the 17th. The scene changes with a surprise on the 21st—wait until the 23rd to accept it. All will be stabilized by the 25th.

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

Advantages abound for you this month. Check them all out and compare—but don't make a decision until Mercury moves on the 11th. From the 11th to the 13th, store up energy for the big move—then take the plunge! Surprises will figure into your decision. Gather together your resources with vigor—they will lead you to rewards. The last three days of the month fulfill the promise of the beginning.

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

Urgent decisions are at hand for you this month with the powerful sun and three other planets at an angle to Cancer. Options you have not yet explored will appear in a new light. Your inclination may be to hold back and resist; do so until the new moon on the 17th. From then to the 19th, you will receive good news. Don't negotiate anything until the 24th, when you've had time to reflect. Good fortune comes your way on the 27th and 28th; your interest will be piqued!

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

You are happiest when everything is at an even keel—and from the 12th to the 21st this consistency is possible. Keep your priorities straight because as many as five options will open up for you! The period from the 9th to the 14th holds the most surprises. The 18th brings an appealing bid which brings back the past with a new twist on the 19th. This flurry of activity ends on the 22nd. Take off with the one you love on the 27th.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

Lift up your nose from the grindstone long enough to notice that all is not business as usual this month! With Venus and the sun crowding your ruler, power plays will envelop you. This makes careful attention to partnerships crucial. Stall action until after the 12th. Forge ahead from the 17th to the 25th. The 31st brings a personal victory which leads you to new spiritual growth and awareness.

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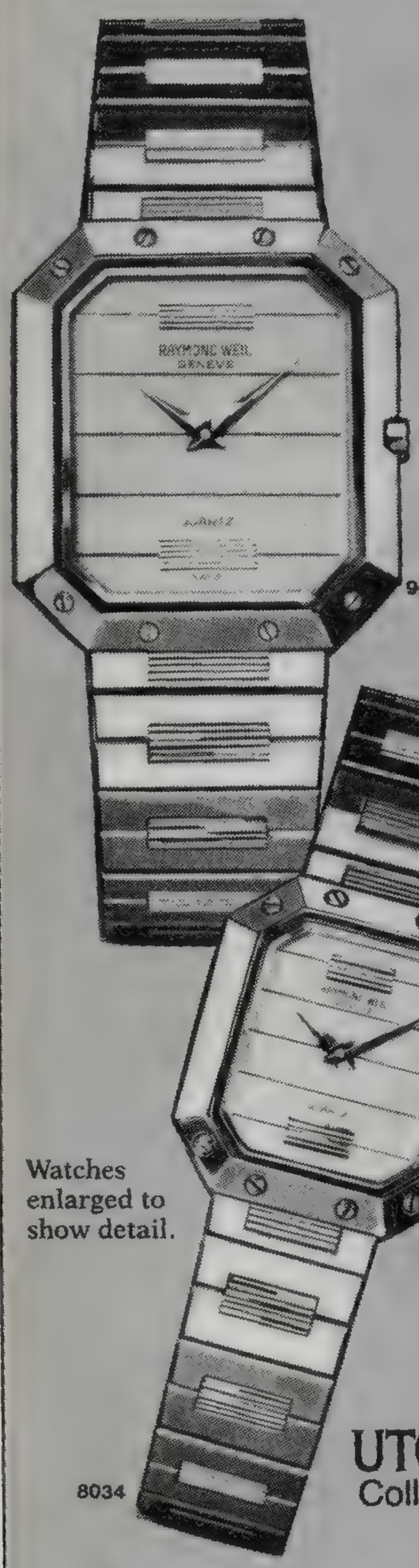

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BEAUTY NOW

Who is a good candidate for cosmetic surgery?

Having realistic expectations is only part of the story . . .

BY SHARON ROMM, M.D.

This year, thousands of men and women will undergo a surgical procedure to improve their appearance and enhance their self-esteem. Many will feel anxious before surgery but, after the operation and its recovery period, will fully appreciate the benefits for which they hoped. But some, despite excellent objective results, will experience distress and disappointment.

Is it possible to predict who will be pleased and who would be best advised not to attempt surgical change? Studies by plastic surgeons have tried to define the characteristics of both groups. Predictably good candidates share the following attitudes:

● **Realistic expectations.** If what one hopes to gain from having surgery is realistic, and the surgeon agrees that these are feasible goals, the results will most likely be viewed with satisfaction. Generally, operations designed to restore or preserve a youthful appearance produce a more refreshed, less fatigued look by removing lax skin about the face, eyes, and neck. Good prospective patients understand that looks or features may change for the better and so improve self-image but cosmetic surgery is not meant to effect personality changes or magical transformations. The patient who arrives in the surgeon's office carrying a picture of an admired celebrity is not a good candidate.

● **Clearly defined goals.** A patient who requests that she would like "the hump removed from my nose" or "the skin under my chin tightened" is a likelier prospect than one who simply asks the doctor to "do whatever you think is necessary to improve my looks."

● **Open communication with the surgeon.** A good rapport is requisite. In the unlikely event of a complication, the patient will be confident of the surgeon's support until the problem is resolved.

● **Commitment to change.** Long-standing feelings about deficiencies or defects in appearance and a strong desire for change lead to both subjective and objective improvements. Vague motives for desiring surgery must be clarified before proceeding with an operation. For example, a thirty-five-year-old executive felt that her large nose hindered her career. Although judged a good candidate, she cancelled her scheduled surgery three times. Offered options to consult with another surgeon, to cancel the surgery indefinitely, or to talk with a psychiatrist, she opted for the last. After a brief period of psychotherapy, she was able to confront some past issues that had provoked her guilt-ridden indecision and went on to have a successful rhinoplasty.

● **Appropriate motivation.** A good candidate for cosmetic surgery is one who desires change to please herself, not one who yields to the pressures of friends or family. The deformity of a single feature is *never* at the root of all of a patient's problems, and success is more likely to be forthcoming if the patient states: "I want to have this operation even if no one but myself notices the results."

● **An honest appreciation of one's own feelings.** Ambivalent or guilt feelings exist in many, if not most, patients before surgery. "Shouldn't I put this money aside for my grandchildren instead of having a face-lift?" "Isn't it ridiculous to care about having wrinkles at my age?"

All emotionally sound people desire physical attractiveness, but society's pressures suggest other priorities; this conflict can usually be resolved, but both patient *and* surgeon risk dissatisfaction unless a patient recognizes that:

● An operation to improve looks is not the balm to heal the fresh wound of a rejection or loss. A recent loss must be properly mourned before undertaking a permanent change.

● An operation can change a feature or a feeling about oneself but can never be counted on to influence or direct the behavior of others. A straying husband tired of marriage is not likely to become a more attentive lover for long even if breast augmentation is accomplished.

A good candidate is one who desires change to please herself, not friends or family

● Cosmetic surgery must never be thought of as lightly as a change of makeup or hairstyle. Most surgery patients have a relatively trouble-free course; but, if a problem does arise or a revision is required, then this should not be viewed as a "failure." Even with satisfactory objective results, some patients experience a period of postoperative depression, which is normal and generally fades with time.

● One must be prepared for possible unexpected consequences of surgery. Some patients are as unprepared for positive results as for negative ones. A woman may find it difficult to deal with a sudden increase in male attention, for example.

A history of neurotic conflicts does not, however, necessarily contraindicate having cosmetic surgery. The offending physical feature may in fact be contributing to the patient's emotional distress. Even depressed patients might benefit from surgery. In such cases, only close collaboration between patient, plastic surgeon, and psychiatrist should determine when and if surgery is wise. ▽

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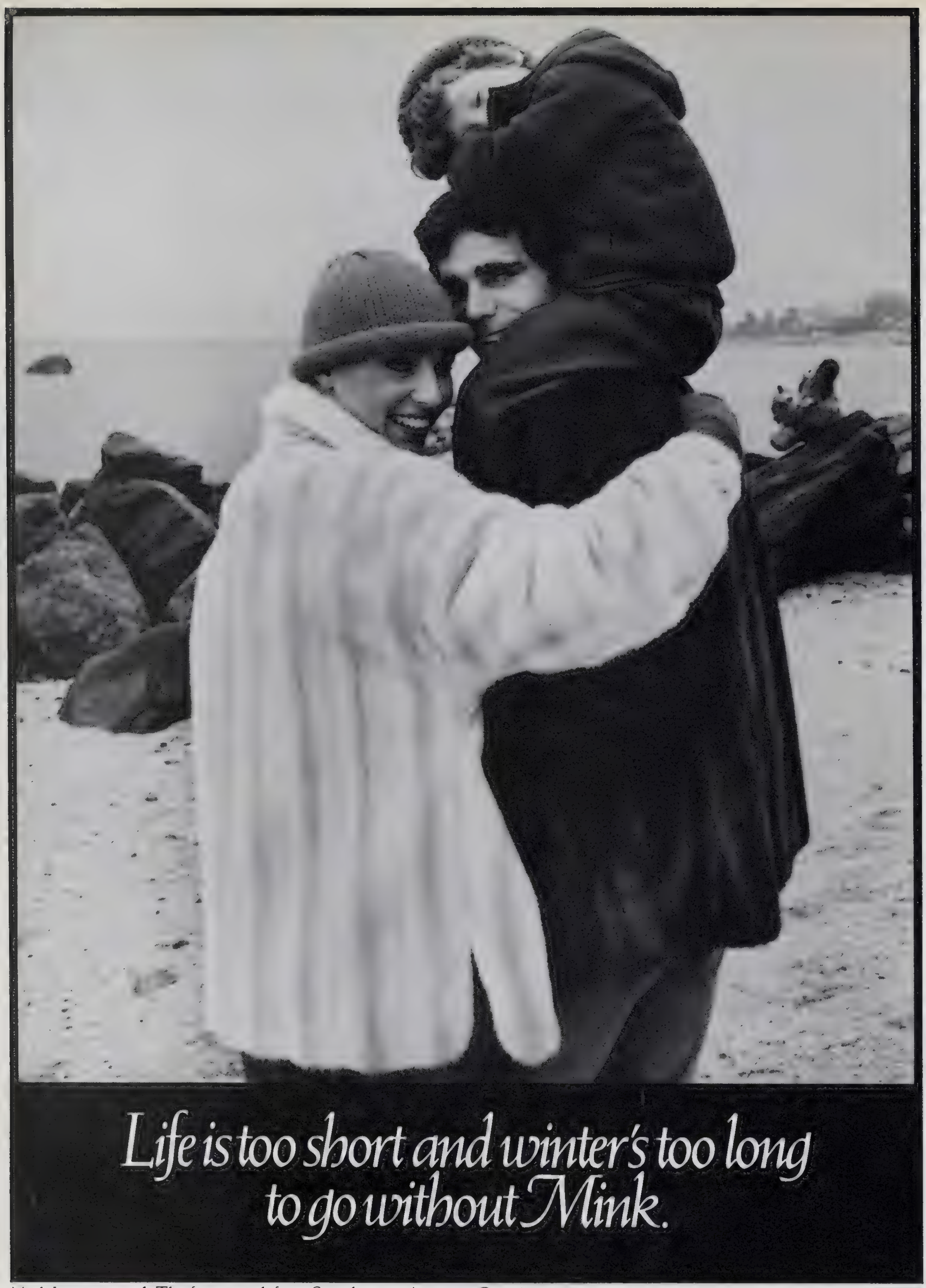

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Conversational style . . .

When men and women talk—why don't we say what we mean?

BY DEBORAH TANNEN

A perfectly tuned conversation is a paradigm of sanity—a ratification of one's way of being human and one's place in the world. And nothing is more deeply disquieting than a conversation gone awry. To say something and see it taken to mean something else; to try to be helpful and be thought pushy; to try to be considerate and be called cold; to try to establish a rhythm so that talk will sail effortlessly about the room, only to end up feeling like a conversational clod who can't pick up the beat—either failing to get into the chorus line of talkers or breaking in abruptly and bringing the verbal dance to a halt—such failure at talk undermines one's sense of competence and of being a right sort of person.

Conversation is a risky business, steering a course between the conflicting human needs to be both connected to other people and independent. It's like Bruno Bettelheim's example (borrowed from Schopenhauer) of porcupines trying to get through a cold winter. They huddle together for warmth, but their sharp quills prick each other, so they draw apart—and become cold again. They have to keep adjusting their closeness and distance, balancing their needs to keep warm and to keep from getting pricked—exactly like two people trying to live together or to maintain a friendship.

This drawing together and backing off is done continually through conversation—not only in the major heart-to-heart talks that occasionally are necessary to untangle the knots we have talked ourselves into (and that often get us more tangled up), but also in the seemingly meaningless thread of talk with which we find our ways through the labyrinth of daily life. Any show of involvement threatens the need for independence, and any show of respect for independence threatens involvement. The only way to resolve this paradox is not to say things outright. Enter INDIRECTNESS.

Indirectness is a necessary compromise between coming out and demanding what we want (which would violate others' needs not to be imposed upon) and sitting around with fingers crossed hoping it will arrive anyway (though most of us do our share of this, too)—in search of the proof of rapport that comes with getting one's way without asking, with being understood without explaining.

Indirectness (as linguists call it) makes all conversation an activity comparable to picking your way through a minefield, but the minefield is particularly hazardous in talk between men and women. While many people are prepared to stumble in cross-cultural communication—that is, with people from different countries—few realize that talk between men and women is cross-cultural communication. Culture is simply a set of expectations and habits of interpretation based on prior experiences—and the experiences of men and women are different. We grow up in different worlds, even if we grow up in the same house.

Little girls make and maintain friendships through talk. They tend to play in twos—with a best friend, with whom they exchange secrets. The secrets themselves may or may not be important, but the fact of exchanging them makes the friendship. If a secret is told to a third little girl, the teller has a new best friend. Boys tend to play in groups, and spend more time doing things than talking. When they talk, it is about the game, or competitive talk about who is better at what.

When they grow up, women and men often retain their discrepant habits. For many women, talk is a way of creating and demonstrating friendships; for many men, talk shouldn't be needed between friends (John Wayne comes to dinner). This may explain the frequent complaint of women, "You don't tell me anything." It comes down to different assumptions about what's "anything" to tell.

> ***Women are so attuned to monitor conversation, they may pick up signals that are unintended—and inaccurate***

Men tend to think fewer details in the events of their lives are worth telling (they might think more worth telling objective facts about how things work, sports, or politics). Women like to tell and hear about what happened today, who turned up at the bus stop, who called and what they said, not because these details are important in themselves but because the telling of them proves involvement—that you care about each other, that you have a best friend. Knowing you will be able to tell these things later makes you feel less alone as you go along the lone path of a day.

Another reason why miscommunication is particularly common—and particularly painful—between men and women, or in families, or between any people who love each other, is that in such alliances, people expect communication to be perfect. When a waiter doesn't get the point, or scowls at an intended joke, it's annoying, but it doesn't shatter one's view of the world. If a spouse or lover doesn't get the point, doesn't laugh at one's jokes, or tells a story that doesn't seem to make sense, the foundations of one's universe are shaken. One wonders, what am I doing with this person who doesn't understand me or can't tell a story? Or, what's wrong with me that I don't get the point or don't make myself clear?

If it happens so often that husbands and wives, friends and lovers have such a hard time figuring out what the other means, why do they keep resorting to indirectness? Why don't we just say what we mean? For one thing, we may not know what we want or mean—and not be ready to defend it or compromise for it—until we have a sense of what the other person wants or means. And by remaining off-record, we can avoid outright confrontation, we can take back what we said by protesting, "That's not what I meant." But another reason lies in what I call the "birthday present routine."

Many people won't come out and say what they want for their birthdays. That would ensure them a gift they want, but it wouldn't give them what they want even more—proof of rapport. We want to know that those close to us care enough, and know us well enough, to choose just the right gift—without being told what to get. (*Anyone* could get just the right gift if we told them.) At the same time, we don't want to take a chance entirely—so we hint. ("Gee, isn't that a nice photograph.") The dangers, however, are obvious. One may get a photograph, wrapped up with ribbons, that one sincerely admired but had not wanted at all.

Once you realize that people don't say what they mean, it is natural to hunt down their meaning by attending to how they say what they say—to tone of voice, loudness, intonation, significant hesitation or quickening of pace, as well as to nonverbal signals such as gestures (a wave of the hand), facial expressions (a smile or smirk), body movements (leaning in or backing off). Many men tend to pay no attention to anything that is not said in words, so when women pick up information from these subtle signals their conclusions seem mysterious to men, who call it "women's intuition," or they seem unfounded, the result of "reading things in."

In fact, when interpreting meaning, it is possible to pick up signals that weren't sent out, like an innocent flock of birds mistaken for planes on a radar screen. For example, Maryellen looks at Ralph and asks, "What's wrong?" when he is thinking about lunch and frowning a bit. She is showing concern, but he feels under scrutiny.

Or, while Sarah listens to Frank, she expresses interest by gasping, exclaiming, and sighing in response to his story. Her normal style of response seems to him an overreaction. Then she tells him something, and he listens attentively and quietly. She thinks he isn't paying attention and isn't interested because he's just *sitting* there.

When two people communicate with each other over months or years, simple little conversations create little frustrations, which build up to a cumulative effect of big frustrations.

For example, Jane *(Continued on page 192)*

Deborah Tannen, Ph.D., *is an assistant professor of linguistics at Georgetown University and is writing a book on conversational style.*

Talent, luck, and the sleeping Yo-Yo of American social progress— a conversation with Charles Fuller

BY STANLEY CROUCH

The recent success of Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Charles Fuller is but another example of how the sleeping Yo-Yo of black American social progress can, sometimes, at the tug of talent and luck, suddenly roll up its string into the golden palm of personal achievement and national recognition. At a point when black unemployment is higher than at any time since the 1930s, there are more and more black people becoming influential and wealthy than ever before, and in fields as widely removed as entertainment and computer technology, athletics and industrial science. But just as sham and simplification have a long record of attachment to the American Dream, for the last twenty years there have been separate but equal problems of content and craft concerning depiction of the supposed nightmare of color in this country. Whether misled or eager to capitalize on white guilt and naïve black self-celebration, far too many black writers have so flattened their characters that they rise no higher in humanity than markings on placards. Yet Fuller accepts the challenge of capturing that American experience so textured by color that it furthers our insights into the ironies basic to our culture.

"I feel my job is to get away from all the old images. My development, and the development of black theater, is an attempt to send an arrow into the literature of America, to make a hole large enough for our humanity to move through. You see, most of the things that have been produced about us are combinations of ideas, one part admirable simplicity, one part oppressed—never fully human. The average black character is no more complicated than a switchblade—push the button and his personality pops forward. The only difference is that the blade is that of a butter knife—dull and good for nothing but spreading sentimental jam. After all, we've lived through and been part of the entire American experience and that, in itself, breeds complexity far beyond anyone's stereotypes, those of agitprop black people or uninformed white people."

At forty-four, Philadelphian Fuller has been writing plays since the explosion of militant black art in the middle 1960s, but the work that has brought him to the attention of those interested in substantial talent has been coming for the last seven years, beginning with 1976's Negro Ensemble Company production of his *The Brownsville Raid* and culminating in *A Soldier's Play,* the work that garnered him the 1982 Pulitzer, which was preceded by rave notices from Manhattan theater critics, who rarely agree on anything. Used to the rhetorical ethnic plays of constant complaint and guilt-mongering, both critics and theatergoers were taken off guard by the human complexity of *A Soldier's Play.*

The writing challenges both actors and viewers alike, for what begins as an investigation into the murder of a Negro sergeant named Waters becomes a descent into the vagaries of human conduct and human motive. The result is an examination of a caste system within a caste system—how class, color (darkness or lightness of Negro skin tone), geography, education, and ambition influenced the actions of an African-American army unit on a military base in 1944 Louisiana. Little turns out to be what it seems, and the horror one comes to experience from behind the lines of segregation resonates in the personal terms of the characters, their place in history; and the work also contains, for the black members of the audience, nuances that probably escape its white viewers, however universal the matters of the human heart that center the work might be. Even so, the play's success led to the sale of screen rights to Warner Bros., and Fuller has chosen to let the show continue its run at the Negro Ensemble's theater in New York's West Fifties rather than move it to Broadway, forcing those interested to travel beyond the conventional houses of popularity.

"I decided to do that for a variety of reasons. I wanted the ticket prices to stay within the range of those who might not be able to afford what they charge on Broadway, especially in economic times like these. That way, the regular theater audience and those other people attend the same show, sometimes meeting each other for the first time. After all," he smiles, "if you write an American play, you'd like to have democratic representation in the seats. I decided not to move the show for other reasons as well. Part of it was an experiment. I wanted to see if a play could make its own way and not bend to the dictates of those backers who wanted to change the cast, to change the show, and, finally, to draw up contracts in which the playwright has to take a cut in the royalties when the houses are thin. I wasn't interested. As it stands, the show is playing to packed houses and there are turnaway crowds every night. There *are* some problems I now see that I want to correct in the screenplay I'm doing for Norman Jewison, who will direct the film; but, basically, I'm very happy with the play. I'm happy because I finally got to say some things about power and color in this country and how they exhibit themselves in human terms, *complex* human terms."

> ***There are turnaway crowds every night . . .***

Taking on the role of literary jazzman in *A Soldier's Play,* Fuller chose to weave variations on the work of Herman Melville and Ralph Ellison. From Melville's *Billy Budd,* Fuller drew the concern with the ambiguities of good and evil; from Ellison's *Invisible Man,* the conflicts that manifest themselves so intricately behind the veil of race, whether in class and regional antipathies, or in conflicts determined by aspiration and color bars. A very dark and handsome man whose palms and the flesh beneath his nails are salmon, Fuller is aware of the divisions among Negroes that still have to do with the depth of hue. Upon Fuller's receiving the Pulitzer, his mother received a call from a friend. "She said, 'I'm surprised. I never thought that dark-skinned boy would amount to anything.' My Mom told her to get the hell off the phone.

"But that kind of thing can be worked into *A Soldier's Play* without hitting people over the head with it. But you must never forget that trends and standards of beauty have always affected all Americans, otherwise you wouldn't see white men and women struggling to fulfill the conventional visual trend of a given period, whether the platinum blond of Harlow at one point or the look of popular figures today. Whatever I put in my plays may initially seem connected only to our experience but will, when closely examined, be a metaphor for the experience of all Americans."

Because Fuller understands so well William Carlos Williams' observation that true exploration of the specific will achieve the universal, he finds it insulting when asked by white interviewers if he will ever write a play that contains no black characters. There is a subtle racism in that question, the kind which assumes that only work in which race is insignificant can be more than topical. Thinking of that sort would make it impossible for an artist like Fuller to use the specifics of American racial relationships for his own ends, just as John Ford could orchestrate racial conflicts between whites and Indians to create epic works.

"No one ever asks white writers will they ever write work that contains no whites, will they write black novels or plays. They save that question for us and say that we're limiting ourselves even if we bring things to the stage that have never been seen before."

Given what black characters usually are in the theater, a creation like Sergeant Vernon Waters *is* unlike what we are accustomed to seeing. He dominates *A Soldier's Play,* determining its reach and showing off Fuller's range. Waters mixes ruthlessness, pride, physical power, and discipline. He turns on their heads all simple explanations of spit-and-polish Negro military men, existing not as a comment on social problems but as the kind of personality Orson Welles has long loved to play with—the enigmatic force determined by his surroundings but transcending and redefining them through strength, skill, sacrifice, megalomania, and lust for power.

With that kind of writing, Fuller is not only answering the complaints that black actors have about the quality of available roles; he is also bringing to the American theater the kind of vitality implicit in the multiracial nature of the culture, from control of the varied styles of diction in Northern and Southern speech (black and white, public and private) through the inspirations, disappointments, and mysteries that the terms of American society and individual character make possible. That he does so, and willfully avoids creating cardboard white characters, shows that he is living up to his credo, "If something's not trying to expand the vision of American experience, I'm not interested. It has nothing to say we haven't all heard before." And since success can inspire quality just as easily as it can mediocrity, the work of Charles Fuller should make an important contribution to a theater badly in need of richer human images. ▽

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That amazing Bloomsbury group

Valiant effort to save Charleston—a vital record of their lives

BY MARY BLUME

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though we know a good deal about the writings of Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury group, until recently, little attention has been given to their visual statements. Now, interest is growing in the last remaining authentic record of the way the Bloomsbury Group lived. Here, Mary Blume tells about Charleston, the Sussex farmhouse that Virginia's sister, the painter Vanessa Bell, and brother-in-law, art critic and author Clive Bell, lived in, only four miles from Virginia and Leonard Woolf's house. Ms. Blume writes of the life that went on at Charleston, the art and literature created there, and of the valiant rescue operation now being carried on to restore and preserve the house.*

Vanessa Bell was the painter, but her sister Virginia Woolf had the better eye for a house. "I wish you'd leave Wissett and take Charleston," Virginia urged her by letter in May, 1916. "Leonard went over it, and says it's a most delightful house and strongly advises you to take it. . . . It has a charming garden, with a pond, and fruit trees, and vegetables, all now rather run wild, but you could make it lovely. The house is very nice, with large rooms, and one room with big windows fit for a studio . . . . There is a W.C. and a bathroom, but the bath only has cold water. The house wants doing up—and the wallpapers are awful. But it sounds a most attractive place—and 4 miles from us, so you wouldn't be badgered by us."

Before the year was out, Vanessa and Clive Bell had moved in, accompanied by the painter Duncan Grant and the writer David Garnett, who as conscientious objectors had been assigned to farm work in the Sussex countryside, and by the two Bell sons, Quentin and Julian (a third child, Angelica, the daughter of Vanessa and Duncan Grant and later the wife of David Garnett, was born in 1918). Charleston had been intended as a weekend retreat but it became a home and remained one until Duncan Grant died there in 1978. As for the awful wallpaper, that quickly disappeared in a flurry of decoration.

"My mother and Duncan Grant were passionate decorators. Whenever they arrived they started painting the walls. Every room has got decorations—it's a jumble of style, it doesn't seem to matter," says Quentin Bell, painter, sculptor, critic, teacher, and Bloomsbury biographer. Mr. Bell's wife, Anne, is the editor of the Virginia Woolf diaries, which will run to five volumes. Their Sussex house, Cobbe Place, is a stone's throw from Charleston and from the former Woolf and Keynes houses, but has no Bloomsbury connections itself. "This is not a Bloomsbury house. Bloomsbury may be the industry, but not the house," Bell says.

Quentin Bell and Angelica Garnett hold the Virginia Woolf copyright (Julian Bell died in the Spanish Civil War) and Mr. Bell is the overworked and scrupulous custodian of the Bloomsbury boom—the last of the family to be so involved, he says. "My children are fearfully bored by the Virginia Woolf boom. My unfortunate daughter, who is called Virginia, can hardly forgive me."

But the endless curiosity for the often steamy details of Bloomsbury has neglected its visual side. "If you want to understand Bloomsbury—and I'm not sure anyone understands it, including myself—the paintings are of great importance," Quentin Bell says. This is one reason he and his sister have dedicated themselves to restoring and saving Charleston and seeing that it is open to the public. They are being actively aided by the Gage estate, owners of Charleston as they were in the time of Clive and Vanessa Bell.

Keynes wrote *The Economic Consequences of The Peace* at Charleston; Lytton Strachey corrected his proofs for *Eminent Victorians* there; Clive Bell wrote his major work, *Civilization* at Charleston. Working on *Lady into Fox,* David Garnett studied a Charleston apple tree to see if a vixen could climb it. "It was a wonderful house to live in," Quentin Bell says, "with the most beautiful light, for one thing. The atmosphere, the magic, still works."

Even now, abandoned and glacial after several unheated English winters, the house has a marvelous vivacity thanks to its pleasant proportions and to the fact that every inch of it is painted by Grant and Bell and whatever aid they could enlist.

Charleston, 1982: "Still vibrates with historic, literary, and artistic resonances"

"It was a wonderful house to live in. . . the atmosphere, the magic, still works"

"Both Duncan and Vanessa appeared to believe that the inherent horror of any badly designed and constructed piece of furniture could be banished forever by decoration," David Garnett wrote. "The strange blend of hideous objects of furniture, painted with delightful works of art, gives to the rooms at Charleston a character which is unique and astonishing."

It is a snug house, looking smaller than it is. Roger Fry, evidently a specialist in fireplaces, rebuilt two of them; Quentin Bell made the pottery lampshade that hangs over the dining-room table painted by Vanessa. Various door panels were painted at various times by Duncan Grant.

"Duncan and my mother improvised, sometimes they would change the scheme. I imagine there was general agreement about the decoration," Quentin Bell says, bending his tall body as he walks through the house.

He points out a fearfully loose copy of a Vlaminck landscape. "We sold the original when funds got low." Vanessa Bell made the copy and signed it accurately with a large "V."

The decor is of a sort that a later period would call—as indeed they called Bloomsbury in general—frivolous. Pointing at a radiator masked by tiles on its top and a fringe in front, Quentin Bell says, "That's the sort of thing that would have been frowned upon during the nineteen-thirties."

Perhaps to simplify its occupants' rather complicated private lives, Charleston's bedrooms bear enamel number plates. The jumbled but airy studio is cluttered with such objects as a plaster cast of a pair of ears ("So like Duncan to put up Michelangelo's ears from art school," says Quentin Bell). In the corner are two painted wood fairground figures that Clive Bell bought in Italy. "The man said to my father, 'I'll sell them if you'll buy my Raphael, too.' It cost 300 lire."

Growing up in the Bloomsbury world at Charleston, Quentin Bell says, one certainly had the feeling of living in a world apart—especially when Bloomsbury pacifism during World War I aroused hostility. "When I was a child I had the feeling that we were generally regarded as wrong 'uns. Our house didn't look like other people's houses, our pictures were different, our ideas were different. I had the strong feeling that we were nonconformists and might be prosecuted."

At times, he wished he came from an ordinary family: "I've always understood the feeling of the seventh of the John children who prayed that Augustus and Dorelia wouldn't visit him at school."

At other times—and one has the feeling these were more frequent—it was great fun. "Virginia was particularly interested in young people and children so that her visits from Asheham were a signal for rejoicing on the part of Julian and Quentin who had secrets to share with her," David Garnett wrote. "Quentin's stories delighted his aunt who gravely mentioned him in her preface to *Orlando* as 'an old and valued collaborator in fiction.' "

To a degree, Bloomsbury was a descendant of nineteenth-century English artistic and intellectual fraternities. *(Continued on page 190)*

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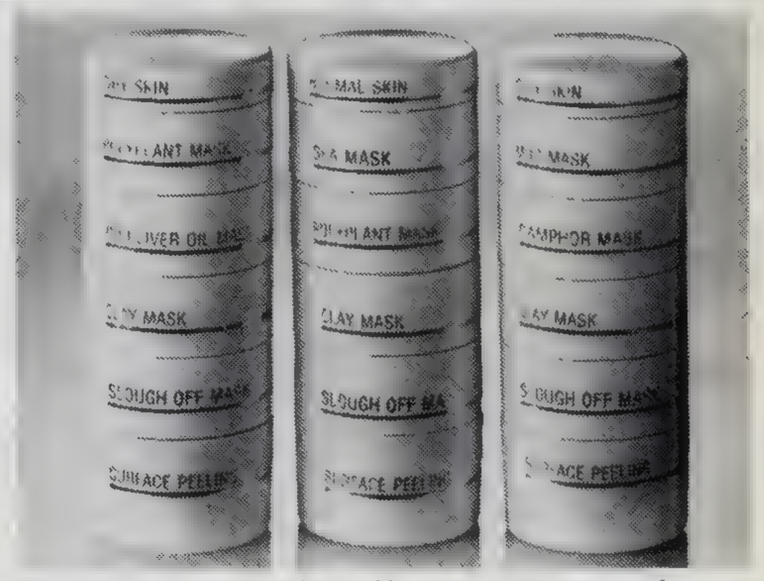

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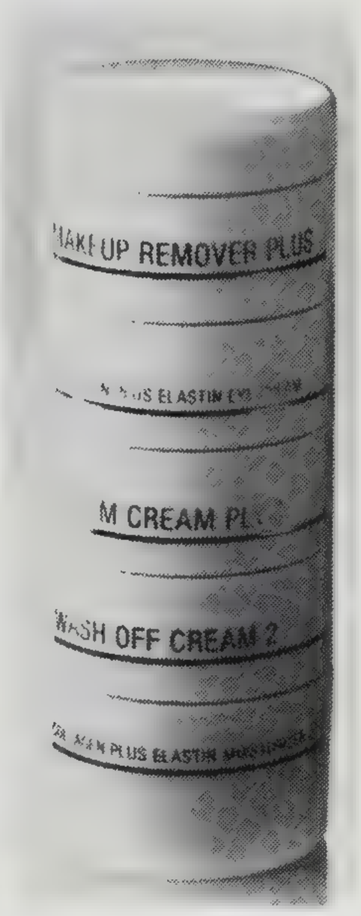

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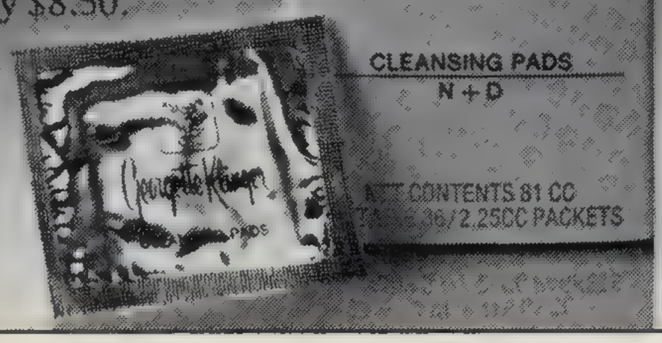

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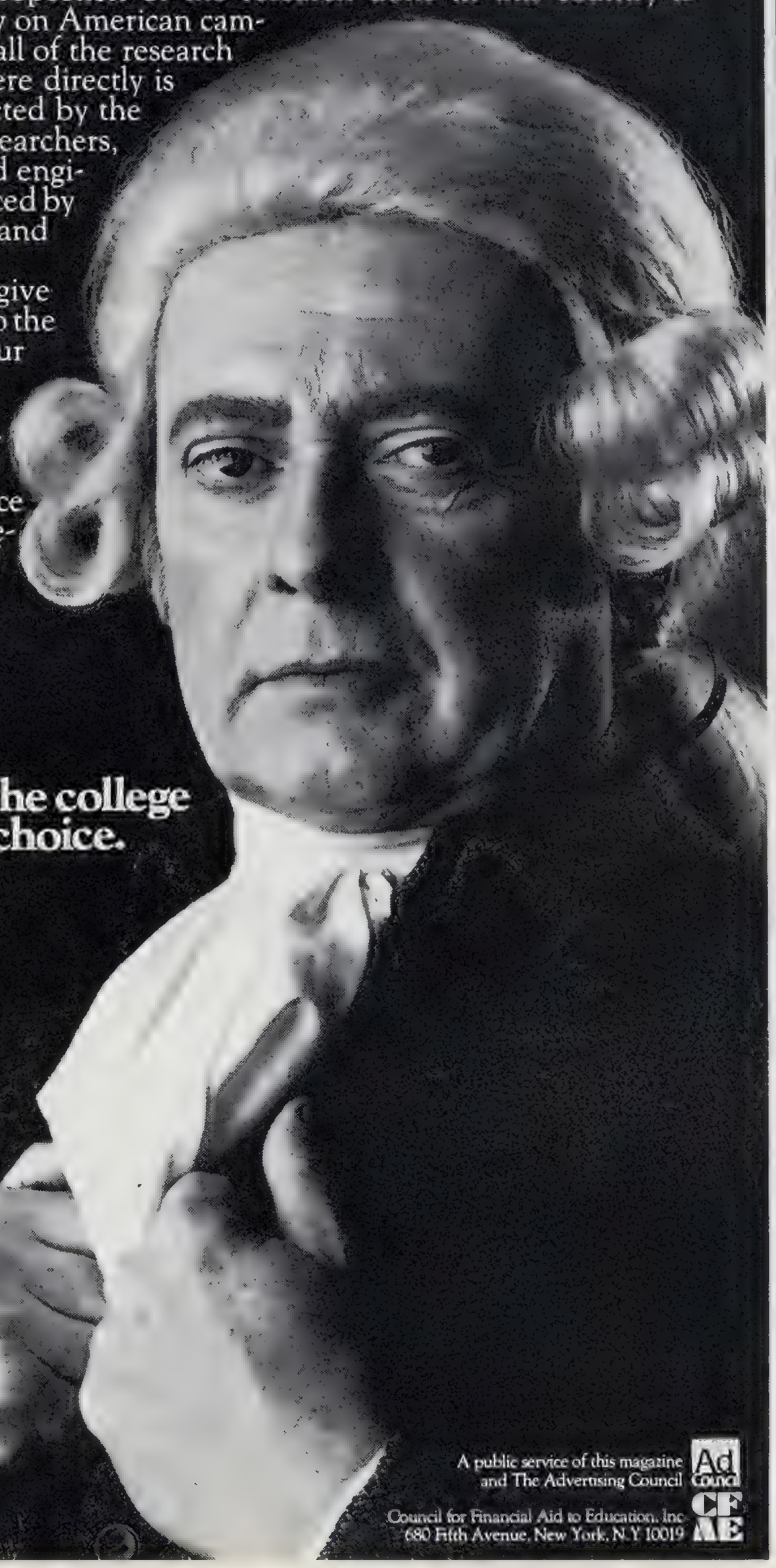

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BLOOMSBURY GROUP

(Continued from page 188)

"There is a similarity, although they wouldn't like it, with the Pre-Raphaelites," Quentin Bell says, "but the pre-Raphaelites didn't have the flavor of Cambridge. Christina Rossetti was not going to join in the bawdy talk when Dante Gabriel and Swinburne met. My mother was. It was the first time that women were on any sort of intellectual equality."

It is a popular fallacy to think of the "Bloomsberries" as rich and leisured. In fact, they had very little money. "It's true they always had servants but they didn't have money," Quentin Bell says. The food at Charleston was very good but wine was only for special occasions. No one had an automobile until well into the 1920s. "They would bicycle or walk from Lewes station. If you had a lot of luggage you could put it on the milk wagon run by a character named Happy Jack, who was mad. If you were really posh you could hire Mr. Sutton's taxi. It was a rarity to see a taxi."

As what Quentin Bell calls "this rather reckless interest" in Virginia Woolf continues, and as the requests for information on Woolf pour in from Ph.D. candidates ("I've been told—I don't know if it's true—that half the theses by literature students in the United States are on Virginia Woolf"), Mr. Bell hopes that in the end the result will be a more balanced view of the Woolf circle. "I don't think the reaction and counter-reaction will go on forever. It takes a long time for people to see past the polemics of art but they do in the end. People don't get "het up" anymore about the differences between Poussin and Rubens. Eventually this will happen with Bloomsbury too."

But for that to happen, people must see how, as Mr. Bell puts it, these odd people lived. That is one reason to save Charleston. Another is the fact that it still vibrates with historic, literary, and artistic resonances.

In order to save Charleston and open it to the public, a series of fund-raising tours and lectures have been held and there was even an auction in London of Bloomsbury manuscripts, letters, and objects such as the turquoise fringed shawl that belonged to Virginia Woolf, her desk that Quentin Bell had painted and decorated for her, five silver egg cups, and two pairs of Virginia Woolf's spectacles, one of which netted £250, the other £260.

Mr. Bell, who has been doing a good deal of the fund raising himself, despite a chronic Bloomsbury vagueness about money, says he can summarize the present financial situation only in general terms: "We have raised £200,000 and we need lots and lots and lots more." In fact, explains Deborah Gage, Secretary of the Charleston Trust, a sum has now been raised to buy the house, and £250,000 more are needed to restore the interior. Beyond that figure, additional funds are needed in order to hand Charleston over to the British National Trust. Work has begun on the house, which Mr. Bell says could not have survived another winter, and restorers are now dealing with the furniture and objects.

Quentin Bell's wife, Anne, is optimistic that Charleston will be saved. Quentin Bell is congenitally pessimistic but eager to be proved wrong. "It is a place of unique character," he says, "The word unique being, for once, correctly used." ▽

NORA SCARLETT

MARIO of Florence

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CONVERSATIONAL STYLE

(Continued from page 185)

asks Jim, "Where shall we go for dinner?" He suggests The Smokehouse. They go, and the food is terrible. Jane says, "It was terrible the last time I ate here, too." Jim feels tricked: "Why didn't you say so?" Jane answers, "You didn't ask." And then she accuses, "You never care what I want. We always do what you want."

To Jim, it seems that Jane never says what she wants and then gets angry because she doesn't get it. What is he supposed to be, a mindreader? He can't imagine that she knows what she wants but is reluctant to impose it on him. When she asks him where they should go for dinner, she expects him to respond vaguely ("What are you in the mood for?"), and turn the question back on her. By asking first, she intends to start a negotiation so they can agree on something that will satisfy both. But that negotiation never takes place because in his answer, she hears Jim demanding what he wants. She can't imagine that when he names a restaurant, he is just throwing out a suggestion, expecting her to counter with a suggestion of her own—another way to start a negotiation. Since she expects a negotiation to start vague and work its way into a specific answer, and he expects it to start specific and

Then there's the "birthday present routine"

work its way out, she never gets a chance to say what she wants and assumes it's his fault—he's not interested; and he thinks she doesn't know what she wants—and is (always) forcing him to decide.

Differing expectations about indirectness as a mechanism can lead to direct combat. For example, Sam and Maria:

SAM: We didn't go to the party because you didn't want to.

MARIA: I wanted to go. *You* didn't want to.

One of them must be remembering wrong, or lying, no? Not at all. Sam and Maria reconstructed the conversation that led to the decision not to go:

MARIA: Bob's having a party. Do you want to go?

SAM: Okay.

MARIA *(later)*: Are you sure you want to go?

SAM: Okay, let's not go. I'm tired anyway.

If each partner could assume that both will come right out and say whether or not they want to go to a party, then "okay" would mean "Yes, I want to go." But if even one partner feels it would be impossible to oppose the other's stated preference, then it is better to hint. In this system, Maria's mentioning the party in the first place is a hint that she wants to go and Sam's "okay" probably means that he is going along with what she wants. In fact, Maria was simply reporting. When she asked a second time, Sam assumed she was hinting that, after all, she didn't want to go to the party. To spare her guilt about his sacrifice (he *did* want to go), he added, "I'm tired anyway." Being equally considerate, Maria—when Sam said, "Let's not go"—suppressed the fact that she wanted to go to the party. Not listening for indirectness, she missed the clue in the sour-grapes word, "anyway." So each one concluded the other didn't want to go—and they ended up doing what neither wanted.

Similar problems can arise from the seemingly innocent but potentially deadly little word "Why?" For example, Bill said, "Let's drop by my mother's tonight." Sally asked, "Why?" Now anyone who speaks English knows what the word "why" means. But what did Sally mean when she said it? She might be just asking for information, wondering, say, if Bill's mother is all right. Or preferring not to go but not wanting to refuse, she might be asking "why" as a stalling tactic.

Questions are notorious for their multifaceted power. They can be literal requests for information, or hidden ways of manipulation. ("Can you reach the salt?" or "Are you free tonight?") They can put others down by requiring them to reveal compromising information ("Have you actually *read* it?"), or build them up by inviting them to reveal flattering information or by putting them in the position of expert (something women are frequently observed to do).

Bill answered Sally's question "Why?" with "All right, we don't have to go," assuming that she was indirectly refusing. But he was angry at her for being selfish.

Sally, for her part, who really just wondered why he wanted to go, ended up asking herself what she was doing with such an erratic man, who first suggested that they go, then changed his mind on the spot, refused to explain either inclination, at all, and then started sulking for no reason.

Of course, Sally's "why" could have been an indirect refusal. It's common to hear—and comforting to use—the self-defense "I was just asking," even when there really was a hidden motive lurking.

In all these examples, confusion arises because people derive meaning not from what is said but from how it is said, like a running report on emotional weather.

A great deal of casual conversation—maybe most—is relatively insignificant in what it says, but people don't wait until they have something important to say in order to talk. If they did, we'd have a lot more silence, and no way to show how we feel about each other; if we want to be involved—or not—and how.

All conversation is important for what it says about the relationship between the people communicating, as in T. S. Eliot's line, "How much it means to me that I say this to you." Since women have their antennae way out to monitor relationships, they're often more attuned to this function of talk. But being so attuned means picking up a lot of subtle signals which may or may not be intended—and may or may not be accurate.

Why don't we just say what we mean—"put our feelings out there" and "check out" our interpretations, as was recommended in some encounter-group parlance of the 'sixties? Because any utterance, including any explanation or request for one, is subject to the same multiple interpretations ("What do you *mean*, 'what do I mean?!' "). And the act of asking for or giving an explanation itself becomes evidence for lack of rapport—a breakdown in a system of communication we feel ought to be effortless. Underneath, most of us believe, as linguist Robin Lakoff put it, "Love means never having to say, 'What do you mean?' " ▽

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What I want is a place where a 10-year-old boy can eat an ice cream cone without my getting uppity about his making a mess on the sofa." —*Ali MacGraw*

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Photos, *top*, DENIS PIEL. Hair: Julien for Harlow, Paris; makeup, Alberto Fava. Lingerie by Glydons. Details, stores, last pages. *Middle* ERIC KROLL. *Bottom* PATRICE HABANS/SYGMA

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Food

The secret's out: great party recipes from those "Glorious Food" experts

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many of New York's most exciting galas owe their glamour and success to Glorious Foods, the catering firm started ten years ago by Christopher Idone and Sean Driscoll, and joined more recently by chef Jean-Claude Nedelec. From the start, their concept was to present delicious and honest food beautifully and imaginatively. Now, in Christopher Idone's just-published menu-cookbook, "Glorious Food" (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), the secrets are out: Idone reveals how this remarkable firm, by now a well-entrenched New York institution, develops all those wonderful feasts for The Metropolitan Museum of Art openings, for wedding and holiday celebrations, country picnics, etc., and tells how you can create your own glorious food when you entertain. Here, four recipes from the book to make one glorious dinner.*

BAKED CHÈVRE

six servings

Chèvre cheese, in log form, 2 inches in diameter (Montrachet, without the ash, is ideal)
Virgin olive oil
1 sprig each fresh rosemary, thyme, chervil, and sage—or a combination of the herbs of your choice—chopped
1 cup fine diced bread crumbs
Ruby Red lettuce leaves for serving

Cut chèvre into 1-inch thick rounds. Coat a shallow pan with oil and place cheese rounds in pan. Coat them with oil and sprinkle with herbs. Cover and refrigerate for about 1 hour.

Remove chèvre from oil and herb mixture and dust well with bread crumbs. Transfer to a baking sheet and bake in preheated 400° oven for 10 minutes.

Carefully remove rounds with a spatula and serve each one on a lettuce leaf.

COLD SHRIMP PÂTÉ WITH DILL SAUCE

ten servings

Dill Sauce
⅔ cup mayonnaise
⅔ cup sour cream
⅔ cup *crème fraîche* (or instead of *crème fraîche,* increase mayonnaise to 1 cup, sour cream to 1 cup)
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Salt and freshly milled white pepper to taste
Dash of cayenne
3 tablespoons chopped fresh dill

Combine all the sauce ingredients and mix well. If sauce is too thick, thin it with a little white wine or more lemon juice. Refrigerate until ready to use. Thin again if necessary just before serving.

Court Bouillon
2½ quarts
1 large carrot
3 shallots
1 leek, green part only
½ cup celery leaves
1 quart dry white wine
½ teaspoon crushed peppercorns
¼ teaspoon thyme
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon salt
3 cloves garlic, crushed

Chop vegetables coarsely. Combine all ingredients in a large stockpot or kettle and add 2 quarts cold water. Bring bouillon to boil, skim, and simmer for 30 minutes.

Strain bouillon into a pot. Refrigerate until ready to use or freeze in 1-quart containers.

Shrimp Pâté
2½ quarts court bouillon
2 pounds medium shrimp
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
Sprigs of fresh dill
2 ounces (4 tablespoons) butter, at room temperature
½ cup *crème fraîche,* or substitute ½ cup sour cream
2 teaspoons finely chopped chives
Dash of cayenne
½ cup heavy cream

In large stockpot, bring court bouillon to full boil. Add shrimp to boiling stock and remove pot from heat. Let shrimp cool in stock (shrimp will cook during this period). After shrimp have cooled, remove, peel, and devein them, and reserve. Strain stock through double layer of damp cheesecloth. Chill 2 cups of stock for pâté. Save remainder for other uses.

In medium-heavy saucepan, combine 2 cups chilled stock with gelatin and heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin has dissolved completely. Do not let boil. Set aside to cool and thicken. When aspic has thickened enough to coat a spoon, pour it into chilled mold or loaf pan. Rotate mold so that entire inside is coated with aspic; pour off any excess.

Refrigerate mold to allow aspic to set. Repeat process till desired aspic thickness is obtained. Set aside 1/2 cup of aspic. Decorate bottom and sides of mold with a few shrimp split lengthwise and with sprigs of dill. (They will adhere to aspic.) Refrigerate until ready to serve.

Chop remaining shrimp coarsely and combine in food processor or blender with reserved 1/2 cup of aspic and butter. Purée, turning machine on and off quickly, until mixture becomes a fine paste. Transfer shrimp paste to large bowl, add *crème fraîche,* chives, and cayenne and mix well.

Whip cream till stiff, fold it in. Taste for seasoning. Spoon shrimp mixture into prepared mold. Cover and refrigerate at least 8 hours before serving.

This recipe courtesy of Jean-Claude Nedelec

(Continued on page 202)

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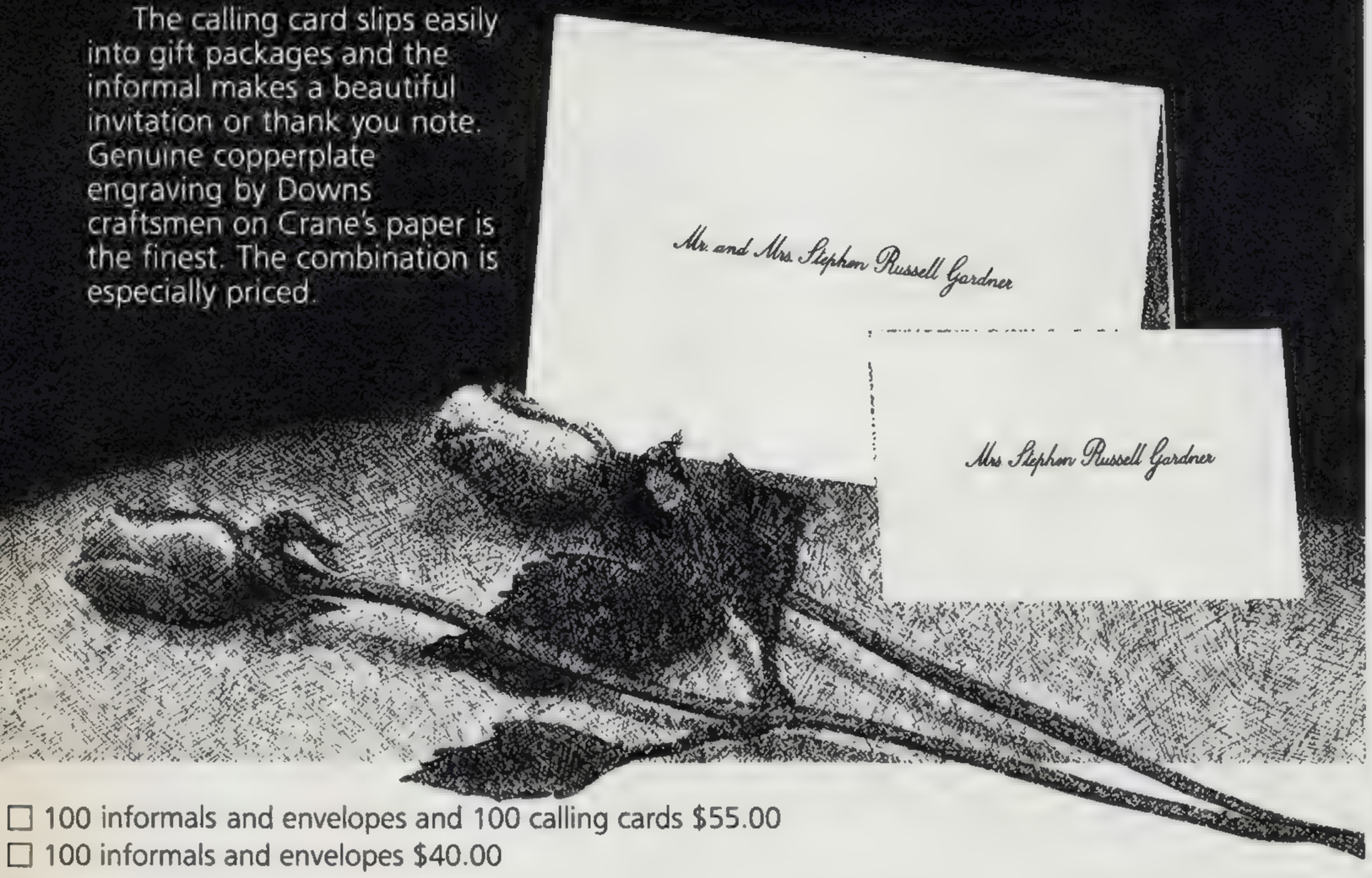

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"GLORIOUS FOOD"

(Continued from page 201)

ROAST BREAST OF CHICKEN WITH LEMON-MUSTARD SAUCE

ten servings

6 double breasts of chicken

Marinade
1 medium onion, coarsely chopped
1 clove garlic, chopped
3 teaspoons dry mustard
1 cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon ground white pepper
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup olive oil

Sauce
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup chopped carrot
1 cup dry white wine
1 quart veal or chicken stock
3 tablespoons dry mustard
1 teaspoon arrowroot
¼ cup lemon juice
4 tablespoons unsalted butter, chilled

Garnish
Grated zest of 2 lemons
1 teaspoon finely chopped chives
Fresh chanterelle mushrooms, if available

Cut chicken breasts in half. Combine all marinade ingredients in food processor or blender and process till smooth. Brush breasts on both sides with marinade, refrigerate 24 hours.

Remove breasts, reserving all marinade. Place breasts in large roasting pan, skin side down. Brush with marinade and roast for 15 minutes in preheated 400° oven. Turn breasts, brush again with marinade, and roast 25 minutes more. Transfer breasts to platter, cool.

Scatter chopped onion, celery, and carrot into roasting pan. Lower oven temperature to 350° and bake vegetables for about 15 minutes, or till lightly browned.

Remove pan from oven and deglaze with white wine. Transfer contents to large saucepan or stockpot, taking care to scrape out all particles. Remove meat from bones and add bones to saucepan. Add stock and simmer over medium heat for 30 minutes.

Strain stock, pressing out as much of liquid as possible. Skim fat off top and return stock to saucepan. Simmer until sauce base is reduced to 3 cups. Mix mustard and arrowroot with lemon juice till smooth and whisk into base.

Remove pan from heat and add chilled butter, stirring hard till incorporated. Reheat chicken in moderate oven till golden brown. Arrange meat on platter and ladle sauce over it. Sprinkle with zest and chives just before serving with lightly sautéed chanterelles.

FROZEN LEMON MOUSSE WITH RASPBERRY SAUCE

three to four servings

1½ teaspoons unflavored gelatin
½ cup lemon juice
3 large eggs, separated
⅔ cup sugar
Grated zest of one lemon
Pinch of salt
½ pint (1 cup) heavy cream
3 stale macaroons, crumbled
Raspberry sauce (see recipe, page 204)

(Continued on page 204)

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"GLORIOUS FOOD"

(Continued from page 202)

Dissolve gelatin in lemon juice in top of a double boiler set over simmering water.

Beat egg yolks with 1/3 cup of sugar till mixture is smooth and lemon colored. Fold lemon-gelatin mixture and zest into beaten yolks. Gradually adding remaining 1/3 cup sugar, beat egg whites with pinch of salt using electric mixer till they form stiff peaks. Thoroughly blend large spoonful of beaten whites into lemon/egg-yolk mixture. Whip cream and fold remaining whites and cream into lemon-egg mixture; do not overblend. Allow some of white to show.

Fill soufflé dish nearly to brim with most of mixture. Sprinkle with macaroon crumbs and fill dish with remaining mixture. Freeze 2 to 3 hours. Serve with raspberry sauce.

Raspberry sauce
one and one-half cups

1 pint fresh raspberries
Juice of ½ lemon
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon arrowroot
1 ounce framboise or kirsch

Combine raspberries, lemon juice, and 1/4 cup water in food processor or blender. Purée till smooth and strain through fine sieve to remove all seeds. Pour raspberry mixture into saucepan and add sugar. Bring to boil over moderately high heat; simmer for 15 minutes. Dissolve arrowroot in framboise and stir into raspberry mixture. Remove from heat and cool. Cover and refrigerate. ▽

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TAXES

Tax audit tightrope

How to avoid error and trial with the IRS

BY JULIAN BLOCK

Most people pale at the prospect of a tax audit, but there are ways to make the experience as speedy and inexpensive as possible. Here are hints on how to be confident when an Internal Revenue Service agent insists on a chat.

Generally, the burden of proof in a tax dispute is on you, not on the IRS. In the case of deductions, for example, you must prove that you incurred and paid the expenses. If you can't, the IRS will disallow the expenses.

Bring along those checks, receipts, and whatever else is necessary to verify your return, and confine your answers to the questions raised. Otherwise, you may wind up with yet more auditing.

You or your spouse (if you filed a joint return) or both of you may attend the audit. You may also be represented by an adviser, such as an attorney, a CPA, or someone the IRS calls an "enrolled practitioner," a person who is not an attorney or CPA, but is a former IRS employee or has passed the stiff IRS examination on taxes. You needn't appear with your representative if you have granted him or her a power of attorney to negotiate on your behalf. To avoid unpleasant surprises, decide in advance just how much leeway to give your adviser for settling your case without checking with you.

Whether it is sensible to appeal the examining agent's findings depends on the issues, the amount, and on the IRS policy in settling similar disputes. The IRS's own statistics reveal that it settles many appeals for far less than the examining agent demanded.

Most people who choose to battle the IRS do so in Tax Court. That route allows you a hearing without your having to first pay the taxes at issue. If you lose, then you pay the taxes plus interest. If the disputed taxes are less than five thousand dollars for any year, you can go to the Tax Court's Small Tax Case Division which will handle the case with the least possible formality, expense, and delay.

Alternatively, you can sue in one of the federal district courts, which allows you to have a jury trial, or in the Court of Claims, which hears cases only in Washington, DC, if you think either court is more likely to rule in your favor than the Tax Court. To do so, you must first pay the taxes, file a refund claim and, after the refund is rejected, bring suit.

For details, write the IRS for a free copy of *Appeal Rights, Examination of Returns, and Claims for Refund* (publication 556).

Julian Block *is the author of "Tax Saving: A Year-Round Guide" (Chilton Book Co.).*

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OMAHA	3 64	3 64	3 22	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64		3 64	4 06	4 06
PHILADELPHIA	3 64	3 64	3 22	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64	3 64		4 06	4 06
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Money

The latest—on saving, spending, sheltering, rare historic investments

By Lisa Gubernick

THE JOY OF SAVING

Establishing a savings account may seem like a futile endeavor in these inflationary times, but investment experts say it can be done. The trick is starting small. Cathy Willis, director of The Chase Exchange, the women's services division of Chase Manhattan Bank, suggests putting a minimum of 5 percent of each paycheck in a savings account, which shouldn't drastically alter the way you live; then, when enough cash has accumulated to meet minimum requirements, opening an account yielding higher interest, such as a money-market fund or a certificate of deposit. "Even $10 a week adds up," Willis says. How much should you save to feel economically secure? The rule of thumb is three month's after-tax salary—enough to tide a household over between jobs, or to cover medical bills until insurance checks arrive. "Setting aside a three-month emergency fund is a foundation, not an end in itself," says Willis. Any additional money you save, she says, should be put into investments with returns greater than the rate of inflation, such as stocks or mutual funds. Though Willis suggests setting a far-reaching savings goal, like a down payment on a cooperative apartment or a second home, she stresses that "you've succeeded as soon as you've started the savings habit—most people never take that first step."

FOR A LESS TAXING APRIL 15 . . .

By planning ahead, anyone can make next April 15 a much less taxing day—especially now that the U.S. is in the midst of an income-tax reduction program. Although no one can be certain that a deficit-wary Congress won't trim the tax cuts now scheduled for 1983—which are even greater than those for 1982—many tax specialists believe that most of the scheduled cuts will take place. It makes sense, then, to take as many deductions as possible this year and to delay what income you can—a year-end bonus, for instance, could be taken next January—so that less income is taxed at 1982's higher rates. Here, some tax-saving tips from some experts:

David Berenson, of the accounting firm Ernst & Whinney, recommends that you calculate your annual income now and *prepay* state taxes. "If state and city taxes are in before December 31, they can be deducted from this year's federal taxes," says Berenson. "Otherwise, the deduction is postponed until 1983, when you'll need it less."

John K. Daly, a vice president at Chase Manhattan Bank's tax services division, points out that by opening an Individual Retirement Account early, instead of at the end of the year, "it accumulates more tax-free interest." Daly also advises looking for tax shelters as soon as possible if your income warrants it.

N.B.—If you still owe taxes from 1981, now is the time to render unto Caesar. The IRS has hiked its penalties on unpaid balances from 12 percent to 20 percent.

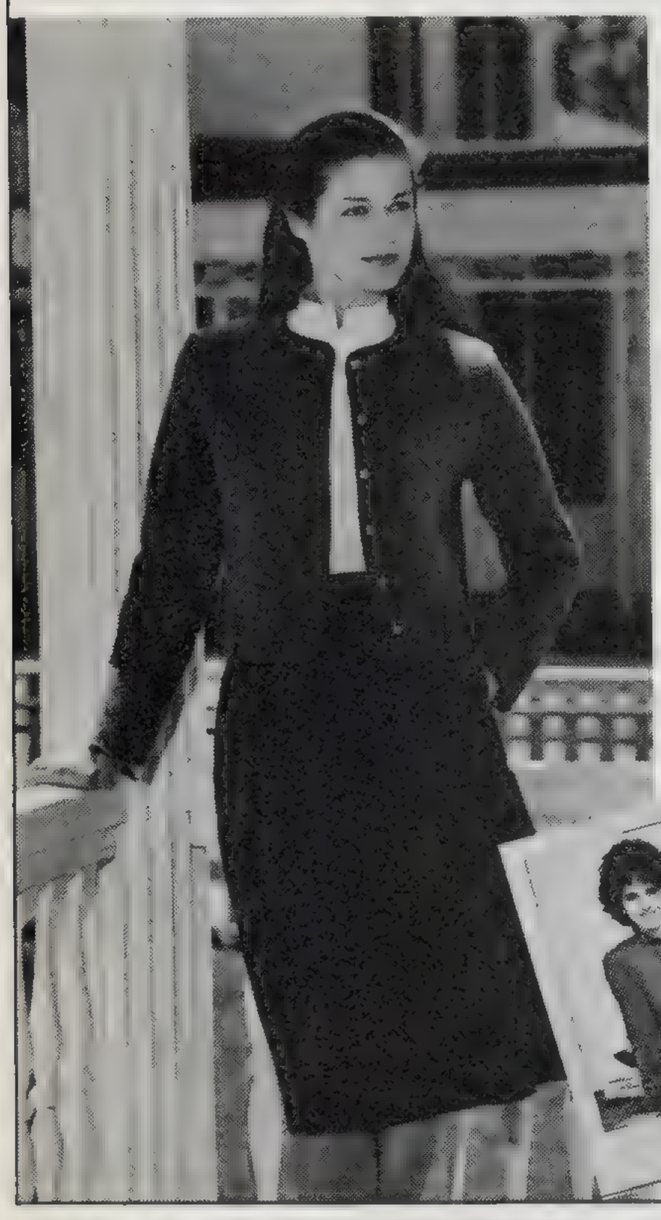
RARE BOOKS—THE LAST BLUE-CHIP COLLECTIBLE?

One sector of today's volatile art market has steadily kept pace with inflation while remaining relatively unaffected by wild price swings: rare books. According to George Lowry, president of Swann Galleries, the nation's largest specialty rare-book auction house, the esoteric nature of book collecting has kept it out of the public eye. "Book collections aren't easy to show off," says Lowry, who contends that even thieves stay away because of the expertise needed to pick out valuable volumes.

Lowry believes that "almost any first edition of a serious work of literature dating from before the twentieth century can provide a blue-chip investment." While that can mean thousands of dollars for a first-edition Samuel Johnson, it only takes several hundred dollars to buy a Dickens. Most important for determining the quality of a book are its condition and whether or not it's a first edition. "It's best if the book is in its original binding," says Lowry, "and if a page is missing or substituted from another edition, it can drive the price down." Later editions are usually worth a fraction of the first because they are sought only by specialists in a particular author, a fairly narrow market.

Lowry also encourages collecting modern authors: "Posterity has already passed judgment on the past—with contemporary authors, you pit your taste against future generations." The monetary rewards are there as well as the esthetic: a first edition of Joseph Heller's "Catch 22" is now worth over $600. For collecting contemporary works, try to buy a volume that's been signed by the author. *("Money" continued on page 210)*

SHOP SMART THIS SEASON



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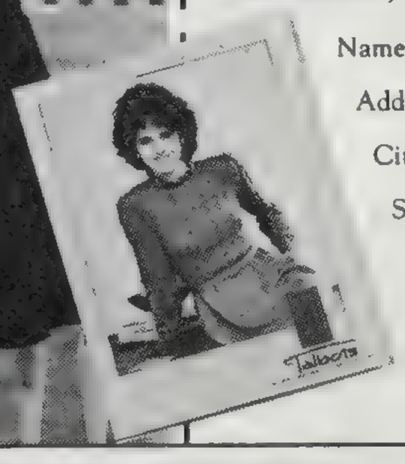

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MONEY

(Continued from page 209)

YOUR BEST IRA CHOICES

Of the enormous array of alternatives offered for Individual Retirement Accounts, which one is best for you? The answer depends on two factors: the amount of money in your account, and the amount of risk you are willing to take with it. The first $2000 in an IRA generally belongs in a *very* safe place—either in a bank time-deposit, which is federally insured, or in a money-market fund containing Treasury bills or government bonds. "If, however, you have a corporate pension and/or profit-sharing plan," says Donna Winn of Merrill Lynch's Retirement Plans and Services, "or if you own your own home, you should be able to take the next step of investing in a riskier high-growth mutual fund." Paulette Brown, of Merrill Lynch's mutual-funds department, advises that the closer you are to retirement the more conservative you should be. Those in their twenties and thirties might invest in funds containing only stocks, says Brown; anyone older should seek a mix of stocks, corporate bonds—a more stable investment. More exotic IRA investments, such as real-estate partnerships or commodity pools, should be contemplated only by those with considerable assets: at least $35,000 (excluding home and car) plus a $35,000 salary.

HISTORIC SHELTERS

A historic way to shelter income: the federal government offers 25 percent tax credits for money spent restoring historic structures certified by the National Park Service. (Credits are subtracted directly from your tax bill, unlike deductions, which are subtracted from your taxable income.) The restoration credit applies to commercial and residential buildings, but investors cannot claim it for a building they will live in themselves. Architectural gems now benefiting from the credit include the Alaska Building in Seattle, once the tallest office building in the Northwest, and Manhattan's Barbizon Hotel for Women.

Most often, restored historic buildings are converted into apartments or offices and are "potentially quite profitable," according to Robert Stanger, who heads a tax-shelter research firm, "because they are esthetically pleasing and centrally located." Only the cost of overhauling the building—not the property itself—is included in the tax savings, but restoration usually accounts for 80 to 90 percent of the dollars spent on a historic structure.

Partnerships that enable shelter-hunters to buy shares in multimillion-dollar restoration projects have flourished, some with investment minimums as low as $5000. Like any tax shelter, these projects are risky. According to Stanger, rehabilitation poses special problems because "it's harder to estimate the cost of restoring an old building than of constructing a new one." If you're interested in finding a restoration project, tax-shelter specialists at any large brokerage house should know of partnerships open for investment.

Photograph by Gideon Lewin

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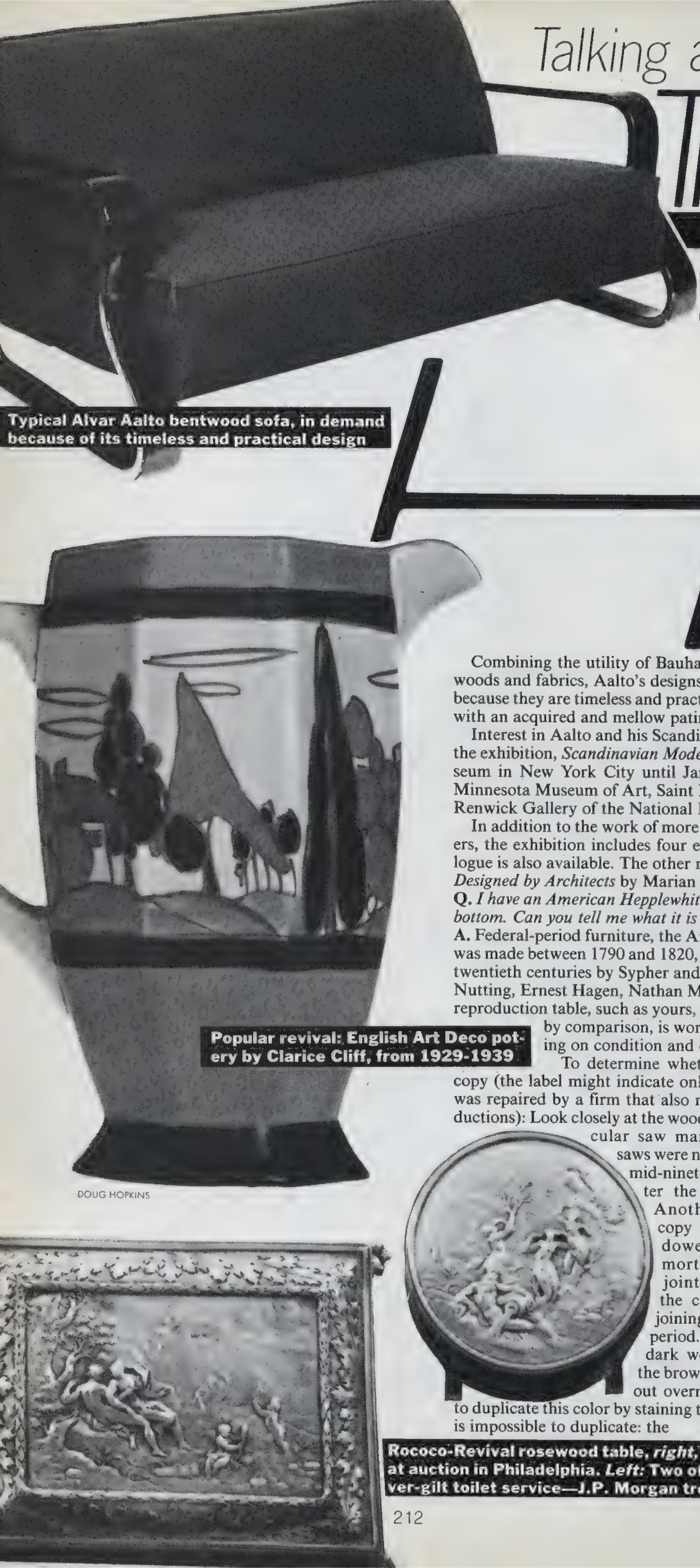
Talking about... Treasures

Our expert answers your questions about collectibles

By Jeffrey Hogrefe



Typical Alvar Aalto bentwood sofa, in demand because of its timeless and practical design

ow can I tell whether a sofa I own was really designed by Alvar Aalto? It has painted bentwood and looks like Scandinavian modern, but is it truly an original Aalto design?
F.H., New York, NY

A. As the leading architect in Finland, Alvar Aalto designed simple furniture for a mass market from the late 'thirties to the late 'fifties that, unfortunately, is not often marked. For attribution, collectors—who like to specialize in unique prototypes, which go for up to $3000—closely compare the shapes and details of unmarked pieces with similar marked pieces. Marks are variously: "Artek Pasco" or "Artek."

Combining the utility of Bauhaus chrome furniture and the warmth of natural light woods and fabrics, Aalto's designs are still widely used in schools and institutions today because they are timeless and practical. But collectors tend to prefer the early examples—with an acquired and mellow patina, and a greater attention to small details.

Interest in Aalto and his Scandinavian colleagues should gain a boost this season with the exhibition, *Scandinavian Modern 1880-1980,* on view now at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York City until January 2, 1983; from February 27 to April 24 at the Minnesota Museum of Art, Saint Paul, Minnesota; and from July 8 to October 10 at the Renwick Gallery of the National Museum of American Art in Washington, DC.

In addition to the work of more than twenty other Scandinavian and Icelandic designers, the exhibition includes four examples of Aalto's furniture. A fully illustrated catalogue is also available. The other recommended source for Aalto's furniture is *Furniture Designed by Architects* by Marian Page (Watson-Guptil).

Q. *I have an American Hepplewhite table bearing the label of Sypher and Company on the bottom. Can you tell me what it is worth?* *D.L., Southampton, New York*

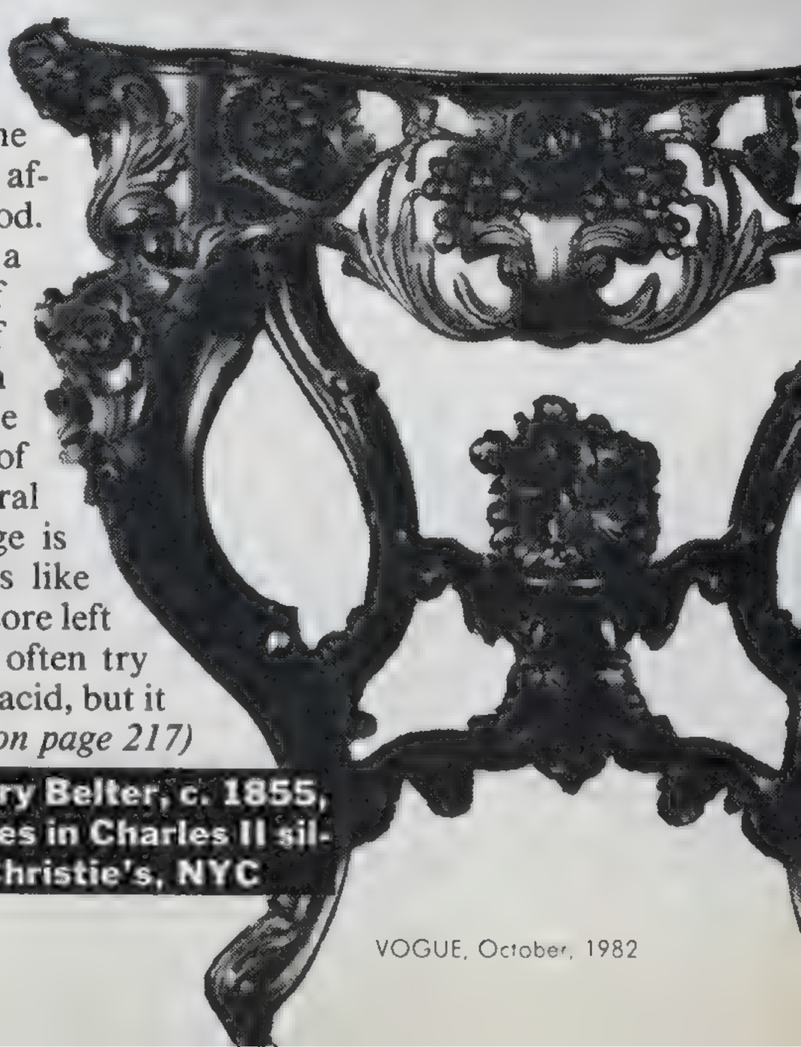
A. Federal-period furniture, the American variant of English Hepplewhite and Sheraton, was made between 1790 and 1820, and widely reproduced in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Sypher and Company and other leading cabinetmakers—Wallace Nutting, Ernest Hagen, Nathan Margolis. Since it is handmade, attractive, and sturdy, a reproduction table, such as yours, is worth a couple hundred dollars, while its prototype, by comparison, is worth a couple thousand dollars—depending on condition and details.

To determine whether a piece is a copy (the label might indicate only that the piece was repaired by a firm that also made reproductions): Look closely at the wood grain for circular saw marks—circular saws were not used until the mid-nineteenth century, after the Federal period. Another sign of a copy is the use of dowels instead of mortise-and-tenon joints, which were the chief method of joining in the Federal period. A sign of age is dark wood that looks like the brown of an apple core left out overnight. Forgers often try to duplicate this color by staining the wood with acid, but it is impossible to duplicate: the

(Continued on page 217)

Popular revival: English Art Deco pottery by Clarice Cliff, from 1929-1939

DOUG HOPKINS



Rococo-Revival rosewood table, *right,* by John Henry Belter, c. 1855, at auction in Philadelphia. *Left:* Two of twelve pieces in Charles II silver-gilt toilet service—J.P. Morgan treasure—at Christie's, NYC

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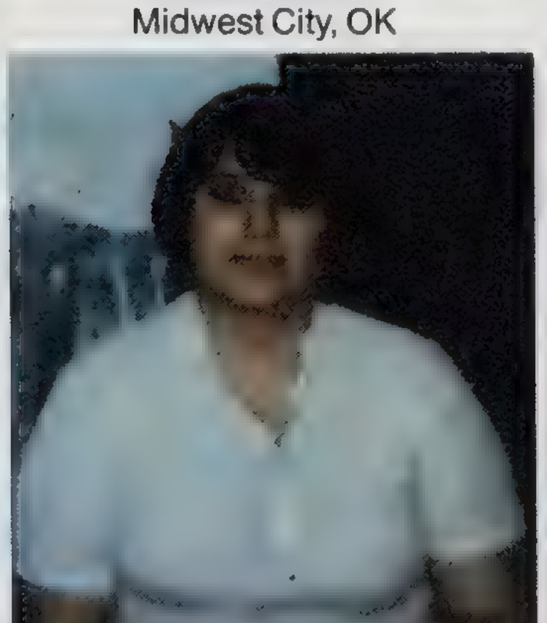

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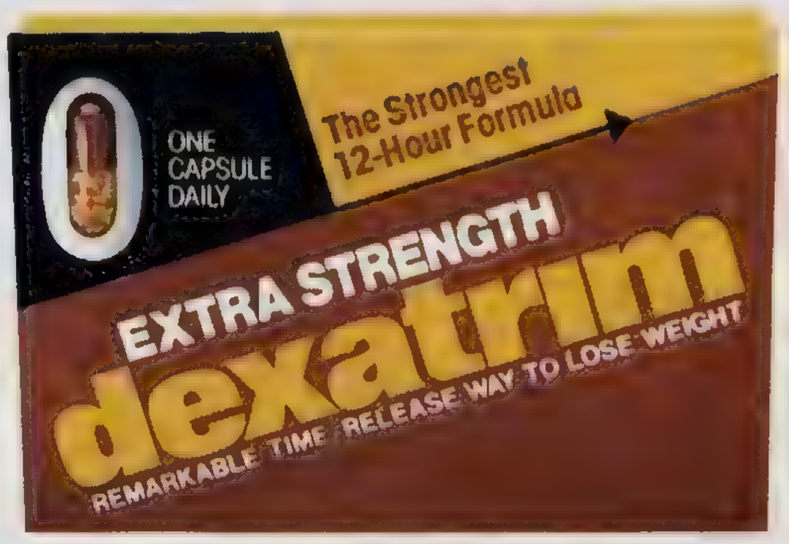

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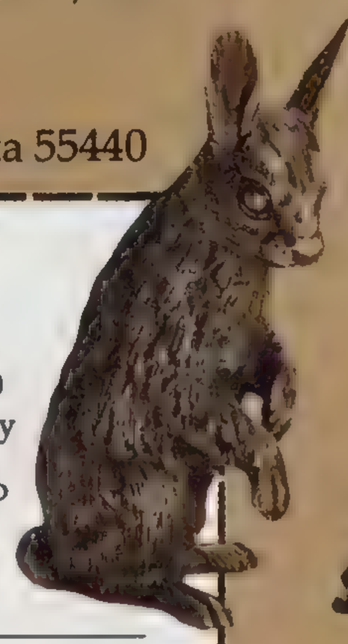
Owl and Mouse



Rabbit and Bunnies

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TREASURES

(Continued from page 212)

stained wood is deep and dark brown, while the original is mellowed brown.

Q. *I have a ceramic creamer decorated with crocuses, and marked on the bottom, "Clarice Cliff, Bizarre." Can you tell me when it was made, by whom, and what it is worth?* *I.M., Brooklyn, New York*

A. Fantastic and quaint, the aptly named "Bizarre" line of pottery is a popular collecting specialty in England, where it was produced under the direction of the noted ceramist Clarice Cliff from 1929 to 1939. Even though it originally met with mixed reactions (Queen Mary called it "Awful!"), enough pieces were made to establish a hierarchy of values: While common creamers and other single pieces are worth less than $100, complete dinner, coffee, or tea services in bold geometric or landscape designs can bring more than a thousand dollars; and jugs, urns, cache pots, and other large forms can be worth $1000 each, depending on design and condition.

The market is centered in England, where this pottery was first revived in the late 'sixties by young Mods who liked it because it resembles the illustrations for the movie *Yellow Submarine.* Today, these pots are taken more seriously as premier examples of English Art Deco, a style long overshadowed by French Art Deco—and collectors doubtless anticipate future increases in values. All pieces are marked, and these can be found at auctions and L'Odeon Gallery in London, and occasionally in New York at auctions and galleries specializing in Art Deco, and in a regular display at Barney's, the mens store.

Q. *I have a chromolithograph of Audubon's "The American Flamingo," printed in 1860, measuring 32¾" x 23½". Would you tell me what it is worth?* *D.M., Los Angeles, California*

A. Chromolithographs of John James Audubon's *The Birds of America* series are worth considerably less than the originals, which were produced between 1827 and 1838 in an edition of two hundred hand-colored and engraved prints. "The American Flamingo," from the original edition is worth up to $15,000, while a later reproduction, like yours, is worth $1000. All original Audubons are roughly 29½" x 39½", and all bear the watermark *R. Havell & Co.,* visible by holding the print up to a strong light.

Audubon lovers will want to know that a complete set will be auctioned by Christie's at the New Warwick Post Hotel in Houston on October 15 and 16. The prints will be exhibited before the sale at the Museum of Natural Science in Houston from October 7 to Otober 14. The sale catalogue, which includes illustrations of all the prints, is on sale for $25 at the Houston Museum of Natural Science, 1 Hermann Circle Drive, or via air mail for $30 from: Christie's, Department P-78, 502 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Morgan's Silver & Painting

In one of the last public auctions of the famous J. Pierpont Morgan collection (estimated to be worth $60 million on the death of the financier in 1913), in a special silver sale on October 26, Christie's will offer a dozen lots of historical importance. On October 28, Sotheby's in a special lot will auction "Landscape with Walton Bridges," painted in the late 1840s by James Mallord William Turner, from the collection—one of the last Turners in private hands.

Morgan's silver, which covers major pieces from the fifteenth through the eighteenth centuries, includes a rare twelve-piece toilet service, whose seventeenth-century mate is in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

Most of Turner's output—highly regarded now, unpopular then—was left to the British government on his death in 1851. "Landscape with Walton Bridges" was inherited by Sophia Caroline Booth, Turner's companion and, by the late nineteenth, had been acquired by the Morgan family.

Not seen by the public since 1943, these are among the last of Morgan's extensive paintings, manuscripts, other antiques and works of art. His collection made up such a large part of his fortune that John D. Rockefeller quipped: "Why, he isn't even a rich man!"

A Portrait of an Era, the first major antiques show to cover the period between 1830 and 1930, will be sponsored by the Philadelphia College of Art from October 14 to October 17 at the First City Troop Armory, 23rd and Ranstead Street. A complete range of artworks from Greek Revival to Art Deco will be offered by approximately forty leading dealers. Proceeds will go to the Philadelphia College of Art to defray the cost of maintaining their historic landmark buildings. ▽

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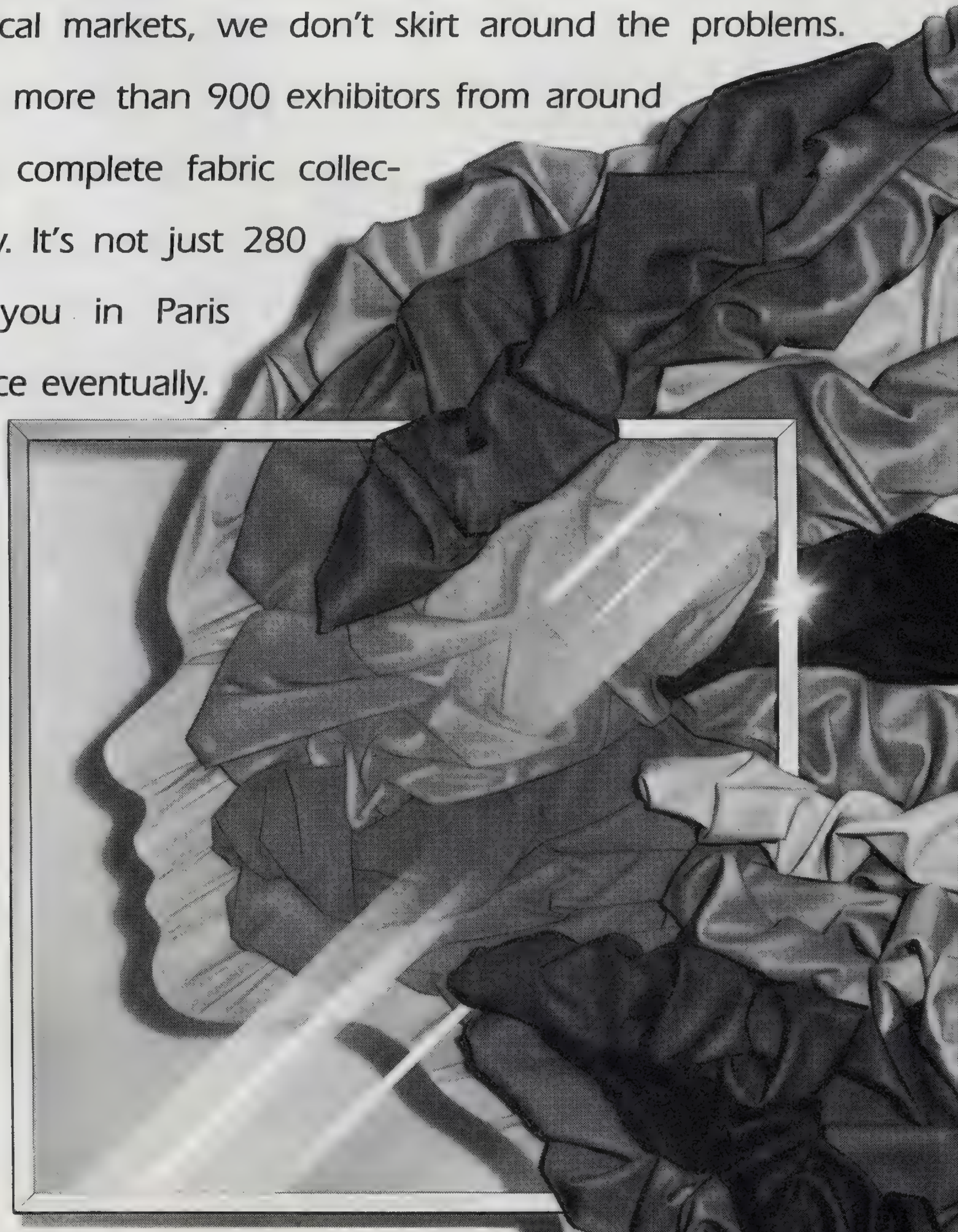

Information: Messe Frankfurt, Postfach 97 01 26, D-6000 Frankfurt am Main 97

Instant truths: your self at stake

Answering questions that no grown-up would dare to ask

BY CAROLINE SEEBOHM

"Mummy, when you're dead won't I see you anymore?"

"No, you won't."

"But I thought if you were good, you went to heaven and I could see you there."

"Well, um . . . "

Well, um, indeed. That brief exchange contains questions that have challenged the greatest thinkers of the world since time immemorial. Whole libraries attest to the knottiness of the subject. Yet here is a small child demanding that her mother sum up all this knowledge in an answer that will, at best, probably provide nightmares for years. ("Your body goes in the ground, Mummy? But how do you breathe?" and so on.)

But the most testing part of all is not Mummy's skill at summarizing St. Augustine or Teilhard de Chardin. It is the decision Mummy has to make for herself about what she wants her child to believe. Does she talk about that nice old man with a beard and a hanky in his sleeve to wipe away sinners' tears, as she always used to picture him, thanks to Michelangelo? Does she describe heaven as a sort of large drawing room, with all one's friends milling about drinking cocktails and discussing their careers? Or does she describe death as dust to dust, ashes to ashes; which means she will then have to dip her toe into the icy waters of the origins of matter and meaning of evolution? What in God's name does Mummy believe, anyway?

The child waits, expectant. The child always waits, expectant. Because the mother, in her replies, in her opinions, in her behavior, in her speech, in her smallest habits, is the first and most lasting role model the child will ever have. So she must think fast, very fast, and very, very carefully. She must, if necessary, explain that she does not have an answer. And in working this out for herself, she is in effect undergoing one of the most awesome personality tests ever devised.

It is possible, to be sure, that some parents have prepared for questions of religion and thought it through before being confronted by their innocent offspring. But many of the other tricky moral and ethical questions come up in tiny, everyday ways, bearing down on the unsuspecting mother like a high-speed truck spotted in the rear-view mirror that suddenly fills the glass.

"I'm sorry," she says into the telephone, "We'd love to come to dinner but we're going out tonight."

That night, as they settle in front of the television, "Hello," says the child, "but I thought you were going out?"

"Well, um . . ."

Well, is it all right to admit the existence of white lies? Have you ever tried explaining it to someone not your own age? Would you rather try explaining why it's not possible to watch the Vampire movie with Daddy? Or why Babar's mother gets shot? Or why people have nightmares? Or why someone stole your bicycle? The situations are endless, and in each the question for Mummy really comes down to: *Where do you stand on this?* That's a question most people have not really confronted since they were last asked to Save the Dolphin—and when that happens you at least get a chance to think about it. Mothers get maybe a split second to come up with honest and reasonable answers to the Sartrean conundrums of a child's world—and the operative word is "reasonable."

Bruno Bettelheim: "If you want your child to be a reasonable citizen then you have to give, for each of your actions, the specific reasons, because that's how intelligence develops. . . . You cannot have an intelligent citizen and tell the child it's naughty to cross the street because it's not—you do it yourself all the time."

The child waits. In a split second, you must think it through, define your values, commit yourself

"Mummy, why do you get angry when I won't share my toys?"

"Because I don't want you to become spoilt."

"What does spoilt mean?"

"Well, um . . . "

Try defining "spoilt" in two simple sentences. It is impossible. And isn't the anger more to do with the reflection on *you* anyway? Meanwhile, the child waits, expectant. You have to think it through, define your values, commit yourself. Children have none of the defense mechanisms of adults. They will ask you things ("Why are you sad?" "Why are you having a drink?") that no grown-up would venture to ask. And they are the first to spot a subterfuge. The personality test goes on. (It's no good hiding behind anger, either. They cry.)

A famous writer once said he would never consider going out with a woman who had not had a child. The compliment is well taken. Children are little vessels, waiting to be filled, and parents spend much of their lives learning how to turn water into wine. ▽

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Women & Cars

By Lillian Borgeson

Your best buying strategy: "appear unconvinced"...and other ways to outsmart a car dealer

It's an article of the feminist faith that today's woman knows her own mind and speaks it freely . . . that she's open, direct, decisive. And so she should be, *except* when she's buying a new car—a situation in which it is to the advantage of all shoppers, male and female, to play games and dissemble, to appear vague and unsure—even (in fact, especially) when they know exactly what they want.

This is one of many insights contained in an entertaining and helpful book, *Don't Get Taken Every Time—The Insider's Guide to Buying Your Next Car* (Viking Press). Its author, Remar "Bubba" Sutton, is a knowledgeable Georgian whose professional experience has included most of the roles in a new car "store." By analyzing the car-transaction psychodrama from the seller's point of view, Bubba gives you a whole new look at the art and science of negotiating a good deal.

There's that matter of decisiveness, for example. A car salesman's worst fear, Bubba points out, is that he will somehow lose you before the deal is complete. He knows, even if you don't, that you can back out of the deal even after you've signed a buyer's order, and the prospect terrifies him. "There's nothing stronger in your favor than that fear," he says. "You'll get the best deal and the best-prepared car if you appear lukewarm, unconvinced, and unsure until the instant you drive off the lot."

And more advice:

● **Refuse to talk romance; talk money.** Salespeople are trained to "sell the sizzle, not the steak." In a car, sizzle means styling, power, luxury features, pizzazz . . . all of which are intended to take your mind off price and dealer's profit. Don't let yourself be romanced. Decide in advance what model and options you want and can afford to buy, and get figures from at least two dealerships. Says Bubba: "Let the salesman know that to you a car is not a paramour but a necessary evil . . . and that you intend to get it for the fewest dollars possible."

● **Be prepared to counter the high-pressure ploys.** "You really ought to decide on this right now," says the salesman, pulling High-Pressure Trick Number One out of the sellers' bag. "Another lady said she'd be back with a deposit, and this is the only blue Vroomster left on the lot." "No problem," you say casually, deftly reversing the pressure. "There are a couple of cars exactly like this over at Honest John's across town. But you're right. Let's get down to business, because I've got an appointment over there in a couple of hours."

● **Know the true value of your trade-in.** To find out, get your present car as spiffy as possible, take it to a couple of used-car lots in your town, and ask what they'd give you for it. Then, when you drive into the new-car dealership, tell the salesman you want his used-car boys to appraise your trade-in *first,* and that you want a firm figure. In some cases, the response will be that your trade-in "allowance" will depend on which car you buy. This is unacceptable, says Bubba. A variable, nutty-putty "allowance" lets your trade-in become part of fast-shuffle salesmanship aimed at confusing or concealing the real price and dealer profit on the car you buy.

Your trade-in has a real cash value, and you've already had a real cash offer from local used-car dealers. If you get a lower appraisal from the new-car dealer, tell him it won't do and why. If you get a higher figure, nod agreeably and write it down. With this appraisal settled in advance, you're ready to tell the salesman which new-car model interests you and how much you're ready to pay.

● **Bargain up from dealer's cost, not down from sticker price.** The manufacturer's sticker price (or "list price") appears on all passenger cars, and it's a figure nobody should ever pay. It covers what the dealer has had to pay for the car, plus his profit . . . a lot of profit. But the fact is that most dealers will more or less willingly accept a *little* profit if they have to in order to make the sale.

Your best bet for negotiating a really good price lies in knowing and bargaining up from the dealer's base cost. You can find the numbers and procedures for different makes and models in Bubba's book, in each year's April "Auto" issue of *Consumer Reports,* or in auto-price guidebooks sold on the newstands.

Finally, Bubba has some special and somewhat surprising advice just for women: Whatever you do, don't do your shopping with a male who "knows all about" cars. "For one thing," he says, "this tells the salesman you don't trust your own judgment . . . a weakness he'll surely take advantage of. Besides, guys who 'know all about cars' are ripe for the hot-wheels power/styling romance treatment, and that's exactly what they'll get and fall for . . . at your expense."

To shore up your own confidence in yourself, he suggests, keep these two additional points in mind: (1) Most salespeople don't know any more about cars than the average buyer. (2) Many salespeople don't even know as much about "deals" as the well-educated shopper who has taken the trouble to find out about essential information such as real trade-in values and real dealer costs. ▽

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The Rivieras. If you can't decide which one would be best to start your collection with, buy all three.

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Men & Women—the credibility gap

Is it a luxury to be listened to—or is it a right?

BY FRANCES LEAR

The count may be off a hair, but a casual poll of men placed the number of credible women in the United States at thirty-six. But can a man be a reliable judge of a woman's credibility? Hers, after all, is hard-earned—unlike his, which is a gift to him at birth.

As with men, credibility in women exists in varying degrees. Such women as Margaret Mead, Margaret Sanger, Frances Perkins, Jane Addams, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Simone de Beauvoir are beyond question, absolute. But most women who have a wise, perceptive thing or two to say are all but gagged by the stereotypes of what a woman is. Dumb blonds, dingbats, babes, etc., are unlikely dispensers of pith. The credibility of the average woman is measured less by her intellect than by the degree of sexism in those perceiving her.

Credibility is not within reach for many married women of my over-fifty generation, women who mimic their mothers and spend major portions of their lives waiting. Waiting for a man to understand (after how many years?) that waiting, sitting and waiting for a man to come home, that waiting for his attention, his recognition, that sitting and waiting through business calls, through lengthy business meetings—including monkey business—that all of these waitings demean her. Waiting always to be included, included somewhere in his life, not in the totality of it, but in the life he shares with her.

The resultant anger undermines a woman's credibility since women's anger is expected to be suppressed. Why, I do not know, except that as children our mothers told us so. In men, anger is a lashing fist, an obscenity, a lethal put-down. It is almost respectable, perhaps even manly. In women, anger is a feminine weakness and dissolves, unresolved, into tears. To appear emotionally stable and, thereby, at least in part, credible, a woman must refrain from expressing, in public, feelings more intense than displeasure, as registered by a puckered brow or, on the upside, joy, as in a smile.

In our society, a credible person must be engaged in credible work, as defined by a measurable product and a fair wage. Housewifery yields neither. *Balabustas,* high-scorers in domesticity, whose commitment to their families precludes a separate ambition for themselves, gain sainthood and common psychosomatic disorders but not credibility from their track record at home.

My friend Gloria does volunteer work in the community in addition to homemaking. In a life rife with nurturing others, she finds herself, at forty-six, divorced, armed with a nice reputation for never being idle, but with *zilch* job-market value since homemaking, as well as voluntarism, is supposed to be easy (it is the daily doing of them that is hard). Volunteer tasks are no more a credential outside the home than is mothering. Women's work, by tradition, is less barter than the wampum bead.

The most revealing symbol of a woman's perceived trustworthiness in the home is the location of the family checkbook. A wealthy professional man in my town, who spouts the feminist party line, holds the checkbook in his desk at the office even though most of his money came from his wife's inheritance. It is all in good-natured fun, of course. "Marjorie knows nothing about money." If so, she also knows nothing about being an adult woman. Any woman who leaves herself financially impotent belongs to another time when women were positioned in perpetual childhood.

Perhaps because she has not yet "made it," a woman who is readying herself for a career has a credibility potential, an in-transition status that is taken seriously. But what of the non-working married woman whose credibility, by default, is determined by her husband; more specifically, by his treatment of her?

Last summer, on a splendid night in Malibu, eight couples met for dinner and a free-wheeling political discussion. The men were activists, as were some of the women. Ann, no political dummy, spoke first among the women. She began in a quiet voice, but, when she saw she was not reaching the men, when the air became heavy with their restlessness, her voice moved to a higher register. Her color deepened. She kept on talking, instead of making her point and getting off. Ann was in trouble. The women sat, embarrassed, waiting for

In women, anger is seen as weakness

the voice to go away. The men were equally uncomfortable. But it was Ann's husband, Harry, who sat in final judgment of his wife.

"Hey, Hon, were you being responsive to what the group was saying?"

Hon drooped visibly. Harry, it seems, possesses a special kind of marriage license that allows him to correct and discredit his wife in public. No wonder droop is the prevalent social stance of many wives who traded the perks of marriage for lives as extensions of men.

Did the men in the group will Ann's downfall? Did they prefer the other women who sat by quietly? Was Ann psyched out by the impatience of the men, particularly her husband's? To one degree or another, yes. The lines are clear for any woman who seeks credibility; she must think like a man, talk like a man, and get off before a man would. (A man may talk too much, he may be dull, he may even be wrong more often than he is right; but any man is credible if he is a good provider.)

The proper due of women in the workplace gets chipped away by a male power structure that is not about to give up any of its goodies. When Joan was hired as vice president of a Fortune 100 corporation, management was impressed with its own benevolence. Dressed Mary Cunningham-style, in a black suit, white blouse, and hair clip, Joan effortlessly slipped, as if greased, into her new duties, appearing regularly on the pages of slick periodicals, at ease in her antiques-filled office or, hard-hatted, out in the field. Then the word began to trickle out that Joan's job had been cut into thirds and was shared by two other vice presidents (male). From its inception. That constitutes grist. Joan, though whistle-clean of any favored connection to company brass, is nonetheless under paternal and patronizing house arrest.

Paternalism in the workplace is nowhere more in evidence than in show business. One of its practices is rooted in mythology, in ancient Greece, where it was said that Athena sprang full-grown from the brow of Zeus. (A neat trick, and an imaginative way to establish that the child was the product of her father.) In the entertainment industry, actresses and ambitious female production executives are "discovered," then brought along to stardom by this producer, by that director—both of whom are men. A successful Athena in Hollywood, therefore, could spring from the brow of such a Zeus as, say, producer Ray Stark.

A man's credibility sticks to him for life: once successful, always advantaged. Although a man may be 102, when he walks into a room with a very young woman, she is perceived as a bimbo, and it is the bimbo, not he, who looks foolish. In a world of bimbos, no woman can be credible. Women who reject the notion of credibility for themselves help to deny it to others, since women are reflected in each other. (An old phenomenon which feminism made born again. There is a new shared identity among women. I am my sister. That woman is me.) No progress toward credibility can be made if women undermine each other. The most credible woman I ever knew confided to me that the hardest part of her life was always having to prove herself to some man. If she, who knew everything, had to struggle to gain legitimacy for her ideas, then there is much hard work ahead for you and for me.

Part of the promise of the 1980s is that women will have a better crack at realizing the potential in love and work that beckons them. Today's young women sound credible; they look credible. They recognize the value of autonomy. They make their own life decisions. And they are preparing to enrich their world, their families, and themselves by gaining economic clout. In that lies the future of their parity with men. They also value having a good time, something that the women of my generation felt was reserved largely for men.

The task for women is to change the attitudes of the men who challenge us. Our knee-jerk response to their lack of confidence in women would have us place the blame on our inadequacies, yet again impounding us to the mind-set of the victim. The fault lies not in ourselves but in the men who underestimate us. Most men are guilty of reinforcing the misperception of women as insubstantial, even innately frivolous. A hidden agenda looms. However unconscious the intent, it is to keep women in a lesser-than, non-credible role.

A look backward to history occasionally produces a different daguerreotype. Despite private systems of control and submission between men and women, a few women emerge as heroes. So authoritative, so rock-strong, they soar above prejudice and sexual politics and serve as inter-generational role models. Each was engaged in credible work. Almost all were wives and mothers. Not an anti-feminist, anti-abortionist, or bimbo among them. ▽

Frances Lear *is a writer and political activist. During the 'seventies, she also owned and operated the first executive search firm in America specializing in placing women.*

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SPECIAL REPORT

FRANCE '82

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HE STYLE AND THE SPIRIT

Tricolore maribou bolero, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair by Edina; makeup by Thibault—both of Carita. Details, stores last pages.

("France 82" continued on page 270)

David Bailey

THE EXTRAORDINARY
CATHERINE DENEUVE

Meet the Diors: the Wizard, the Mouth, and Oliver.

Christian Dior

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Dior for Women: Furs, Intimate Apparel, Robes, Intimates, Scarves, Small Leather Goods, Jewelry, Gloves, Knit Hats & Mufflers, Footwear, Sportswear, Separates, Handbags & Luggage, Umbrellas & Rain Hats, Eyewear, Beachwear, Belts, Legwear, Active-wear, Bed Linens.

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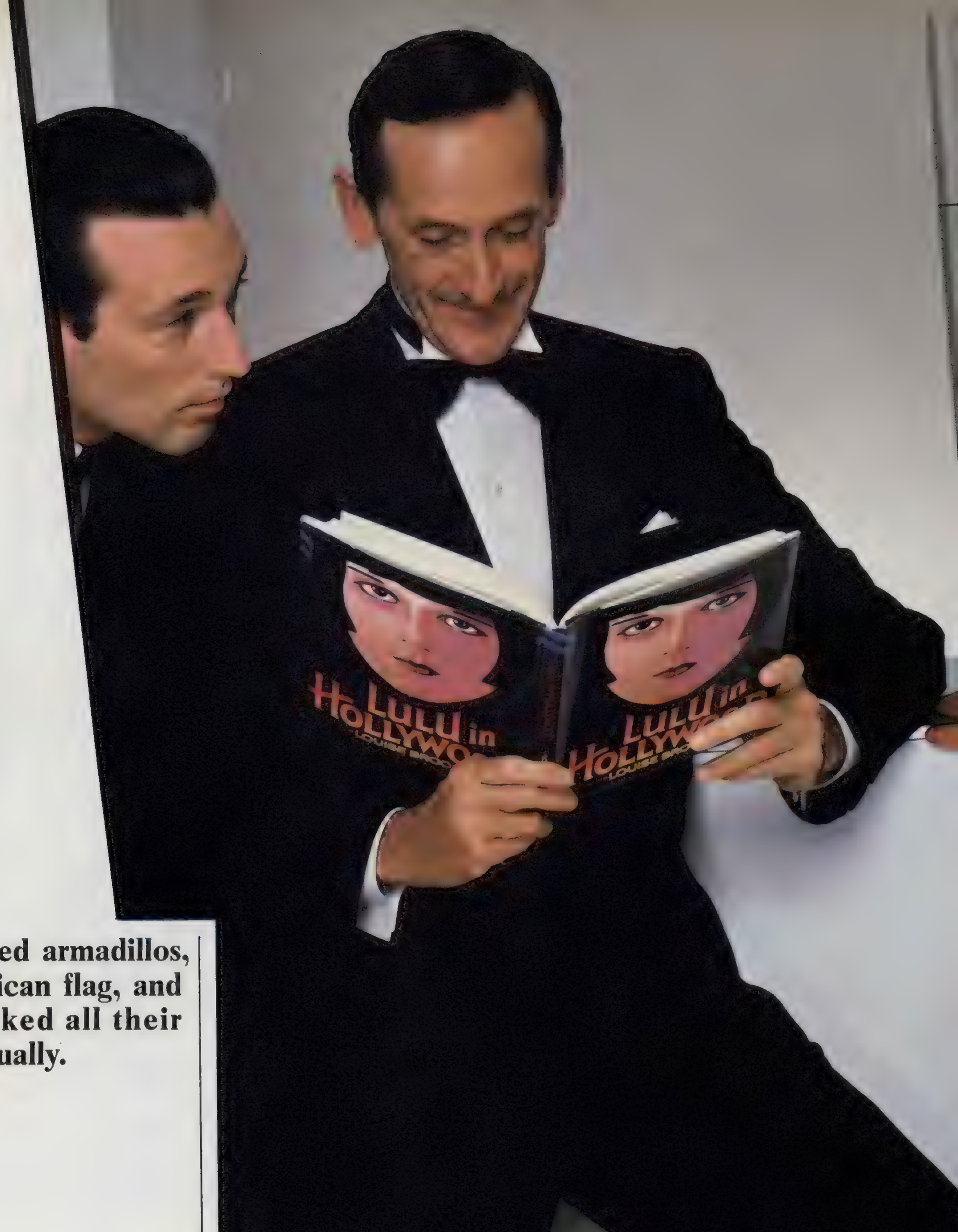

They loved armadillos, the American flag, and they disliked all their friends equally.

Dior Women's Sportswear

Women's Jewelry. Men's Dress Shirts, Neckwear, Accessories and Formal Wear.

Christian Dior

Well, not every day
was perfect...
Dior Women's Handbags, Legwear
and Footwear
Women's Jewelry and Sportswear.
Men's Robes, Dress Shirts, Neckwear,
Accessories and Formal Wear.
Christian Dior

When the Mouth was a little girl she had asthma. She had to stay in bed and smoke long, black asthma cigarettes that the Wizard gave her. Oliver would race over after school to watch.

Dior Women's Furs and Men's Clothing & Outerwear

Women's Jewelry, Legwear and Footwear.
Men's Dress Shirts, Neckwear, Scarves, Mufflers and Eyewear.
Eau Sauvage.

Christian Dior

Oh those Diors, with minds instead of muscles and nothing up their sleeves, you just had to love them.

Dior Women's Intimates and Jewelry

Women's Legwear and Footwear.
Men's Robes, Dress Shirts, Neckwear,
Accessories, Hosiery and Formal Wear.
Dioressence and Eau Sauvage.

Christian Dior

If anyone had asked them how many angels could dance on the head of a pin, they would have answered without hesitation, "Three."

Eau Sauvage Dioressence Eau Sauvage

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AN INVITATION TO PARIS

Jacques Chirac

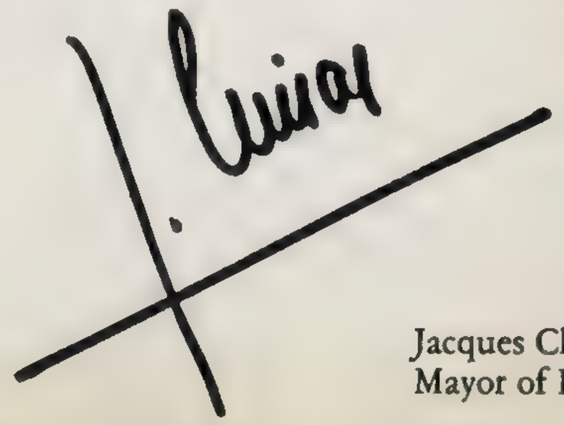
On behalf of the people of Paris and also in my own name, I would like to extend a warm invitation to all Americans to visit our capital. Our pleasure in welcoming you is all the greater for sharing with old friends this city which we love, and work to enhance every day.

For there is a deep and longstanding bond between America and Paris. Many of you are already familiar with Notre Dame, the Conciergerie, or the Louvre—these religious, political or artistic centers bequeathed to us by history. Perhaps you have wandered along the streets of Montmartre, Montparnasse and Saint Germain-des-Près where the past and the most vibrant present meet. You may also have enjoyed the sparkling shows of "Paris by Night" —the Folies Bergères, the Lido, the Alcazar.

If not, come and discover all this and more, the new Paris: the Pompidou Center with its Museum of Modern Art, its exhibitions, the gaiety and bustle of its recently renovated surroundings; and the Forum des Halles, a crossroad of commercial and cultural activity.

So that the Paris of the past and present continues to live and grow, we need you—your curiosity, your appreciation, your enthusiasm. The prestige of a city is the achievement of both its inhabitants and its visitors. It is they who become ambassadors, and who share their love with their countrymen.

Paris awaits you and its Mayor bids you a most cordial welcome.



Jacques Chirac
Mayor of Paris

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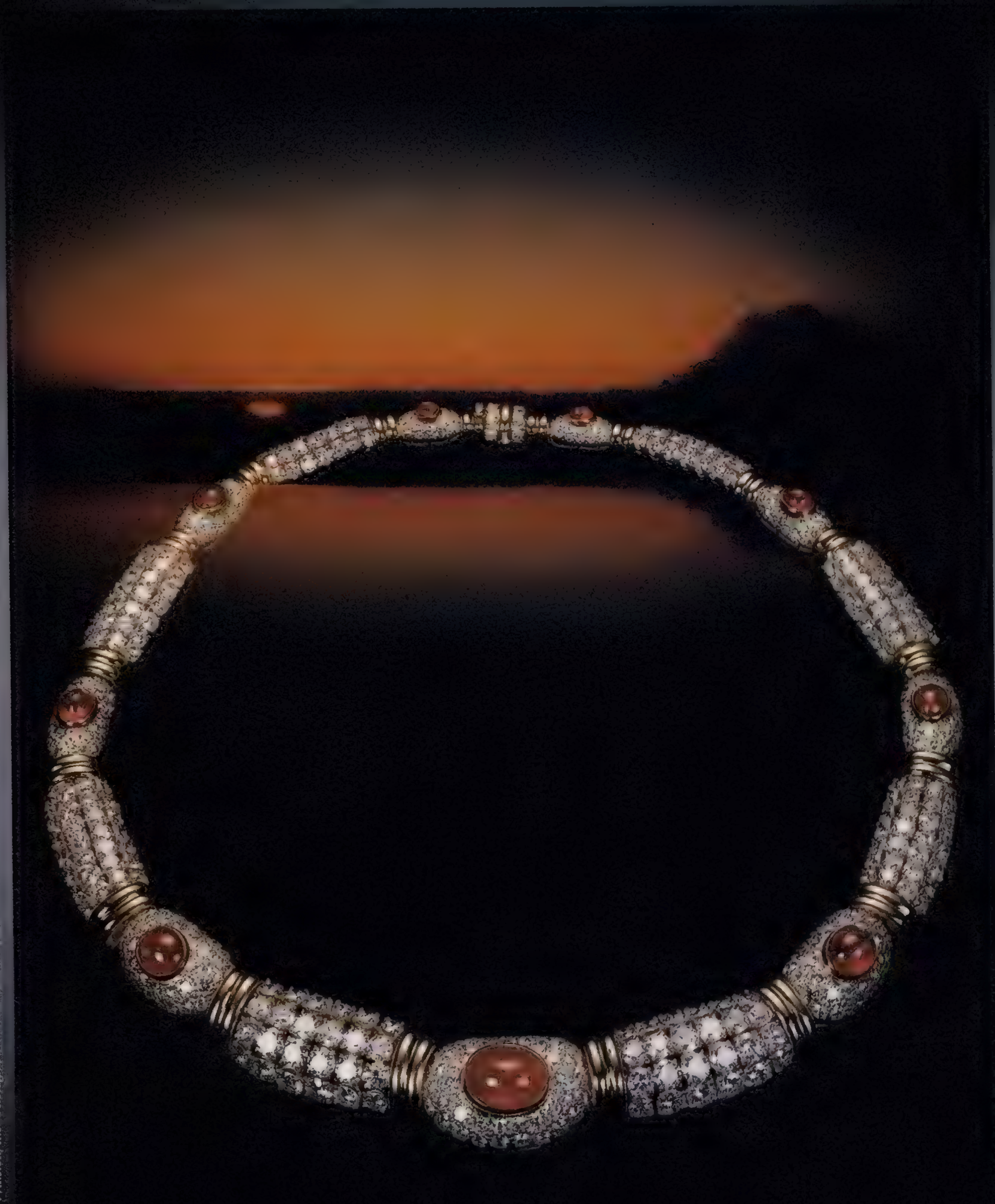

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY SACHA

YVES SAINT LAURENT

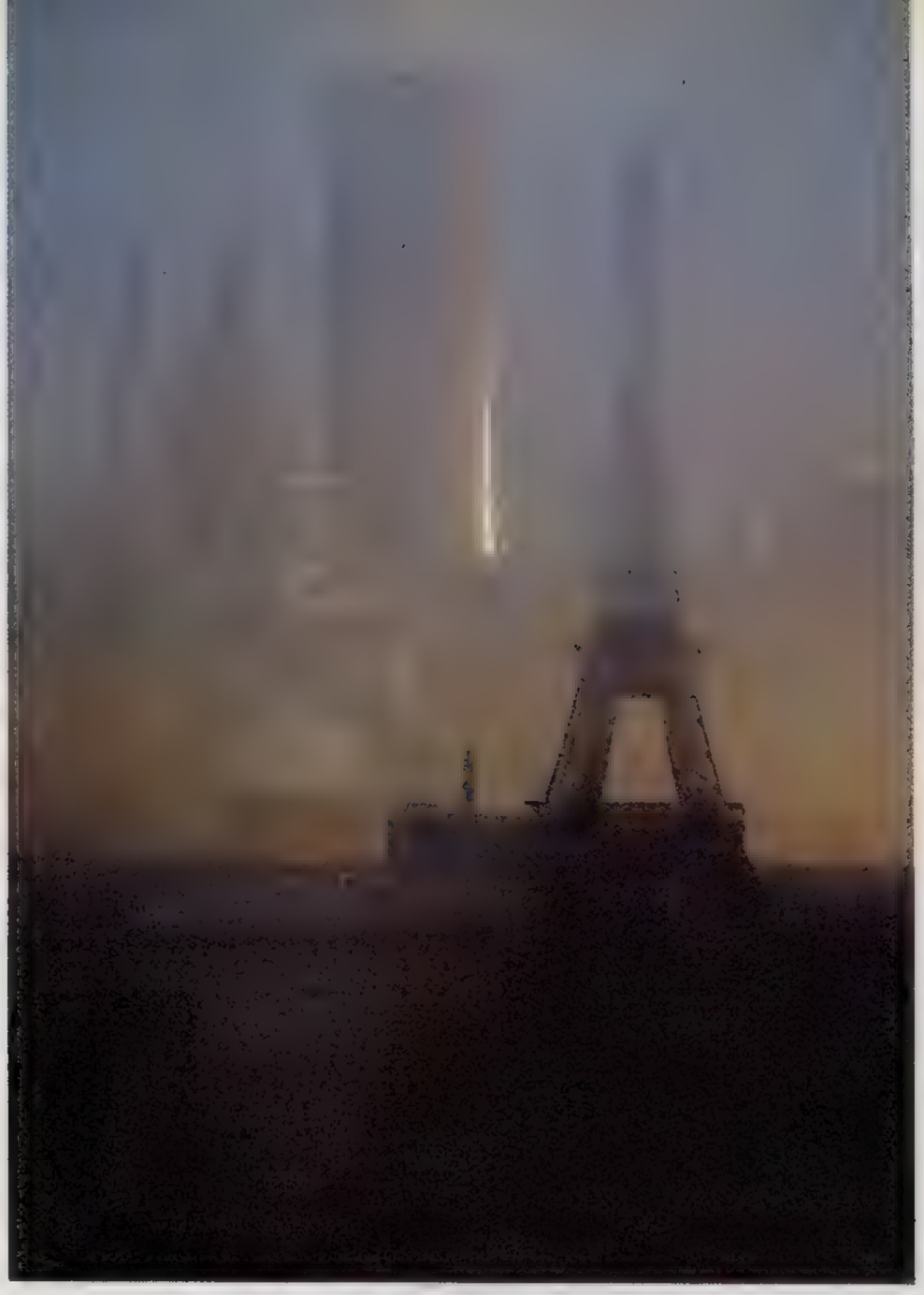
foulards

Paris

David Bailey

Undefinable—one of the best ways to define French elegance. And yet . . . and yet. There are certain obvious—illuminating—symbols. None more radiant, more ravishing than actress Catherine Deneuve—indomitable, always in evolution, gloriously feminine. None more inspired—or more influential—than Yves Saint Laurent (who designed the clothes Catherine Deneuve wears on these pages). The look here totally illuminating. Sensuous. Calm. Modern. Classic . . . as unmistakably French as the "skyline" of Paris . . .

CATHERINE DENEUVE



PARIS, A CITY BUILT TO SHOW OFF IN, TO SHOW ITSELF OFF. THE EIFFEL TOWER STARES DOWN THE NEW CONTROVERSIAL TOUR MONTPARNASSE, WITH ITS THREE-STAR VISTA, ACROSS THE HUMBLER DOME AND SPIKE OF LES INVALIDES, THE AMERICAN CHURCH. EACH CENTURY UNLEASHES ITS OWN MARKERS, BUILDS ITS OWN SIGNATURE. THE EIFFEL TOWER WILL BE ONE HUNDRED IN 1989 AND THEY SAID IT WOULDN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE WINTER

PARIS: THE STYLE AND THE SPIRIT

What exactly *is* French elegance, I'm often asked.
A difficult question, for elegance of whatever nationality defies definition. So many different elements are involved. . . .

To attempt to define elegance in purely Parisian fashion terms immediately places a limitation on it, and risks confusion with what for the French is only a shadow of the real thing—chic. That's an error to be avoided. Whereas chic. . . .

By Edmonde Charles-Roux

Dinner dress, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair by Edina; makeup by Thibault—both of Carita. Details, stores, last pages

Montage by Olivier Dassault

BEAUTY IN THE BOIS, CAUGHT BY THE TEENAGE JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE IN 1910—FOXES FLYING, TERRIERS SCALED IN INVERSE PROPORTION TO THE GIANT ELLIPSE OF A HAT. LARTIGUE WROTE IN HIS DIARY: "SHE: THE WELL-DRESSED, FASHIONABLE, ECCENTRIC, ELEGANT, RIDICULOUS OR BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'M WAITING FOR." LINES OF THE BODY ARE IRRELEVANT: THE DASH AND CONFIDENCE OF MOVEMENT ARE ALL

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(Continued) entails a good deal of *savoir-faire,* true elegance is, above all, mastery and possession of oneself. Where chic is aggressive and openly scorns everything unlike itself, elegance exerts control in other subtler ways. Always the skillful negotiator, it is at times unobtrusive, all the better to delude the enemy.

Elegance can adapt to changing circumstances as well, can cultivate deliberate blandness if that seems warranted (as was the case in World War I) or flaunt a certain flash and dazzle (as in Paris under the Nazi occupation). Chic is without mystery; elegance is the moving sands—indefinable. Chic is clever; elegance is intelligent. Chic is commercial; elegance is not necessarily so. Elegance can be simple, but it is never easy. And, in fact, there is no country on earth where it is as simply achieved as in France. If one compares the French to the Italians, the difference is immediately apparent: in Rome, everything is show, effect; while in Paris, everything is style. There we have the key word: style. Always style, carried to audacious, even outrageous extremes. And there we have one key to our Parisian mystery: Paris is the capital of style.

Nor is its preeminence limited to the domain of fashion alone. Without exception, those who practice an art in France, be they jewelers, perfumers, cosmeticians, bootmakers, hairdressers, or florists, be they manufacturers of crystal, fine linens, or porcelain, be they cooks (artistic endeavor *par excellence*), gardeners in the parks of Paris or, their most dangerous rivals, the window dressers whose sensational displays are the only thing able to draw attention away from the flower beds—all these artisans take inspiration from French tradition, from the privileged position of the French capital. And, all owe a great deal to its cultural climate. Of what other city can the same be said? No other. Elsewhere, fashion is essentially business. In Paris, while it is partially business, its lifeblood is the whole of French civilization.

It is undeniably in the streets of our city that the history of Western dress begins; and there it continues to unfold each day, in a quiet, inconspicuous sort of way. To identify it in broad outlines, one has only to look at the everyday shapes chosen by Parisian women in the act of dressing themselves. Not the contradictory or overdone shapes which fade quickly, leaving not a trace in the chronicles of the period, in its arts or mores. I refer instead to those shapes which are immediately recognizable as both beautiful and useful, which alone will be able to stand the test of time. Let us honor them, for they seem born of the city and its vast experience. Heirs to a fabulous tradition, they are straight like the Obelisk on the Place de la Concorde, elaborately turned like the pillars of Saint-Séverin, sculpted like the *jubé* of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, thrust out like the dormers on the Hôtel de Beauvais, rue François Miron. They are really nothing at all, nothing more than a bit of cloth drifting on the evening air, dark, black like Piaf's dress, nothing more than a cascade of folds caught up like the tunics on the nymphs of the Fontaine des Innocents. For, contrary to what some think, French fashion—the real one that endures and prevails—is not the result of a spontaneous burst of genius. It is not born of what people like to call a "flash of inspiration," thereby giving it the same impermanence as a flash of lightning. Fashion is not concocted from pure inventiveness, and is not simply an advertising phenomenon. It flows naturally from a whole series of human events to which Paris owes its eternal nature.

It is important to note that French elegance never flows against the course of French history. As a result, it shares a tendency toward the unexpected with a country full of political surprises, a country that offers to its creative population all sorts of pretexts for "change." Sumptuous decades followed by violent ones. . . There are countless examples.

Edmonde Charles-Roux—*author of "Chanel and Her World" (Vendome)—lives, as the wife of Gaston Defferre, Minister of the Interior, at the center of French political life. Former editor-in-chief of French Vogue, she won the Prix Goncourt for her novel "To Forget Palermo."*

Philadelphia Museum of Art

FRENCH PAINTERS HAVE NEVER BALKED AT DETAILING THE FASHIONS OF THEIR TIMES, THE BEAUTIES—BOUCHER AND LA POMPADOUR, INGRES AND MME DE SENONNES, VAN DONGEN AND HIS MISTY-EYED CATWALKERS. HERE, HENRI MATISSE'S "LADY IN BLUE" IS MORE A PORTRAIT OF PRETTINESS THAN OF A WOMAN (POSED BY HIS SECRETARY LYDIA, WHO ALSO MADE THE DRESS); AND THE PAINTER'S DELIGHT IN THE CURVES, RUFFLES, AND CURLS THAT A CHILD FASTENS UPON FOR DRESS-UPS BELONGS TO A LONG TRADITION

After the saucy styles of the reign of Louis XV—a Louis beloved of his people—came the reign of wild excess under the Louis who lost his head. Many heads and wigs fell, putting an end to the sleepless nights endured by Monsieur Léonard, *coiffeur* to the Queen, because of the spreading fame of one Mademoiselle Rose Bertin, royal milliner. But what about fashion? It survived it all. And what then? After the reign of Napoleon III with his waxed mustaches, after an era of crinolines, of abundance *à la* Winterhalter and generous *décolletés,* came the Prussian entry into Paris and a time of sobered skirts, middle-class modesty, gloomy discretion, and bustles. This was the direct result of the overthrow of the Empire. Then a rain of fire and the First World War. An unprecedented bloodletting which left the nation nearly dead. Was fashion to die, too? Surely not! The decade of courage gave way to that of the tango. And fashion? It was never in better health.

And so one decade follows another; they are never the same. And tradition has it that the *couturiers* are used to meeting history straight on. It will take more than the election of François Mitterrand as President to send them into mourning. They have shown themselves to be objective, and now know that those professions deemed artistic are being given a consideration never accorded them before, that they have nothing to fear from present-day French politics. It would have been absurd for our leaders to deny the immense creative power of French *luxe* or extravagance, and still more absurd to consider that said *luxe* is without economic implications. The artistic apocalypse that was prophesied both in France and the U. S.—not, by the way, without ulterior motives and a degree of self-satisfaction—is apparently not upon us.

And who would dare to maintain that, in our day, elegance is purely a matter of financial means. That is certainly not the case in Paris, as long as we define elegance in its widest sense, removing it from the temples of *haute couture* and from those neighborhoods which have served as its traditional setting. Can one really say elegance exists only there? I think not. It is in bloom in places where you least expect to find it: there's a rebellious elegance beneath the chestnut trees in the Luxembourg Gardens where the university crowd gathers, as the Queens of France look on, indifferent and so well dressed in their marble gowns; there's a sort of earthy elegance to be found in the blue-collar bistro, lost in the characterless back streets near the Gare de Lyon; there's a tumultuous elegance on the Place de la Bastille where, one May night in 1981, everyone danced in the rain to the sounds of orchestras thrown together on the spot. The distance between these neighborhoods and the Champs-Élysées, the Faubourg St-Honoré, or the Place de l'Alma is measurable not only in meters but in centuries.

That is because everything which has gone before still hangs in the air of Paris—the past and present, the frivolous and the weighty. Whence the ability of our artists to create with whatever is offered them in their own time by way of raw material—the bitter as well as the sweet. Whence, too, the continuing flow of their ideas, discoveries, ever adding to the list of events which have punctuated the history of the capital. And whence an elegance rich in passion and caprice that fashion in other countries has never known.

What French elegance owes to past and present history, what it owes to the world of pure art, and what the world owes to it would fill a book—a book on elegance through the centuries which could be written only in France. What other country could provide a list of chapters like the following? I'll cite only a few examples, at random: "An elegance imported from the Orient"; "Fashion and revolution"; "High fashion under colonial influence"; "Jacques Doucet and bibliophilism"; "Jeanne Lanvin and music"; "Gabrielle Chanel and film"; "Christian Dior and dance"; "Pierre Cardin and patronage of the arts"; "Yves Saint Laurent and musical comedy"; "Yves Saint Laurent and the theater," etc. . . . Nothing easier than to produce such a work. Paris forgets nothing. What isn't recorded in the history books can be found in the novels; what the painters *(Continued)*

Arthur Elgort

FRANCE'S STAR BALLERINA, GHISLAINE THESMAR, A PROTEGÉE OF BALANCHINE WITH FIRM IDEAS ABOUT DISCIPLINE AND HUMILITY—"I DANCE ONLY AS A CONDUIT"—SPREADS HER WINGS UNDER THOSE OF APOLLO BY MILLET ON THE ROOF OF THE PARIS OPERA, WHERE THE BALLET COMPANY IS NOW UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RUDOLPH NUREYEV, THE MAN WHO PUT FLIGHT BACK INTO BALLET IN 1962

(Continued) didn't paint, the photographers photographed; what the literati disdained as subject matter was rendered immortal by the great journalists. It has been that way since the days of the horse and carriage and will always be so. Glorious *fêtes nocturnes* in the chic neighborhoods or grim dawns on the barricades, Paris remembers it all. And so the vast panorama of our joys and sorrows goes on, uninterrupted, and without ever denying the role played in it all by Fashion.

No, Paris forgets nothing. And everything born of our city bears her mark.

—Translated from the French by Susan M. Stout

The whole of French civilization—the lifeblood of French fashion. And nowhere is that more clearly reflected than in a Saint Laurent collection . . . woven with threads of art, theater, opera, ballet—passionate, recognizable allusions to which the world responds. . . . Catherine Deneuve, perhaps the most recognizable, certainly the most classically beautiful of French actresses. With a success that's truly international: her presence grows, deepens richly from movie to movie—fifty-one in twenty-three years. Outstanding: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," "Repulsion," "Belle de Jour," "The Last Metro." Still to come: "The Hunger" and an as-yet-unnamed comedy

David Bailey

CATHERINE DENEUVE

Classic "smoking": Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.
Hair by Edina; makeup by Thibault—both of Carita. Details, stores, last pages

SPLENDOR

ULTIMATE SPLENDOR: THE COUTURE

"COUTURE." THE WORD CONJURES UP MARVELOUS IMAGES. SPLENDOR. SEDUCTION. ALL-OUT LUXURY AND DELIGHT. IT'S THE GLORY OF FRENCH FASHION. IN EVERY COUTURE SEASON—BEYOND THE SPECTACLE: THE INCREDIBLE QUALITY OF THE FABRICS; THE LEVEL OF WORKMANSHIP AND FINISH, OF CAREFULLY THOUGHT-OUT DESIGN. IT ADDS UP TO THE EXTRAORDINARY WAY THESE CLOTHES FIT, MOVE, FEEL ON THE BODY. IT'S WHAT MAKES THE COUTURE . . . THE COUTURE. THE SIGNALS WORTH WATCHING THIS SEASON: A FOCUS OF INTEREST ABOVE THE WAIST; A NEW SHORT DRESS FOR "BIG" EVENINGS; COAT DRESSING; AND, ACROSS-THE-BOARD—AN ACCENT ON FEMININITY, A BODY DEFINING NARROWNESS . . . LEGS!

YVES SAINT LAURENT'S KNOCKOUT SUIT, *RIGHT:* ITS PROPHETIC SHAPE WENT ALL THROUGH THE COLLECTION—SQUARED AT THE SHOULDERS, FITTED AND SMALL AT THE WAIST—WITH A NARROW, JUST-ABOVE-THE-KNEE SKIRT, A WONDERFUL PLAID SILK CRÊPE BLOUSE, A WONDERFUL PLAY OF PATTERN AND TEXTURE. FABRICS: SUIT, WOOL WORSTED, GANDINI; BLOUSE, ABRAHAM. . . . IN HIS ACCESSORIES, THE SAME FINISH AND CHARM, THE SAME WIT—A SMALL, SHARP-EDGED HAT SOFTENED BY A VEIL, A WISP OF HAIR; SNAKESKIN GLOVES; "JEWELS." DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

THE SLEEVES, *THIS PAGE,* FROM A JACKET AND BLOUSE BY EMANUEL UNGARO, SYMBOLIZE THE INFINITE DETAIL, THE REFINEMENT OF THE COUTURE . . . THE SUBTLE WAY FABRIC, PATTERN, AND TEXTURE COME TOGETHER. YOU CAN SENSE THE DELICACY, THE WEIGHTLESSNESS OF THE FABRIC EVEN BEFORE YOU FEEL IT.

Penn

These Sixteen Pages:
Hair, Garren of Garren,
New York; Makeup, Tyen of Paris

THE ULTIMATE SPLENDOR

THE LONG DRESS AT NIGHT, *THIS PAGE*: IN BLACK SILK VELVET, WITH A SPECTACULAR, SKIN-CLOSE LINE; A HALTER NECK BOWED AT THE BACK—BACK INTEREST, BARE OR DECORATED, IS PART OF THE NEWS. AND FOR COLOR, FOR FLIRT—DEEP RED SILK SATIN RUFFLES AT THE TOP, A KNEE-TO-FLOOR FLOUNCE. VELVET BY MOREAU; SATIN BY PERCEVAL. MORE COLOR AND FLIRT: RED SATIN HIGH-HEELS WITH JEWELED BOWS. EVERYWHERE THE MOST ENCHANTING PUMPS AND SANDALS ORNAMENTED WITH JEWELS, POMPONS, COCARDES. AND, EVERYWHERE, DARK LEGS.

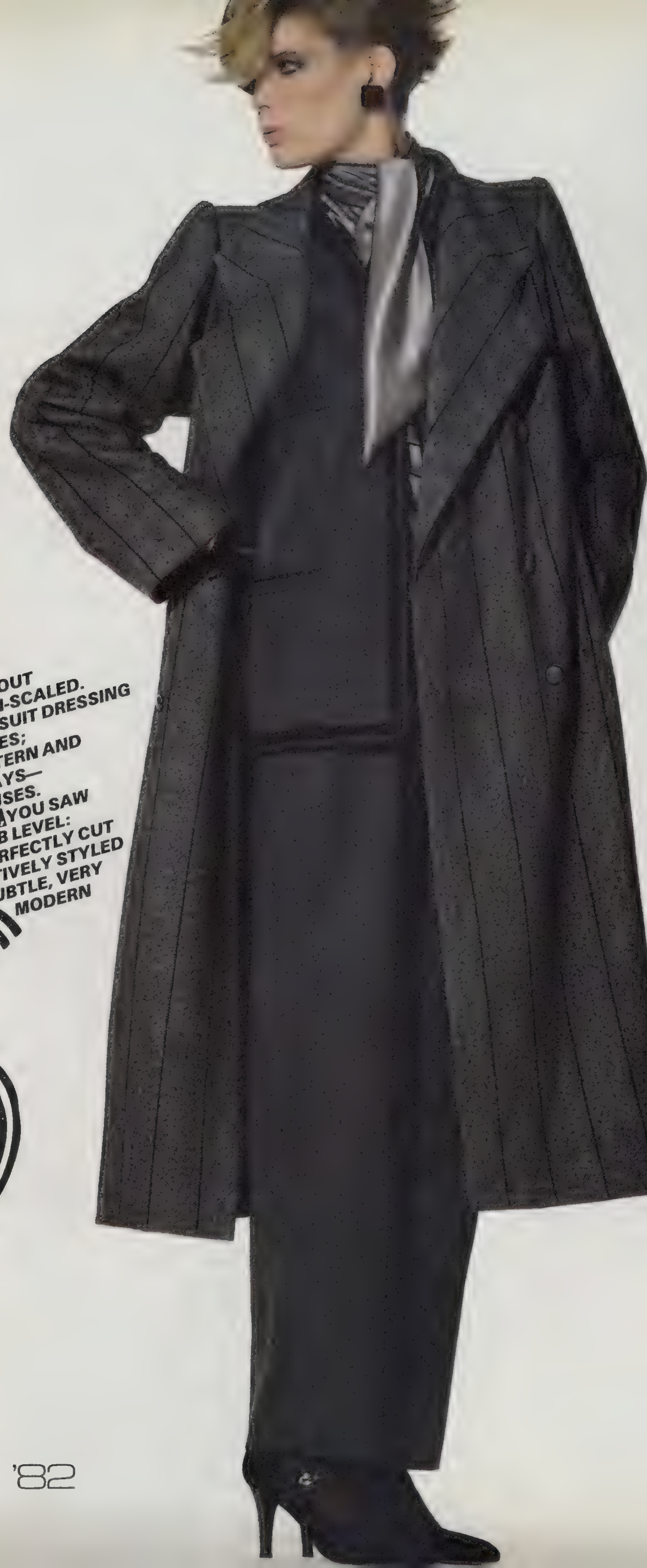
HOW DELIGHTFUL A SHORT DRESS FOR EVENING CAN BE, *OPPOSITE*: YVES SAINT LAURENT'S HAS A BEGUILING LITTLE TOP THAT TIES ON THE BODY (A SIGNATURE SHAPE), HERE IN BRILLIANT RED SATIN WITH BIG SLEEVES, A DEEP DÉCOLLETAGE, OVER A SLIVER OF BLACK VELVET. SILK VELVET BY MOREAU; SILK SATIN BY TARONI. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

FRANCE '82

EVENINGS IN PARIS: THE ALLURE OF ALL-OUT FEMININITY . . . SENSUOUS FABRICS (THIS SEASON JERSEY, VELVET, SATIN, TULLE, LACE) . . . SPECIAL EFFECTS! NEWS NOW: A NEW WAY OF THINKING ABOUT SHORT DRESSES, A NEW WAY OF THINKING ABOUT SHAPE—EVERYTHING'S NARROWER, EVERYTHING HAPPENS "AT THE TOP." ON THESE TWO PAGES: EVENING YVES SAINT LAURENT'S WAY: LEAN, VERY STRONG SHAPES; THE SMALLNESS OF BODICES SET OFF BY BIG BIG SLEEVES—PLEATED, PUCKERED, PINCHED . . . LACK QUICKENED WITH COLOR

THE

Penn



UNSURPASSED: UNGARO'S LONG, DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, *THIS PAGE*—SQUARED AT THE SHOULDER, STRAIGHT-FALLING—THE WARM GREY HERRINGBONE TWEED STRIPED IN BLACK. TO WEAR OVER HIS WOOL SUIT WITH A LONG JACKET, STRAIGHT TROUSERS AND SLEEVELESS SILK SATIN BLOUSE. TO WEAR OVER ANYTHING—WITH ASSURANCE, WITH PLEASURE. FABRIC: COAT, ALPACA/WOOL BY GANDINI; SUIT BY DORMEUIL; THE BLOUSE BY BESSON.

ONE OF UNGARO'S REMARKABLE BLOUSES, *RIGHT*. PART OF THE ALLURE—THE WAY IT FEELS ON . . . THE GENTLENESS, THE SOFTNESS OF SILK CRÊPE DE CHINE THAT WRAPS THE BODY IN A LONG, LEAN LINE. IT SETS OFF A SUIT THAT'S ANOTHER WONDERFUL MIX—A CARDIGAN OF SALT-AND-PEPPER BOUCLÉ WOOL TWEED AND MORNING-DRESS-STRIPED TROUSERS. FABRICS: BLOUSE, D'ESTE; SUIT, GANDINI. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

EVERYWHERE: KNOCKOUT COATS—STRONG, MAN-SCALED. AND A NEW SLANT ON SUIT DRESSING —CLEAN, NARROW LINES; AN EMPHASIS ON PATTERN AND TEXTURE; AND—ALWAYS— VERY BEAUTIFUL BLOUSES. AT EMANUEL UNGARO, YOU SAW THE NEWS AT A SUPERB LEVEL: CLOTHES THAT ARE PERFECTLY CUT AND TAILORED; CREATIVELY STYLED BUT VERY UBTLE, VERY MODERN

FRANCE '82

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THE ULTIMATE SPLENDOR

FRANCE '82

THE ULTIMATE SPLENDOR

THE SENSE OF FINISH—BALANCED BY SOFTNESS, BROUGHT TO THE HIGHEST LEVEL . . . AND, FOR LATE DAY AND EVENING, THE NEWS OF CONTINUING ARROWNESS— THE PREVAILING LINE AT EMANUEL UNGARO . . .

NEW FROM UNGARO, *LEFT:* THE PERFECT DINNER LOOK, ALMOST A "SMOKING"— BUT MORE . . . HIS NARROW BLACK WOOL JERSEY SUIT: A LONG, DOLMAN-SLEEVED "JACKET"— SIDE WRAPPED, SOFTLY GATHERED; MATCHING KNEE-LENGTH STRAIGHT SKIRT; AND THE LIFT OF DRAPED IVORY SILK SATIN MUFFLER, ATTACHED. WOOL JERSEY, RACINE; SILK SATIN, BUCOL.

A WONDERFUL NEW SHAPE IN A DRESS, *RIGHT*—EXTRAORDINARY UNDER-COAT DRESSING FROM UNGARO: HIS NARROW BLACK-AND-WHITE WOOL JERSEY CHEMISE WITH A SOFT FLOUNCED "OVERSKIRT" AT THE HIP. THE COAT, HIS OVERSIZED WHITE WOOL ALPACA INVERNESS. WOOL JERSEY, RACINE; WOOL ALPACA, AGNONA. FASHION DETAILS, SEE LAST PAGES.

Penn

THE ULTIMATE SPLENDOR

FROM MARC BOHAN FOR CHRISTIAN DIOR,
REAL LUXURY FOR DAY—AND FOR EVENING.
ONE OF THE MOST SUMPTUOUS—
MOST LUXURIOUS COATS—AND ONE OF THE MOST
HARMING—WITTIEST
—SHORT DRESSES

IN A COLLECTION OF GREAT COATS—THE WONDERFUL, OVER-SIZED SCALE OF A BIG, WRAPPING FISHER "TOPCOAT," *LEFT*, BELOW THE CALF, BELTED LOW ON THE HIP WITH A RUST SUEDE STRIP. UNDERNEATH, THE SURPRISE OF A SHORT, SHORT SKIRT IN BRONZED METALLIC LEATHER.

ANOTHER "CONFECTION" AT DIOR, *THIS PAGE*—FROM MARC BOHAN'S BEARDSLEY-INSPIRED COLLECTION: A HOT-PINK SILK MOIRÉ "BUBBLE," SMALL ON TOP, THE ONE-SHOULDERED BODICE COMPLETELY EDGED IN BLACK ORGANZA, THE SKIRT A FROTH OF PETAL-LIKE RUFFLES—ALL-OUT FEMININITY . . . ALL-OUT LEGGINESS! SILK MOIRÉ, CHATILLON; SILK ORGANZA, PROJETYS. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

FRANCE '82

WHAT KEEPS GOING STRONG THROUGHOUT
THE COUTURE: THE ALLURE OF THE SHORT DRESS
AT NIGHT—IN A GREAT VARIETY OF MOODS:
AT TIMES, SOFT, SENSUOUS, VERY MODERN—
UNGARO'S APPROACH . . . OTHER TIMES, FLIRTATIOUS,
AZZLING—GIVENCHY'S ATTITUDE . . .
THE ULTIMATE SPLENDOR
Penn

ALWAYS STRONG, ALWAYS SEDUCTIVE: BLACK AT NIGHT—PART OF THE APPEAL, THE IMPACT, OF EMANUEL UNGARO'S DREAM OF A LITTLE BLACK DRESS IN SILK CRÊPE, *LEFT* (FABRIC, TARONI). THE OTHER KEY ELEMENTS: A BIAS CUT THAT FALLS SENSUOUSLY ON THE BODY; A CUT-OUT BACK FOR ALL-OUT ALLURE—FOR A NEW THEME THAT DELIGHTED ALL PARIS.

FROM GIVENCHY: A FANCIFUL SIDE TO EVENING, *RIGHT*—SHIMMERY FLORAL SILK BROCADE, BODY-NARROW THROUGH THE TORSO, HELD AT THE HIP WITH A BIG BLACK BOW, RELEASING INTO A FLOUNCE OF FLIRTY RUFFLES . . . FROM THE TILT OF THE HAT TO THE SATIN GLOVE—TOTAL DELIGHT! (FABRIC, BIANCHINI). DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGES.

ALWAYS, THE EMPHASIS
ON EVENING—AND THE TOTAL SEDUCTION,
THE DELIGHT CONTINUES . . .
WITH THE MOST LUXURIOUS FABRICS
AND TOUCHES—LACE AND FEATHERS . . .
WITH A TOTAL AWARENESS—
A FLAUNTING!—OF BODY: IN GIVENCHY'S
NARROW OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD PRINT . . .
OR CARDIN'S LEGGY ONFECTION

ALL OVER PARIS: A CELEBRATION OF LACE—OF FEMININITY—THE ESSENCE OF PIERRE CARDIN'S "BUBBLE"-DRESS, *NEAR RIGHT*. BLACK LACE (HUREL) EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD THREADS FOR EVEN MORE DAZZLE; SLIPPED OVER STRAPLESS BODY-SKIMMING BLACK MATTE JERSEY TUBE.

THE BIGGEST EVENING, FROM GIVENCHY, *FAR RIGHT*: HIS SLINKY LAMÉ SILK-SATIN CRÊPE IN A GOLD-TOUCHED FEATHER PRINT—LONG AND VERY, VERY NARROW . . . "RELIEVED" WITH THE FLOURISH OF A HERON-FEATHER SLEEVE! (FABRIC, ABRAHAM). FASHION DETAILS, SEE LAST PAGES.

THE ULTIMATE SPLENDOR

Penn

FRANCE '82

FRANCE '82

A JOYOUS ABANDON!—YVES SAINT LAURENT'S SHORT, ALL-BLACK SEQUINED LACE DRESS, *LEFT*: RUFFLED, SHAPED CLOSE TO THE BODY, OVER A BLACK CHANTILLY LACE UNDERSLIP. AND, THE LAVISHNESS OF FEATHERS—ALL OVER—THE CONTRAST OF HOT COLOR IN A SHOCKING-PINK OSTRICH-FEATHER COAT. SEQUIN-EMBROIDERED LACE FABRIC IS BY MARESCOT.

DISARMINGLY SEDUCTIVE, *RIGHT*: EMANUEL UNGARO'S LEGGY BLACK PETAL DRESS—TIER UPON TIER OF REEMBROIDERED SILK TULLE. THE TOP EDGED IN JET BUGLE BEADS—AND, THE MOST ENORMOUS BLACK JEWEL-CENTERED ORGANDY BOW—ALL, VERY, VERY BEGUILING. SILK TULLE, FORSTER WILLY. ALL FASHION DETAILS, SEE LAST PAGES.

FASHION AT ITS MOST CAPTIVATING—IN THE DELICIOUSLY FESTIVE QUALITY AT SAINT LAURENT. AND, ALL OVER, RAVISHING SHORT EVENING DRESSES—UNGARO'S SHORT, LEGGY BLACK "PETAL" DRESS—DRESSES THAT MOVE, THAT SHOW THE BODY, THAT

LIRT!

ULTIMATE SPLENDOR

Penn

COUTURE: THE SPLENDID CRAFT

COUTURE DRESS IS A WORK OF ART, NOT A PRODUCT. IT IS AN EXPERIENCE....

By Hebe Dorsey

People who do not know often ask, "What's so great about Paris couture?" "What's so different about it from ready-to-wear?" They might as well ask, what's the difference betwéen a hand-dipped chocolate truffle and a Hershey bar? Couture, lest one forgets, comes out of human hands; ready-to-wear, in the end, is a machine-made operation.

The prices of French couture sound unbelievably extravagant. Today, a couture blouse may cost $1500, a suit six or seven thousand dollars, an evening dress ten to fifteen thousand dollars or more. From there, the sky is the limit. And yet, reportedly, many couture houses are in the red. Why? Because a couture dress is not a product but a work of art. A designer profits from his ready-to-wear, from his perfumes and sheets. He may not make a profit on that $1500 blouse.

The workings of a couture house are unique. A season's collection starts with the designer's vision, which he may work directly in cloth or sketch out into hundreds of models which he then passes along to his ateliers or workrooms. A fashion house is divided into several cells, each of them highly specialized. One deals with what is known as *le flou,* the sort of softness that you find in a dress or blouse; another deals with furs; another is devoted to suits—and the expertise of *le tailleur.* One man—for men are reputedly the best tailors—may cut the jacket of a suit; a second may cut the skirt. Each workroom is headed by a *premier d'atelier,* a most important personage for he or she has access to the master.

In the workrooms, a garment is made up, from the sketch, of plain white muslin—this is known as the toile—and it becomes the working model of what the creation will be. The cost of couture fabric does not allow for fumbling; a designer will most often cut into the toile, not the sequined embroidered lace, when inspiration strikes him. He may fit it, alter it, redesign it. In the words of Pierre Cardin, couture is a laboratory of ideas.

Artisans are what's behind the beauty of the Paris couture, people who are called, in their trade, *paruriers.* They are making *parures.* In French, *parure* means adornment, and these people are adorning, not merely dressing, women. At the beginning of the century, myriad *paruriers* gave Paris couture its unseen, unsung artistic backbone. They supplied belts and buttons, bijoux and bags. Some only did feathers, others flowers or felt trimmings.

Today, many of these small artisans have gone by the wayside, but enough are still left to make this the grandest of sewing adventures. When you hear *parurier* Jeanne Péral say, with a big sigh, "We were working until 3:00 A.M. last night to finish everything," you know this is a vocation, not a job. Madame Péral is not young. She has been at this for years.

But there she was, before this winter's couture collections, rushing from Dior—where she provided Edwardian details (including such lovely nonsense as translucent butterfly-decorated fans) to Jean-Louis Scherrer (she also constructed earrings that looked like crystal chandelier drops for him). Madame Péral is both dedicated and resilient.

As she says, "My girls almost had nervous breakdowns over those butterflies." She smiles, a happy glint in her eyes. Not that the woman is mean, you understand; obviously, she loves her work and so does her staff. The *paruriers* are part of the play. The first showing of the Collection—with a capital C—is their opening night.

Then take Gripoix, a house that makes combs, jewelry, and other glittery what-nots. Visiting their showroom in the Sentier—Paris' Seventh Avenue-like garment district, far far away from the chic couture houses on the Avenue Montaigne—is like stepping back a century. The dusty decor—grey walls, stacks of drawers piled ceiling-high in several rooms—is brightened by jewelry hanging here and there over old-fashioned wooden mannequins. A little lady in a "modest" printed frock hovers around, ready to give you anything you want. As she opens drawer after drawer, the room lights up with the sparkle of rubies and sapphires, diamonds and emeralds—all fake, of course, but somehow more glittery than real stones.

To understand what happens after all those *paruriers* have done their job, you must see Yves Saint Laurent work on his last fittings, a few days before his couture collection. He is the ultimate artisan as he sits there in that heat of a Paris July day and sweats out every detail. Despite the fact that he is surrounded by his entire staff—including two girls who scribble notations, as script girls do on a movie set—you have, nevertheless, a feeling of humble loneliness.

As each model comes in, his closest assistant, Loulou de la Falaise, suggests the jewelry, the hats, the gloves. Sitting silently in his white frock, Saint Laurent takes in each bit of it. Now and then, he gets up, drapes a veil on a hat or discusses such seemingly insignificant detail as the size of a button. Pierre Bergé, his business partner, is present too, but there is no question that Saint Laurent is the high priest in this room. As his assistants go to the long trestle tables laden with jewelry, gloves, hats, he chain-smokes and gives his advice in a whisper.

As Loulou hangs a jet necklace in the décolletage of a black lace-edged dress, Saint Laurent notes, "It's pretty—that necklace with that embroidery." Pierre Bergé's dog, Moujik, is snoring away. Another dress arrives on a model. Saint Laurent smiles. "It's changed since the other day."

A girl hands out a hat, another the gloves. At times, it looks like the serving of a Mass; sometimes, like a bullfighter getting dressed for the corrida, which is something of a ritual, too.

And while the climax of this effort is the opening of the collection, the last act belongs to the customer. For here, too, there is a feeling of uniqueness. There are the things only you—the couture customer—will ever know about this dress—beyond the glory of a show's presentation: the weightlessness of that dress when you lift it on its hanger, the look of the perfectly crafted interior of the garment, the softness of a skirt that on the runway seemed a model of line and body. There is the experience, at a fitting, when a sleeve is torn out—to be put back in a way that, for you, is better fitting. A length may be changed somewhat for your leg; a blouse shape transposed from one suit to another—or ordered alone, in any color or fabric. You discover the feeling of clothing made to perfectly fit: a waistline with enough gentleness to barely brush against your body. All of it is part of the craft that's the couture: the craft of cutting, fitting, and sewing.

At fittings, at least three people bustle around you: the tailor, the skirt-maker, the blouse-maker, plus your *vendeuse*—who is more than a saleslady, she is an advisor and confidante. As you step out of your skirt, two of these women grab your arms, in fear you might fall and break like some piece of precious crystal. They measure you and they adjust and correct. After it is all finished, they look at their creation on you, as if you, too, were now their creation. It is a moment that's touching and lovely and you know, deep down, the feeling cannot last. But you keep hoping it will. ▽

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Chloé...an aura of femininity released! in a scented candle, a sachet, in perfume unstoppered; a luxury reflected in boudoir treasures of the finest porcelain. Chloé by Karl Lagerfeld. His celebration of woman has begun! The fragrance collection, from 18.50 to $120. The accessories, from $39 to 86.50. Chloé...in the air now... with you! on an Air France Holiday to Nice. Stop there...stay there! at the Negresco Hotel, where you'll find all there is of style, of taste, of that sense of old-world elegance that is the French Riviera.

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Chloé...a joy for the spirit

Chloé...a feeling provocative as midnight. Chloé beckons a woman to enter its mystery in black silk crepe and ruffled organza. Exclusively for Saks Fifth Avenue. $1395. Chloé...poised amidst the dream of the Hotel de Crillon. Quite possibly the most beautiful hotel in that most beautiful of cities, Paris. Your dream destination on an Air France Paris Royale Vacation.

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The image begins with Louis Féraud.

Louis Féraud
PARIS

NINA RICCI

Fall entertaining begins with a soft palette of prints.
Paris-Bloomingdale's non-stop: The international chic of Gerard Pipart... the designer French women look to for typically Parisian style. Come see the fall collection filled with inspiring coats, suits and dresses for every hour.
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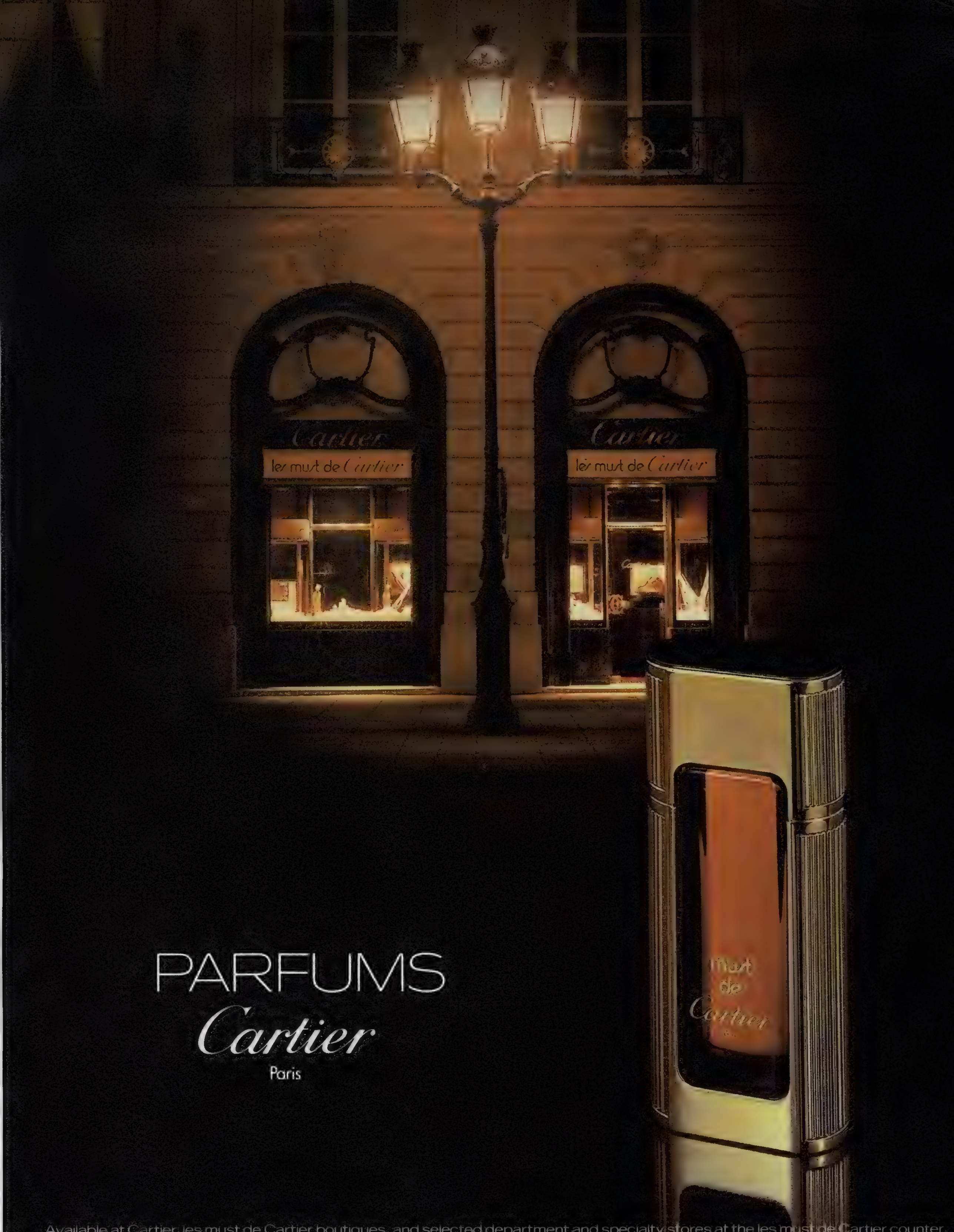
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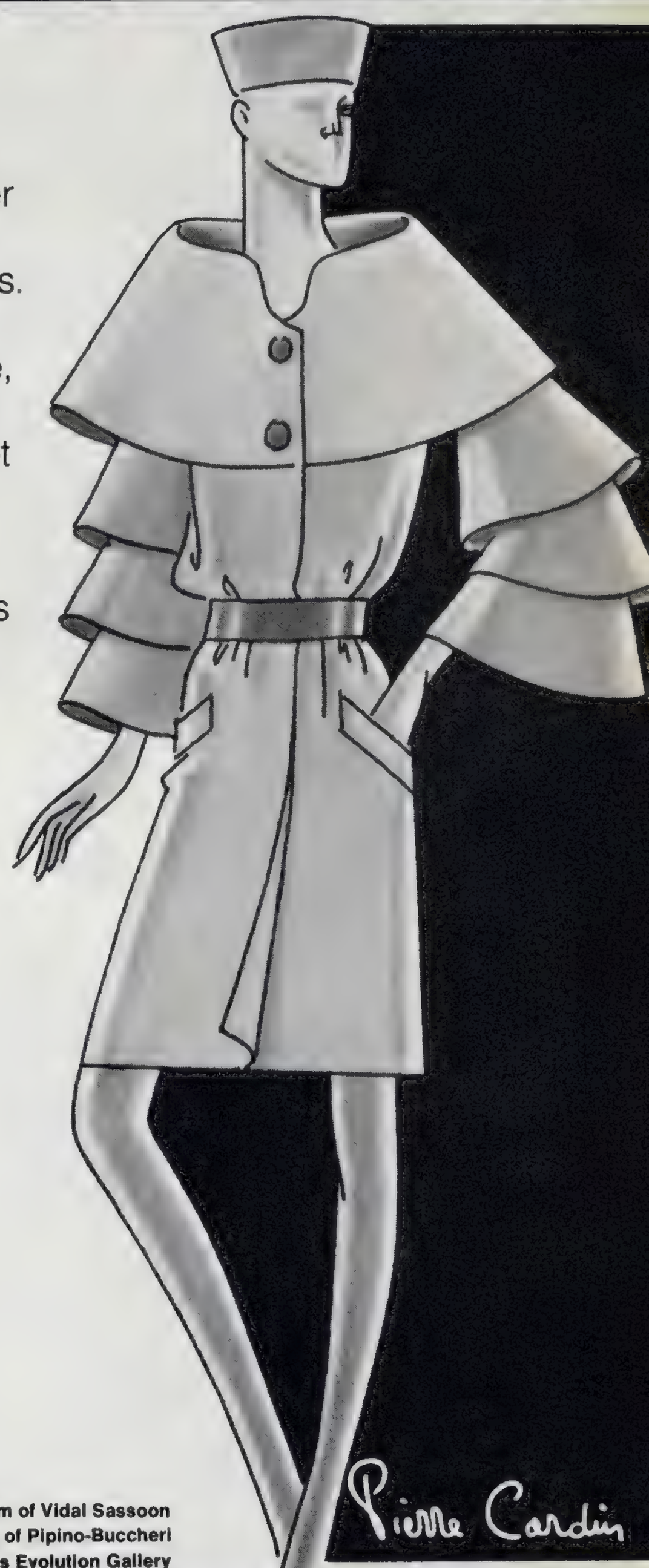

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THE QUEST

Symmetry and harmony, logic and reason, excess and burnt sugar, pedantry and wit, good taste and persiflage, precision, abstract flights, and a knowing grasp of every problem—what's unique and what's eternal about France today, from Boulle to truffles to the pointed silver scent of rocket fuel

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

Even lying flat on a map, with Spain as one huge swollen leg and Italy as a stringy one, France manages to look symmetrical and alert, a spirited hexagon whose six points are on the lookout for any sign of disrespect.

On the evening news, France is referred to as "the hexagon," which reminds viewers of its geometric perfection and its position in the world of ideas. The French have a superb command of time, space, speed, distance, form, and texture, and an even better relationship with abstraction itself. Physical reality here serves three functions: the first is to give pleasure, the second is to prove one's point, and the third is to act as vehicle for symbols—a cumbersome and unwieldy vehicle at times, but unfortunately the best one available. Generations of Frenchmen have worked on refining gross reality down to the point where it can best fulfill their requirements, and this explains why the materialism of France is so dialectical as to be a veritable chatterbox.

Paris itself is full of past ideas turned to stone: Matriolatry made Notre Dame; Faith made all the other churches; The Divine Right of Kings made the palace of the Louvre; Imperial Glory made the Arc de Triomphe, beneath which the Unknown Soldier is represented by the eternal flame; Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity all pulled down the Bastille and put up a pillar in its stead. Even empty space is aligned according to a dominant idea: vistas, perspectives, and panoramas of monuments are all demonstrations of matter bent to mind, confirmed by the absence of interfering buildings, as if the air itself had been trimmed to best express the will. Inevitably, the ideology behind the grand designs is forgotten, and the spaces themselves become no more than Sights; they end up on postcards, looking mysteriously noble, become clichés, truisms to represent the place they are in. Only when their design is violated by the intrusion of a water tower or a skyscraper does one suddenly notice their reality: structures aligned according to an old conception of the world that didn't wear well, in short, Old News.

The path from ideology to truism to old news is not only

Joan Juliet Buck *is a Vogue contributing editor and author of "The Only Place to Be" (Random House), a novel whose heroine, like Ms. Buck, grew up in France and is marked by a French education.*

"We're liberal in the moral sense: afraid of all power"

the necessary journey of monuments and ideas but also that of fashion. The constant refinement of reality, allied to the ability to dismiss something, would already prepare the ground for fashion: the ability to think abstractly and in a constant stream of metaphors makes it that much richer. It isn't the climate of France, the silk industry of Lyon, or even the superiority of French workmanship that makes Paris the city of fashion. It's the ability of the French to take the abstract as seriously as they take the tangible. You can't have fashion without metaphor, and the French are past masters at metaphor.

Metaphor lives in the French mind, waits there ever-latent, like a virus, ready to spring into figures of speech. Such concepts as the Shakespearean Body Politic are never far away in a country where the official death penalty was performed by a guillotine. Euphemisms such as "the evening of life" come naturally to the pens of ad writers, and no one in charge of titles and headlines can resist puns based on a profound knowledge of the great quotes of history. Words are a hobby to every Frenchman, and the nearer he gets to a microphone, the more imperative is his desire to make his sentences bloom. When I was fifteen, I was mortified to hear myself described by a French guest of my parents as "fresh as a summer morn." To him it seemed only natural to pay insincere and flowery tribute to the first of his host's possessions that came into view. It was the spirit of metaphor that made "Sous les pavés, la plage" [beneath the cobblestones, the beach] one of the rallying cries of May 1968.

Metaphors are not fixed: anything can mean anything else. Pierre Bergé, the man behind Saint Laurent, does not hesitate to call the designer, in a public speech, "the speaking clock of this business, so that all one has to do is consult you to know, at the tone, what the exact fashion will be." It's all in the mind: If you think of your country as "the hexagon," you have the disposition necessary to tell the difference between set-in or raglan sleeves; you are also halfway to seeing the hexagon as a little man waving his arms (which would prepare you for the second vocation of metaphorical thinkers, movie criticism) or as the border around Leonardo's figure of a naked man with outstretched arms.

If you were taught in school that revolutionaries wore *red* hats and aristocrats wore *red* heels, you begin life with a point of view about *red* that is not open to a Russian child, who has to think of red as his flag, or to an American child, who has to think of ketchup and Nancy Reagan's dresses. Red means more to you than to a Chinese child, for whom it is the color of good luck. It is a color that can mean both one thing and its total opposite. It's a sign.

The current development in French intellectual history confirms this. After several fruitless centuries spent on the questions of God's existence and the meaning of life, and having concluded not long ago that both were a waste of time, French philosophers have now turned to the study of words rather than their meaning. Structuralism, a method by which language is viewed as a structure (not just a way of communicating) has become the dominant means of approach. Structuralism—in the words of one of its disciples, "a cold and concerted destruction of the subject"—works best on inanimate objects or things that do not aspire to more than one dimension. This explains the current universal vogue for images, both as notions and as pictures of things. Such overly personal concepts as existentialism are now old hat. The intellect has its fashions, too.

Structuralism, originally used by Claude Lévi-Strauss to work out kinship patterns, begat semiotics, created by Roland Barthes as a system by which each sound represents a *sème,* or sign. He was an entertaining writer, and addressed himself to the iconography of advertising and everyday images. He wrote an entire book about fashion as signifiers and signifieds. Its first chapter, "Le vêtement écrit" [the written garment..!], explains why: *Half the women in France regularly read publications devoted at least partially to fashion; the description of the fashionable garment (much more than its making) is thus a social fact, so that even if the fashionable garment remained purely imaginary (without any influence on true garments) it would constitute an incontestable element of mass culture, just as do popular novels, comic strips, and movies.*

The spread and popularity of the structuralist way of thinking has liberated French exchange from its duty (say fifteen years ago, even ten) to be solemn, rooted in the strict processes of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. Now, a person can feel free to be as superficial and attached to appearances as his metaphor-ridden mind wants to be; for it is only by paying close attention to the surface that you can hope to read signs. Thus Jean Cau, a right-wing writer, begins a book attacking the Socialist government by pointing out that most Socialist party deputies are teachers with trimmed beards. This is followed by a 110-page tirade against beards, which are interpreted as signs of every kind of impotence, beginning with the sexual one. The defense, in the subsequent exchanges in the press, was of beards, rather than of Socialism.

No wonder the atmosphere in France today is luminous and full of unexpectedly good humor. Ever since I was a child—a child there—the gloom of pedantry has hung in the air. The tension has always been between what is ordered, correct, rational, logical, Cartesian, deeply knowledgeable, clear-minded and long-winded, cautious, dry, scholarly, parsimonious, and bourgeois, on the one hand; and, on the other, what is frivolous, senseless, silly, thoughtless (let them eat cake, etc.), surreal, absurd, ludicrous, pretty, and fun. When the Socialists were voted in last May 10th, on the slogan *La Force Tranquille* [the quiet strength; or, the tranquil force] and the symbol of a Baccarat rose, the temperate virtues had won; and by the law of compensation, this was what frivolity and gaiety had been waiting for to reassert themselves.

The shift caused by last year's elections is noticeably repeated in various other shifts: the shift of French capital towards the borders, the shift of resident aliens from Paris to Monte Carlo, the shift of the richer French towards New York and Los Angeles (nothing gets you on a plane faster than Socialism. "Hi, I'm Socialism, flee me!") and the shift of interest from the scholarly and bohemian but desperately grey Left Bank to the brighter, more anarchic, older and yet far newer area across

the Seine that runs between Le Palace, Beaubourg, Les Halles, and the Ghetto.

Whereas the Left Bank—the symbolic metaphorical Left Bank as well as the real one—had been the place of knitted brows, loden overcoats, and dirty Burberrys, high heels and long hair, books and politics, the new Right Bank is all knees, elbows, and protruding ears, Day-glo plastic jackets and short iridescent raincoats, flat shoes and shorn hair, magazines and commerce and drugs.

Each bank has its path—on the Left Bank the taxi passes through the golden triangle formed by Lipp, The Flore, and the Deux Magots, a sacred hub of existential life and its parasitic occupation, hanging out; on the Right Bank, one is always, it seems, coming down the rue de Richelieu past the giant spotlit dandelion fountain in front of France's main auction house, the Hôtel Drouot. Each stage has its itinerary; sometimes it's through the mind and sometimes it's through the pocketbook.

And that is the basic division: words *(les mots)* versus things *(les choses)*. Sartre's autobiography, the story of his life among ideas, was called *Les Mots*. Published the same year, 1965, was a first novel by Georges Perec, who became one of France's foremost writers; it was about a young couple who are defined by their possessions, and it was called *Les Choses*. A year later, Michel Foucault wrote his "archaeology of human sciences." It was called *Les Mots et Les Choses*. In France, ideas are things and things are ideas.

1. LES MOTS

I tend to think of France as a schoolchild does, because I was a French schoolchild before I was anything else. I have a respect for French institutions that wavers between fear, awe, and ennui; and I see schoolteachers everywhere when I'm in the hexagon: just walking up the rue des Écoles, I can feel the distant chill of their disapproval. I live in dread of running into my headmaster, Monsieur Gaudin. At the same time, I am permanently in the thrall of an urge to dot i's and cross t's, to correct people's grammar and syntax, and cannot resist lecturing people smaller and frailer than I am. This is what a French education did for me. I confessed all this to a French writer friend one evening; his eyes lit up. "I know," he said. "Isn't pedantry great?" Thus encouraged, I told him about my fear of headmasters. "But there are no more headmasters," he reassured me. "Sartre is dead and Barthes is dead and Lacan is dead. Even Georges Perec is dead. There's not one headmaster left. . . . "

Well, yes, but. I went to see Peter Brook's *Carmen,* an astounding pared-down production in his theater, the gutted shell of a former music hall in the Arab quarter of Paris, called the Bouffes du Nord. I took Nicole Wisniak, the editor of a social diversion of a magazine called *Égoïste.* She glanced nervously at the sand at our feet, at the benches where we sat, and at the silver-haired women with crew cuts and baggy jeans who were calling to each other and eating mandarins, throwing the peel on the sand, at the intense young men and women and the Hollywood scouts who'd flown over to see this production. At the end of the evening, after much singing, rutting, and killing (a basic *Carmen*), the crowd was easing its way out the door when I felt a chill: the headmaster chill. The crowd felt it too; all the former French schoolchildren froze.

"It's him," whispered Nicole.

We were nose to nose with the President, François Mitterrand. I felt a mad urge to tell him that I had done my homework. With him was Robert Badinter, the Minister of Justice, and two women, presumably their wives. No secret service, no thick-set men with china-headed pins in their lapels, no walkie-talkies. We filed out behind the President, two by two. On the sidewalk the entire crowd—bohemian, artistic, free of convention—held its breath as the President got into the front seat of a perfectly ordinary (the French word is *banalisé,* made banal) car and the Minister of Justice did the same.

"We'll have seen it all!" exclaimed a woman as the cars drove off, "sitting next to the chauffeur! There's no respect for form anymore! What are we coming to?"

Nicole Wisniak, on the other hand, was impressed, "I rather like him for that," she said.

But the first reaction is what comes most naturally: part outraged pedantry, part bourgeois disgust. I remember as a child with a hoop (it was the 'fifties, and children still had hoops then in Paris, and not the hula kind either) and an ice-cream cone, having to run the gauntlet of disapproving mothers sitting with crossed legs on those little beige metal chairs at the Rond Point. "Ice cream! Bad for the teeth! Spoil her appetite! Who'd give a child ice cream?"

They haven't stopped. In the famous wine cellar of the Tour d'Argent, two women are overheard as they peer at the bottles in their cubicles. "Pomerol!" says one, appreciative. "Euh," says the other, "that's a general appellation. It doesn't mean a thing."

The first comes back—"Château Gazin 1970!" Triumph in her voice. The second is chastened. "Ça," she concedes, "c'est bon."

The schoolteachers are never far away. Thank God for Serge July and *Libération.*

Libération was originally a resistance newspaper, which folded in 1965. Sartre started it up again nine years ago, with Serge July—a former 'sixty-eighter—as editor. It has become the brightest, funniest, liveliest, most irreverent and delightful, and, oddly, most accurate newspaper in France. This is the newspaper that illustrates a review of a journal of esthetics devoted to Sartre and Barthes with a picture of two black prizefighters slugging it out. Headlines such as "The Socialist party takes

(Continued on page 342)

OVERLEAF: THE MAGIC OF FRENCH THOUGHT CAN TURN STONE TO LACE—AS IN THE WHITTLED SURFACE OF NOTRE DAME, AT LEFT, THE BASIC IDEOGRAM FOR PARIS, AS DELICATE A PIECE OF SLEIGHT-OF-MATTER AS THE SLEEK BULLET, CONCORDE. . . . OR TURN LACE TO STONE, AS CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS, RIGHT, WHOSE WORK IN STRUCTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY—STRICT-SCIENCE—GAVE RISE TO A WAY OF LOOKING AT SOCIETIES AND ALL THEY CONTAIN THAT ORGANIZES TINY THREADS OF CULTURAL INFORMATION INTO AN INTRICATE, METICULOUS STRUCTURE. HIS PRECISE METHODS OF ANALYSIS IMPOSED STRUCTURALISM AS THE TOOL OF INTERPRETATION AND MOLDED THE SHAPE OF THOUGHT PROCESSES FOR TWO GENERATIONS OF INTELLECTUALS IN EVERY FIELD.

Liberman

NOTRE DAME

CLAUDE LÉVI-STRAUSS

Penn

At Le Palace, the task is to keep afloat a series of parties and divertissements not unlike what Louis XIV used to order up at Versailles

tranqs"or "It's spring . . . except for the Left, the rugby 15, the Franc and OPEC" make it impossible for anyone to define the paper as left or right wing. It just *is,* barking at everyone, and employing its editors as investigative reporters as well. Its circulation is sixty thousand daily; and, until February, it carried no ads but a regular page devoted to detailed criticism of the advertising in other publications.

Whereas most newspapers have their offices on or near the rue Réaumur, *Libération* is up in the eighteenth—around the corner from the Bouffes du Nord. The staff are dressed in multicolored new-wave bits and say *tu* to everyone except for the forty-year-old editor Serge July, who wears a correct suit and uses the *vous.* "French press," he says "is all opinion and no facts. In France you have to be For or Against the facts; we have this attitude which is that our politics depend on what we find. We're liberal in the moral sense: afraid of all power. People find us very critical and generally annoying. We check out all information; and it turns out that increasing numbers of people want a press like that." His bearing is ironic, his attitude courtly.

Libération's scoops include the first reports from Iran during the Ayatollah's takeover ("The poorest paper, and there we were—because we'd followed him from Neauphle-le-Château.") The paper's contribution is bigger than that, being on the level of attitudes. "What we like is paradox, to show that nothing is simple. *Libération*'s reporters mistrust everything, including themselves."

A newspaper helps to make a climate; in the days when the only local paper one could respect was *Le Monde,* getting through the French news was worthy and exhausting. Now the news is only incidental to the pleasure of reading the caustic and sparkling *Libération.* It has dangers too: the small ads reveal that many a lonely soul will meet the person they've lovingly sketched out in the "Sandwich" column, by a clock or under a *métro* sign, carrying *Libération.* The sexual practices invited are far more complex than the modest tribadism proposed by the similar ads in the back of *The New York Review of Books.* To be seen carrying *Libération* under one arm near a *métro* station is to suggest that one is looking for thrills.

Claire Bretécher's abrasive clarity contributes to the climate of hearty ironic sophistication. Her cartoon strips in *Le Nouvel Observateur* deal with the grown-up 'sixty-eighters facing every variety of cruel ignominy, from not going on television to promote their careers to being cheated by stamp machines in New York. She did a life of Saint Teresa of Ávila (where the saint was constantly embarrassing her sisters by floating inopportunely upwards during prayer) and has now turned her attention to the problems of pregnancy. "Everyone thinks it's because I'm pregnant," she grumbles, looking down at her perfectly flat stomach.

Ms. Bretécher looks like a combination of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, with glasses and straight bobbed blond hair. She describes herself as "visceral anti-communist" and says she lost her faith in God at the age of three. Having fought on both fronts, as it were, all her life, she has come to certain fall-back positions. "I suppose we're all fed up with being hunched over tight little ideologies that are boring us to death. Since it's chic to be anti-any-government, it's suddenly chic to pretend to love money. Now you don't have to pretend, this is a perfectly natural urge. We don't have to convince ourselves that nature is left wing and loving anymore, because as any fool can tell, nature is right wing and always has been."

The kind of humor abroad now is unlike what the French are known for, which is called persiflage. There are still the hostesses who can keep a straight face while they say, "I'm sorry, there's simply no room at the table, could you come for coffee," but that's just regular combat manners. There's the old-fashioned slice and glide, as in the production of *Cheri* starring Michele Morgan where one woman says to another, "You smell divine! Have you noticed how well perfume holds once your skin isn't so taut anymore?" Here and there, a badly brought up young man will inquire of his dancing partner if she studied ballet; and when she nods a yes over the beat of the records (as any well-brought-up young girl would), he will say "not much," to his later shame. But otherwise, there's a change. At the book fair (just before Easter), I staggered in new high heels to the chair standing at a booth operated by the Catholic newspaper *La Croix.* A pair of *La Croix* journalists—both men—motioned for me to sit down. "The house of the Lord is large, my child," said one, "sit down."

My shoes came off. "Is there anything else we can do for you?" the other asked.

I looked at my crumpled feet.

"Ah," said the first, "the person who washes feet isn't around now, he'll be back right after Easter."

This could be no more than part of a general decadence engendered by the Socialist government, of course. A former philosophy professor of mine, Jean-Marie Benoist (a man so totally unintelligible that the only words of his we could clearly make out were the syllables "Niki de Sainte-Phalle"), recently attacked the government's policy on euthanasia by calling the regime "thanatocratic"—founded on a death wish. Benoist sees the social security financial aid given for abortions as the cause of a future *dénatalité* (depopulation) that will bring about the end of France. Oddly, he concludes with the announcement that France is occupied by the forces of destruction, and she must "employ herself in preparing the voluntary interruption of the Socialist experiment, before she gives birth to monsters," which is called fighting abortion with abortion; strangely matched weapons, indeed, and for what terrain?

Looking for decadence, one would find it. The arcades of the rue de Rivoli swarm with very young men who are for sale; they are mainly Vietnamese or Cambodian, and their commercial activities begin about ten at night. A recent law legalized messing around with minors of the same sex; I

am sorry to have missed M. Benoist's opinion on that matter. (There is also a gay radio station, "Fréquence Gaie," a gay paper called *Gai Pied* which can also mean—as *guêpier*—hornet's nest—but then *pied* also means foot and also extremes of pleasure, as in "prendre son pied," which does not mean to take one's foot but to have an orgasm—and every Wednesday night at Le Palace is devoted to something called "Gai Excitation.")

The owner of Le Palace, Fabrice Emaer, who took over the site five years ago when it was a moribund theater, was until then best known as the owner of the most elegant gay club in Paris, Le Club Sept, a place where young women longed to be invited, for it signified private dinners with Yves Saint Laurent and various Rothschilds, and wild dancing downstairs. Now Emaer's task in life is to keep afloat a series of parties and divertissements not unlike what Louis XIV used to order up at Versailles—with the difference that the audience is young and unknown, with only a sprinkling of the glossy courtiers who used to go by the name of *Le Tout Paris.*

The parties at Le Palace punctuate the Parisian calendar, and serve to highlight those occasions that bring people there. Sometimes it's Loulou de la Falaise or Charlotte Aillaud as hostess, and other times it's an idea: eighteen months ago, a "romantic" evening was composed around the idea of pirate fashion. The invitation gave hints, gentle and sincere without a trace of condescension, as to how best to piratize oneself *(. . . One important point: any historic costume is welcome, but you must wear it in a provocative way, personalize it as well; make it your real costume, which is not a disguise, it's your real personality that you must expose. . .).*

The party that marked the end of the fashion shows last spring was on the theme "Riche et Célèbre"—and had nothing to do with the Bisset/Bergen movie that went by that name in Paris. The invitation bore a photograph of Fabrice Emaer and his colleagues in white tie, Sylvie Grumbach dressed as the Queen of England, and a list of people to emulate: *The women will be frivolous like Josephine de Beauharnais, spendthrift like Marie Antoinette, provocative like Nancy Cunard, elegant and mysterious like Lady Hamilton, enigmatic like Antinéa, annoying like green grapes or Brigitte Bardot's lips, pitiless like Marie-France Garraud. . .* etc. (Marie-France Garraud is a right-wing political lady who advised both Pompidou and Chirac.)

In these times, the invitation continues, *that are human, perhaps too human, Le Palace has chosen this slightly impertinent theme so as to practice the aristocratic art of displeasing. . . .*

It works. The party, a mixture of names and beautiful young unknowns, of girl mimes from London and limbo dancers in tuxedos, and the usual mad gay men wrapped in cellophane and wearing antennae, and assistant designers in huge ballgowns, and the jet set looking for duty-free fun, went on until dawn without stopping for an instant. "The Palace is well proportioned," wrote no less an expert than Roland Barthes in 1980, "which means one is not afraid there. (One would gladly sleep there.) Too small, a theater suffocates; too big, it freezes. Here one can circulate from top to bottom, change places according to whim—a freedom denied one in other theaters, where the amount of money one has paid determines where one is given one's seat."

Fabrice Emaer also organizes, outside of normal dancing nights, rock concerts and poetry readings (William Burroughs, John Giorno). "Culture," he told *Le Monde,* "like *la fête,* is not a definition under state control. It's not normal that *la fête* should only be celebrated on the 14th of July, and that the rest of life should be made up of tragic crises."

The new Minister of Culture, Jack Lang, would like "to make culture the very center of our lives." An agreeably shaggy-haired and appealing-looking man in his forties, Lang was the founder and director of the avant-garde theater festival of Nancy—a festival that brought Bob Wilson and Jerzy Grotowski to a wider public before they were well known in their own countries. He has so far succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of his counterparts in other countries: the arts budget for France for this year is one billion dollars.

Lang has declared at various press conferences that "The combat of President Mitterrand is before anything a cultural one; it is designed to bring back among us more friendship, more respect. . . . We don't want to invent a culture of state, an official culture. Any man who has talent should be able to create. Our duty is to make books loved, to make paintings loved, to make music, and architecture, and cinema, and France, and other countries loved as well."

A tall order. Those opposed to Lang's way of thinking argue that you can't force-feed a nation with culture, that young people are far happier playing video games than reading paperback books, or being dragged to theater. As part of an overly energetic program of decentralization (an effort to combat all kinds of elitism also attacks the geographic elitism of the notion of central sites), most avant-garde theaters have been moved to the outlying suburbs of Paris, which makes it difficult for the people who like avant-garde theater to find them, and does not necessarily raise the cultural standards of the people living in those particular suburbs. Lang's innovations and statements meet with greater approval when they confine themselves to what *l'homme moyen sensuel* wants to hear, such as "In France, culinary art is an art tied to popular tradition, it brings people together."

The importance of food and sex as staples for survival of the body and the race is lesser than their importance as ideas. The bons mots of the late Jacques Lacan, the head of the Freudian school of Paris, collected together as "writings" but in effect never written down by him, testify to this. His aim was to startle his students and to alarm his patients; his technique was founded on the sudden pronouncement (example: "There is no such thing as sexual intercourse") and relied almost entirely on the pun; as the puns were in French, his teachings remain untranslatable (example: *je persévère*—I persevere—really means "I stern father," *persévère* being *père* and *sévère*).

The attraction of Lacan and Lacanian thinking, to the French, is a chauvinistic one: no one else can understand it; and the puns relate to a humor that is based on being able to think quickly. Read for sense, Lacan's writings can drive you mad; read solely in pursuit of jokes, they afford delight. One of his best jokes—though it is a *serious* idea—is the fantasy reminiscent of Plato's four-legged androgynes from the Symposium. It is the existence of an incorruptible, perfect other self, the double of the body, born at the same time as the baby and irretrievably lost in that instant, created by the breaking of the original egg; it is named, in true Lacan manner *l'Hommelette.* The omelet, cause of all man's woes.

Truisms about food and sex abound, and shared knowledge about both subjects constitutes the invisible architecture of France. There are big natures *(grandes natures)* who like food and sex, and little natures *(petites natures)* who do not. In his introduction to the third volume of Saint-Simon's memoirs, the Duc de Castries writes: "Saint-Simon is a chaste person, a small temperament, a good husband." There is scorn in those words: to be not only chaste but chaste without conflict is to be hardly worthy of being called a man.

Saint-Simon's memoirs serve *(Continued on page 346)*

BERNARD PIVOT—HOST OF APOSTROPHES, THE MOST POPULAR TV TALK SHOW IN FRANCE AND IT'S ABOUT BOOKS. AUTHORS WOULD KILL TO BE ON IT, AND A BAD APOSTROPHES IS A MAJOR DISGRACE FOR AN INTELLECTUAL

PATRICE CHÉREAU—DIRECTOR OF THEATER, FILM, OPERA. HANDSOME, STRAIGHTFORWARD (ADMITS TO HAVING FALLEN ASLEEP AT OPERA), AND YET POSSESSED—"THE THEATER IS A PRIVILEGED PLACE WHERE IDEAS TAKE FLESH, WHERE ABSTRACTIONS . . . CAN BE MADE VISIBLE"

ANDRÉE PUTMAN—DESIGNER/DECORATOR CREATING POST-MODERN STYLE IN EVERYTHING FROM HER RE-EDITIONS OF FURNITURE BY THE FORGOTTEN MASTERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—GAUDÍ, RENÉ HERBST, EILEEN GRAY—TO THE APARTMENTS SHE DECORATES (THREE) FOR KARL LAGERFELD, AND SHOPS (FOR SAINT LAURENT), AND HER UNIQUELY STYLISH PARTIES

JEAN-JACQUES ANNAUD—DIRECTOR WHO WON THE OSCAR FOR BEST FOREIGN FILM WITH HIS FIRST MOVIE, BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR, AND HAS AN INTERNATIONAL BOX-OFFICE HIT WITH HIS THIRD, QUEST FOR FIRE

Paris people—the new spirit

ISABELLE ADJANI—THE FACE THAT SPELLS FRENCH CINEMA TO THE FRENCH, THE GIRL WHO CAUSES MOB SCENES WHEN SHE STEPS OUT FOR THE EVENING, THE MOVIE STAR OF THE 'EIGHTIES. SHE'S EVERYWHERE

Photo credits, last pages

CLAIRE BRETÉCHER—CARTOONIST, WIT, BEAUTY, ACID OBSERVER OF THE CEREBRAL, LEFT-THINKING, BUT INCORRIGIBLY CAPITALISTIC LIBERATED FEMALES WHO ARE STILL SLAVES TO THEIR OWN VANITY

RICARDO BOFILL—SPANISH ARCHITECT WHOSE PUBLIC HOUSING PROJECT AT MARNE-LA-VALLÉE LOOKS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A BEEHIVE AND A BABYLONIAN TEMPLE. "BUILDING," HE TOLD THE MAGAZINE ÉGOÏSTE, "IS A PLEASURE, A VICE, A DRUG, LIKE MAKING LOVE, AND ONCE YOU'VE DONE IT YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT ANYMORE"

FABRICE EMAER—OWNER AND THE SOUL OF LE PALACE, THE ESSENTIAL NIGHT PLACE IN PARIS

SERGE JULY—EDITOR OF LIBÉRATION, AN ACERBIC, WELL-INFORMED, AND UNALIGNED NEWSPAPER

There are rules everywhere, and they shape reality: You don't drink red wine with fish. Codifying the unnecessary is one of the great French arts

as a mirror to our time as much as to his; and, to demonstrate this, the publisher Jean Pierre Ramsay asked eighteen different writers to preface each of the volumes of his new paperback edition. Whereas the Duke discusses precedence and casts aspersions on the size of Saint-Simon's temperament, the historian Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie carefully traces the lines of force within each cabal. Disdain and rationalism, just what we expect. But then there's the introduction by Philippe Sollers, one of the structuralists, who reduces the memoirs down to their components, pulling language apart like a boy pulling the wings off a fly:

Here are nations, provinces, titles: dukes, duchesses, kings, queens, names, surnames, cardinals, majesties, highnesses, negotiations, contracts, wars. . . . There is so much to unravel, unwind, re-braid, that the best thing to do is to accumulate the subordinate clauses—"From that he told me, that, that. . . . that . . . that he . . that . . but . . that . . I said to him . . . that . . . that . . . that . . . but that. . . .

So much for words.

2. *LES CHOSES*

All over Paris there are huge posters showing a pair of skies—one at sunset and one at sunrise. The left-hand one says "Consommer pour consommer c'est mal consommer" (consuming to consume is to consume badly), and the right-hand one answers "Consommer pour s'épanouir c'est bien consommer" (consuming to improve oneself is to consume well). These are not notions that would be immediately arresting to an American, but consuming and the consumer society have as much importance in France as the pursuit of happiness does in America. What is for us an intangible ideal is to the French no more than a set of good addresses.

It's an unsentimental approach to the good things in life, one that is available only to people who live in a country that is utterly self-sufficient in everything except oil. The natural superiority of French soil, French weather, French geography, and the talents of the French are responsible for everything from cathedrals to wine to clothes. Louis XIV's minister Colbert was the first marketing director: It was he who persuaded the King that the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles should be a showroom for the best (what other kind was there, after all) of French products. Thus the extra-large panes of mirror, made by the factory at Saint-Gobain, owe their size to the fact that no one else at that time could make mirrors as big.

In France, everything is a consumer product, and that goes for the people, too. It's a shock, after living in New York, to find that every man one comes into contact with assumes it is not impossible for you to fall into bed with him, and the way heterosexual banter underlies each exchange is at first disconcerting. You think you are being treated as an object, and this is unpleasant until you realize that you in turn may treat these people as objects.

Whereas in Italy one can dodge difficulty by appealing to the basic humanity of those one runs across, in France it's the opposite: the basic humanity is a dreary fact of no interest and certainly not anything to trade on: what's interesting are the mechanical traits one shares in common, the affinities described by the unemotive term *atomes crochus* [hooked—or bonded—atoms]: thus the moments of recognition, of communion, are due to humor, to the realization of shared references, to matching achievements, not to sentimental slobber but to the mastery and control of the emotions.

There are rules everywhere, and they shape reality. Laws, theorems, equations, reasons. The King's bedchamber is at the heart of the Palace of Versailles because Versailles is at the heart of France; the great medieval cathedrals form a crown around Paris and Notre Dame, from Reims in the east to Le Mans in the west, from Laon and Amiens in the north to Bourges in the south. The reason for this is unknown, but intriguing. You don't drink red wine with fish. Oppositions of color are only bearable onstage; in town, no woman is beautiful enough to carry them (Chanel said this). You can't eat mussels, artichokes, or nuts at Lipp; the reason for this is that the garbage cans have to be taken through the restaurant, and mussels, artichokes, and nuts take up a great deal of room in garbage cans.

There are ways of doing things. Paul Bocuse recommends the best way to purify boiling sugar, to remove the gunk that sticks to the edges of the pan. "Put next to your saucepan a container of very clean water, dip your index finger in the water, then put it in the boiling syrup, against the edge of the pan, then back in the cold water where the impurities will come right off. The speed with which this is done removes all risk of burns." He goes on to list the six stages of spun sugar, each with its own name (*petit filet* to *grand filet* to *petit boulé* to *grand boulé* to *petit cassé* to *grand cassé*), and the specific degrees at which they change from one state to another.

Codifying the unnecessary is one of the great French arts. Whereas in the abstract it's the urge to make metaphors that guides the choices, in the concrete it's the urge to make categories. All the flowers of Provence would serve to make nothing more interesting than lavender water were it not for this. The late Jean Carles, the doyen of noses, advised that "Great perfumers, as great concert pianists, should make it a strict rule to practice scales, in other words, to study possible *accords* between bases since only therefrom can they derive the necessary technique conducive to virtuosity."

Absolute oakmoss, it seems, is to perfume what boiling sugar is to cooking. Carles writes that his "own experiences with absolute oakmoss have already passed the one thousand mark; and at least as many, if not more, remain to be carried out, since such investigations are endless. "The process involves combining some thirty kinds of notes (amber, aledhydic, animal, balsam, etc.) with every other sort of smell. It's a little like trying to perform feats of electronic arithmetic, using the nose as the judge. An impossible combination of the scientific and the emotive.

Jean Amic, whose family company made perfumes for Schiaparelli and Lucien Lelong, is the man behind Oscar de la Renta perfume and YSL's Opium. He's the sev-

enth-generation nose in his family. He smokes Gitanes, which proves that he does not encumber himself with petty puritanisms. Also, it is not he who creates the perfumes but one of two master perfumers, Jean-Louis Sieuzac or Françoise Bourdon.

Amic's nose, he says, allows him to sniff out the market; there are also sensitive machines to sniff out the competition's products and break them down into their components. "The nose," says Jean Amic, "is extremely sensitive; let's not quote Proust. The first exercise given to develop the nose is one of association. Students are given citrus, woody, or spicy odors to smell; they'll associate them with, say, chocolate, *pissotières,* or cake. The gift is symbolic and subjective. Patchouli recalls a drawer for some, evokes potatoes or hemp for another."

In a tiled room, Jean-Louis Sieuzac says the education of the sense of smell is done "in function of childhood memories, which are the most accurate guide" [*ce qu'il y a de plus juste*]. Part of the research concentrates on finding odors that have not existed before. I am given something on a long pointed blotter to smell. It smells like lavender and rocket fuel. Another smells like an outboard motor that runs on cinnamon.

"In any case," says Amic, "perfume can give only one of two messages. The first is, 'I'm clean,' and the other one says 'Let's make love.' "

The new scents, presumably, will say, "Fly me to the moon," or "Go fish while I bake a cake."

There are laws even for sweets. At Fouquet, the grandest and most expensive confectioner in Paris, among the shining sugar-covered caramels and transparent boiled sweets and dark little chocolate coffee beans (and jams and teas and enameled tin boxes in slightly dusty colors), there are boxes full of odd, bent, pale shapes dusted with white confectioner's sugar. Mademoiselle Fouquet, a kindly middle-aged woman with a bun, points to them lovingly: *Fruits de plein-vent,* she says.

"Candied fruit that the wind shook off their trees. Little, ugly, wild fruits, cherries that the birds have pecked at—the birds always know what's best—bruised apricots, torn peaches, crushed mirabelles. People pick them specially for us, and bring them in in tiny quantities. They're not easy to find. Things that suffer have the most character, the most taste, and what's ugliest outside is often the best—look at the kiwi, all hairs outside, and inside it's Ravenna!"

The *fruits de plein-vent,* which are supposed to be eaten with a glass of vodka or iced water to wash them down, are indeed delicious; the fact that they cost almost thirty dollars for half a pound is nothing compared to the horrors they went through before they reached the safety of their little boxes.

"It's what you can't see that's important," adds Mademoiselle Fouquet, and she's right. It applies to a coat dress at Rive Gauche, a perfectly plain and almost invisible coat dress in a Prince of Wales check that was hanging on its rail along with twenty twins. "I think French women just don't like fuzzy edges, they like clean lines," said one American. The coat dress had, to recommend it, an absence of details, not even an ounce of fuzz, either. Once on, it refused to give in to the inconsistencies of the body, stood away at the neck, ignored the hips, opened fetchingly at the knees. It remained what it was designed to be. Whatever invisible things were going on in there, between the seams and the lining, they had given the dress a mind of its own. And that's the strength of Saint Laurent. Even as a thing, the dress remained an idea.

Other kinds of fashion can also be ideas, but they aren't the same demonstration of control. At a party given by the designer and decorator Andrée Putman, there was a preponderance of small, thin women wearing Chanel suits: not new ones, but carefully sought-out (or borrowed) authentic models from the 'sixties. The idea of 1962 and the big buttons of that time are knocking the mannishly tailored 'seventies uniforms out of the way. A woman in a black cocktail dress with a chiffon scarf threaded through square holes along the shoulders next to a woman in a dress made of two yellow and white Hermès scarves, with a beret to match . . . that's an embassy party in 1962.

Cocktail hats, bows in the hair, shoes with pointed toes and high, tapered heels sitting right under the foot, everything points towards a feeling that is softer and more vulnerable; but it's also part of a camp sensibility, which views hair lacquer as a fascinating anachronism (the way we viewed brilliantine in 1972 and promptly took it up). The idea is distressing, because all that was, in its time, considered rigid, boring, bourgeois: people who dressed like that were the enemy in May 1968. But that's almost fifteen years ago, and fashion is fashion. . . .

Pierre Bergé defines fashion as "a fragile hinge that joins the past and the future and that bursts each season and must always be replaced." France's culture is designed to make the present acceptable. That's why the Pompidou museum looks like the inside of a transistor radio instead of a Greek temple, and that's why the towers of La Defense have windows in the shape of commas (Lacan would say, to punctuate the landscape, and a society person would say because Émile Aillaud wanted them that way). Paris, wrote Gertrude Stein, "was where the twentieth century was."

The picture of the twentieth century that France presents is a far more positive one than other countries allow themselves. France makes sure its doubts are mobile, internal, unmarked by monuments. Its certainties—mostly to do with speed—it proclaims: the TGV, the fastest train in the world, is almost unavoidable, even though it runs limited routes from *(Continued on page 350)*

OVERLEAF: TOTAL SEDUCTION IN THE SURENESS OF SPIRIT, THE STRONG GLANCE, THE SELF-KNOWLEDGE, WISDOM, HUMOR, AND WARMTH OF THE FIRST COUPLE OF FRENCH THEATER AND FILM, SIMONE SIGNORET AND YVES MONTAND. SIGNORET, EMBLEMATIC TO AMERICA OF THE FRENCH WOMAN BOTH EARTHY AND KNOWING, WAS FIRST ADMIRED AS THE RIPE BLOND IN CASQUE D'OR. NOW PLAYING TOUGH-MINDED, STILL SENSUAL OLDER WOMEN INSTEAD OF VAMPS, SHE WILL SOON BE SEEN HERE IN L'ÉTOILE DU NORD. MONTAND, THE QUINTESSENTIAL FRENCH MAN, WITH A VOICE TO MAKE TREES SWOON, HAS JUST COMPLETED AN UNPRECEDENTED ONE-MAN SHOW AT NEW YORK CITY'S METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, WILL BE SEEN IN CHOICE OF ARMS WITH CATHERINE DENEUVE AND GÉRARD DEPARDIEU. . . .

SIMONE SIGNORET

YVES MONTAND

Arthur Elgort

France's culture is designed to make the present acceptable—the Pompidou museum looks like the inside of a transistor radio

Paris, so heavily is it advertised. It does indeed go very fast, through impeccable Bourgogne landscape, so that one feels like Luke Skywalker in a terrestrial time warp instead of in a Martian canyon.

The relationship to the past is a curious one: all the cleaning and repointing and refurbishing of monuments and châteaux and theaters should indicate what the basis of it is, but it takes a while to understand that the French view the past as a storehouse of things they must top. Viollet-le-Duc, when he made the spire to put on Notre Dame, was not even the first: In the seventeenth century, Louis XIV already had built Versailles around Louis XIII's hunting lodge. The past keeps winning, of course, it always has: Chartres Cathedral originally took twenty-six years to build; but its choir screen, begun later, took two centuries to complete. The opera at Versailles, built for Louis XV in twenty-one months, took five years to restore. That's why the past is such a challenge.

Versailles is just coming to the end of a five-year plan, which allocated huge sums to its improvement. The Queen's bedroom was entirely redone, hung with a fabric the design of which had been found in an order book for 1789, and thus never delivered. Modern weavers set to work using the old machines and the old design, and a few years later the panels of flowered silk were ready and, financed by the Kress Foundation, went up on the walls. The same with the King's bedroom, but here the brocade was red and thick, with real gold.

The secret of Versailles is that it has no secrets: a good guide can take you through every private room and bathroom and vernis Martin cabinet and trompe l'oeil "doorless" libraries, whose real trick is to be bookless, with keys from a jailer's round ring. Passing from tiny Louis XVI apartments into majestic Louis XIV state rooms, slipping through concealed doors and up hidden stairways, one easily realizes that each part of the palace was done up by one of its three kings to best represent his time.

The work of Pierre Lemoine, the present curator, is to figure out which of the three periods to honor in each section of the palace. He's like a restorer faced with three paintings on top of one another, all of them covered by a fourth, a dreadful nineteenth-century Allegory of Virtue. He has chosen to remove the Louis Philippe traces from the ground floor, and reinstate the volumes of Versailles as they were before Marie Antoinette decided she should have a bedroom in the ground floor—a project which, like her summer silk panels, was not finished in her day.

The showcase purpose of Versailles still holds, as well. For the summit of industrialized countries, last June, the Cour de Marbre was remarbled and raised to its original height. The state coronation room, where the conference took place, had twenty-five miles of telex cables and general "informatique" [electronics] wiring threaded through its moldings. The moldings are on show, and so is the forest of computer terminals and French-made electronic communications circuitry.

What attracts is what's showy, what holds is what's lasting. Certainly, as a foreigner, one cannot share the Parisian enthusiasm for *le nouveau fast food* at such places as Monsieur Chicken or Freetime. Novelty, gadget, gimmick—the French are very good at all of those, in their own idiom. The first "drugstores," with their sleek, vulgar, and entrancing restaurants (designed by Slavik with a wink at the magazines that were sold on the premises), led the way and opened the doors for such wonders as the Pompidou and such horrors as the unredeemable Forum des Halles, a large nasty hole full of shops proving that you can have too much of not-very-good things. Now the current seems to be on the way to becoming more formal and austere as Ricardo Bofill's imposing subsidized housing blocks at Marne-La-Vallée imply: they look part monument, part library, and a little bit mad, like a child dressed up as a general.

The real values become more real as time goes by: eighteenth-century furniture, diamonds, custom-made shirts. Bernard Steinitz, an antiques dealer who used to sell only to other dealers but now has his own showrooms in an old building across the street from the Hôtel Drouot, hoards fine old pieces in his atelier. There are three floors of restorers, and immense rooms full of Boulle desks with the brass springing off, tables, chairs, beds. It's a cross between a charnel house and a hospital. "Time doesn't count here, no more than it counted when they were first made," Steinitz says, indicating with an impatient hand the silent waiting mounds of furniture and the men working painstakingly on the moldings of a mirror.

"You can make a piece talk," he says, bending down to touch the arm of an empty armchair. "If you know how, it can tell you its life. The skin on furniture has scars, marks of the bronzes, old upholstery nail traces. Furniture is only the reflection of men's lives. But in the eighteenth century, luckily for us, they wanted everything to be modern."

Some things are as expensive as eighteenth-century furniture and need no explanation. The Concorde, for instance.

The Concorde has several advantages over drugs like amphetamines and cocaine. The first is that, after the rush and thrill has subsided, you actually find yourself three thousand miles away from where you were, which is always a relief. The second is that you meet a better class of person, and third is that it's legal. Other than that, it is exactly like taking a great many drugs. I do not know what the long-term effects of Concorde abuse are, but the Concorde is definitely a good reason to be rich.

The Concorde is very French in that it goes very fast and knows exactly what it's doing. The airport, earth, and whatever terrestrial jetsam litters it go by so fast you think you dreamed them; the air in the cabin presses against you, the seat pushes you from behind, the very speed is holding you tight as the thing aims up and hurls itself into the air. There is none of that excruciating tentative rise one knows in 747s, no alarming moment

when the rear end suddenly drags down. It's all speed.

The noise gets louder—not the ba-boom that one expects from those anti-Concorde cartoons five years ago, but a definite noise. The stewardess, in a print dress rather than a navy suit, gives you more Champagne. The entire rise and thrust brings pleasure, and the sensation of streamline, the surprise at being able to feel streamline as a sensation at all, rises and rises with the plane. As it levels off at however-many thousand feet, a sudden tearful gratitude comes over you; at which point the stewardess hands you a jar of caviar, and a lobster. The electronic green numbers on the window set in the cabin divider go up toward Mach 1, which is shown as 1.00; .93 it goes, .93, .93, dip, a sensation of holding back, then .94. At Mach-1.00 a few other neophytes clap. Then the thing, the great silver needle you're in, goes and doubles its speed to Mach 2.00. At which point the Champagne and the caviar race up to the forehead and start aching like past sins.

You look out the tiny windows with their seven layers of thick plastic, and you can see nothing, not even the curvature of the earth. Only the smooth noisy glide, the absence of the breathing shudder and judder on a normal plane, the knowledge that there are no bits to fall off, and that if anything goes wrong on this one, there's nothing you can do to help out. A luxurious way to learn humility.

In the offices of Aérospatiale, I told a Monsieur Lagrange, with the confidence of the newly converted, that the Concorde was a most wonderful invention. He looked at the little Concorde taking off from a flexible silver stem on his desk, shook his head, and said: "Twenty years out of date."

Fashion again.

Monsieur Lagrange has a point, of course. The Concorde flies in a constant wedge of noise; its engines pollute; it carries too few people; it is intolerable over land. It is elitist and wasteful. Monsieur Lagrange and Aérospatiale would far rather one paid attention to the Airbus, a democratic machine that can carry large numbers of passengers across small to medium distances at normal speed.

Fashion again: this is not exciting.

Aérospatiale is not wholly responsible for Concorde, of course; it's half English. Aérospatiale is run by General Jacques Mitterrand, the president's brother (he was running it long before Mitterrand was elected). The company is wholly responsible for its helicopters, including the Ecureuil, a sleek little chopper that the raciest businessmen own. Pierre Bergé has one; it takes him to his house near Deauville.

Aérospatiale also makes tactical missiles, and ballistic weapons systems. They make the Exocet, a speedy little two-hundred-thousand-dollar missile: the one that downed the H.M.S. *Sheffield* in the South Atlantic last spring. "For years," says Jean Lagrange, "France was thought of as a country exporting perfume, dresses, and wines. Not anymore."

No.

Out in a suburb of Paris is a factory where two of the Ariane rocket launchers stand in their bays. They are forty-seven meters high, sleek, and elegant, and I can look at them because they are launchers for peaceful things like communications satellites. Orange-painted metal scaffolding surrounds the launchers, with yellow sections that swing out. Each Ariane will have to be transported to French Guyana by ship before it can go up, taking its little parcel with it. Because of the sea journey ahead, each of the four fuel exhaust tubes is covered in a bag of white canvas. So the sensitive metal won't rust.

In another building, composite materials are being made: carbon-fiber shells, "honeycomb" metal to make the bodies of planes. Aérospatiale makes fiberglass containers for rocket parts.

The women in the factory are all wearing makeup and high heels; the floor is a not unpleasant crazy paving mosaic, like La Coupole's in New York. It's a cozy factory; down at the end of one of the vast spaces, there are two ominous looking cones. To me they look like the heads of missiles; they may just be the hats for Ariane, the benevolent launcher. I don't want to know for sure; the factory isn't big enough for a dread that size. There are large rocket parts made of carbon fiber, called eggs. I think of Lacan's Hommelette: It seems there's no end to it when you start breaking eggs and going very fast.

Instead of thinking about that—but arrested by a phrase of Cioran's, "By putting intelligence among the virtues and dumbness among the vices, France enlarged the domain of morality"—I went to the Musée Grévin, on the advice of Michel Braudeau, a writer who had recommended it as a haven for semiotics and signs. I hadn't been since I was six, but there they all were, as promised and remembered: Napoleon and Josephine bored out of their heads at Malmaison; Charlotte Corday clutching the molding in Marat's bathroom as the swivel-headed maid arrests her; Marie Antoinette, hair now naturally white, fainting at the news of the killing of the Princesse de Lamballe—all these wax people acting out great moments in the history of France, but cramped into stages, and placed in such a way that the visitor knows he's eavesdropping.

The Salle des Mirages, I felt, had to be revisited. A decor of six pillars with odalisques perched on their bases and snakes undulating down the columns, gilded arches, under which some hundred people are jammed. Children in the center, on a raised dais, so as to see above the heads of the others. In the heat and darkness, an old memory. The lights go red, then green. The golden arches are reflected in six sets of mirrors, to a washed-out eternity. Darkness, then screams, then a tent covers the domed ceiling with a timid, stylized flower print. From six strategic holes come six lumbering stained-glass butterflies, lowered on cables, up and down, and pointed stars with lights inside them fall fast and go out before they reach the end of their strings.

A tremendous *déjà vu*: the terrible feeling of being cheated. I wanted miracles and mirages then, as now; and the thick slow glass butterflies are monstrous disappointments. The dancing girls on the pillars have changed their identities: now there's an Arab, a Balinese dancer, a Tahitian in a grass skirt, a docile geisha, a black girl in another version of the grass skirt, an Indian—each one of them with the implacable smile of a giant toy.

A few days later, down near Lyon, Paul Bocuse insists on showing me his *"abbaye,"* a special building where he caters weddings and big parties. It's bright and multicolored. Around the walls of the first dining room are painted the names of all the chefs who have written books: himself, Chapel, Troisgros, Point.... In his chef's jacket with its *tricolore* collar band that shows he has been declared a *meilleur ouvrier de France,* he crosses the main room and goes behind a curtain.

Suddenly, the whole long room is bright with lights and deafening with martial music. Tum tum tum, tum tum tum tum tum; around the wall, automatons are clashing their little cymbals, wagging their little heads in time to a rousing march which comes from the center of the mechanical organ that takes up the whole stage. Automaton ladies hit bells with padded sticks, girl drummers pound their drums, and four hundred little plaster and wood people are smiling and nodding and banging their instruments. It's wonderful.

There's a name on the organ. Ah, yes, Gaudin. Now, who the hell was Gaudin?

M. Gaudin, my old headmaster. So that's what he's become.

Ta ta tum, ta da ta da ta dummmmmmmmm.... ▽

(FRANCE *continued page 401)*

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AT 12, PER SPOOK DREAMT OF DRESSING AVA GARDNER...

Per Spook.

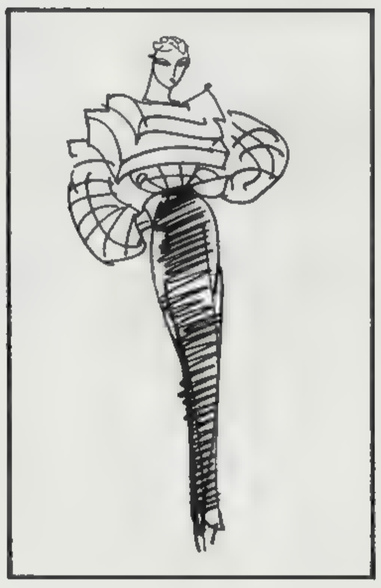
A young norwegian designer

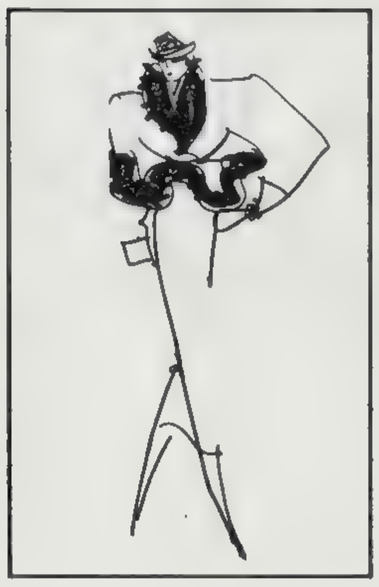
Per Spook was born in Norway. A country of legends and mysterious divinities. A country where in Winter the moon slides silently from ice crystals to snow flakes; where, in Summer, the sun forgets to disappear on the horizon.

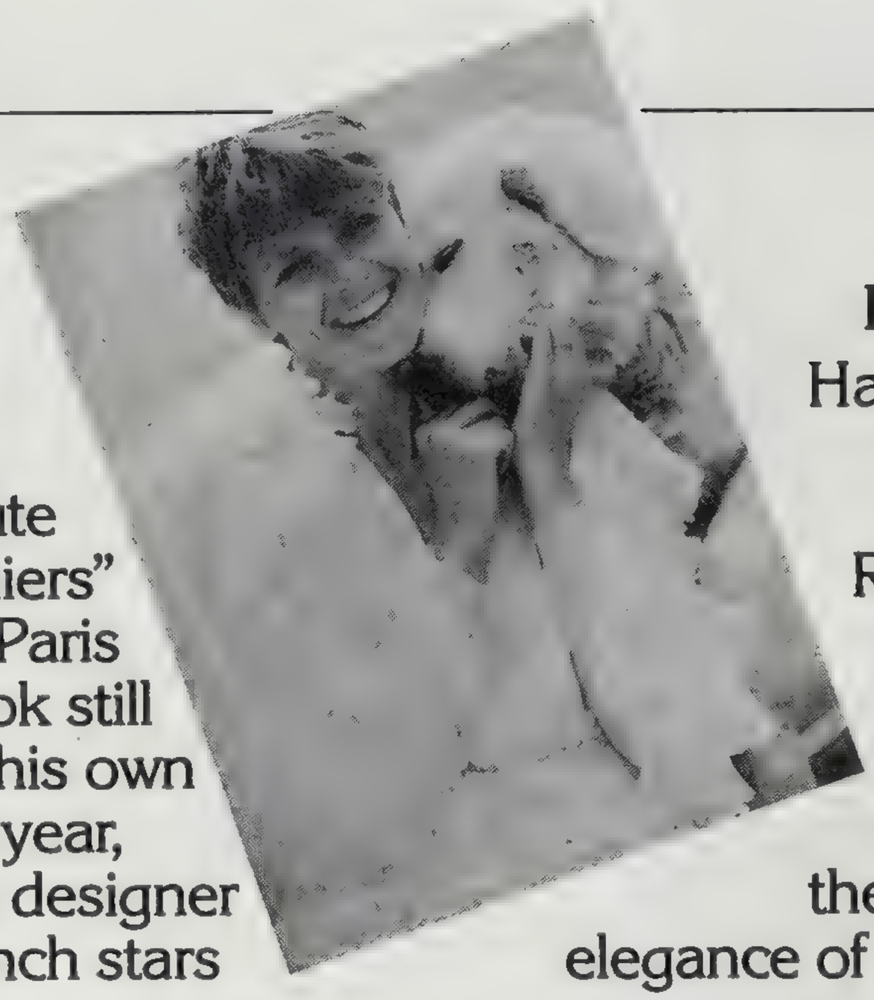
"In Norway, everything excites the imagination", says Per Spook, who, at 12, was designing styles that he longed to see worn by Ava Gardner, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner...

At the Fine Arts School in Oslo, he continues to design... Per Spook has one ambition: to come to Paris. He is 18.

TODAY, PER SPOOK HAS BECOME THE DREAM OF WOMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD...







Per Spook comes to Paris

In Paris, he studies at the School of the Haute Couture. Then, the "ateliers" of the most prestigious Paris designers. But Per Spook still has a dream: to design his own collection. After the first year, it's success! This young designer dresses glamorous French stars and personalities.

Today, he has become the dream of women all over the world. Paris reveres his talent.

The pencil of Per Spook

Freshness of colors and new ideas, Per Spook himself designs every one of his styles. He proves today that new and creative ideas can inspire shapes that are young and easy to wear. Even more than this inventiveness, one admires the perfection of his taste.

Per Spook Haute Couture

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Per Spook Ready-To-Wear

Haute Couture, Ready-To-Wear: the same pencil. Per Spook designs Haute Couture and Ready-To-Wear with the same enthousiasm and sensitivity. The result: a fresco of colors and shapes that enhance feminine beauty and allow the body to express the natural elegance of every movement.

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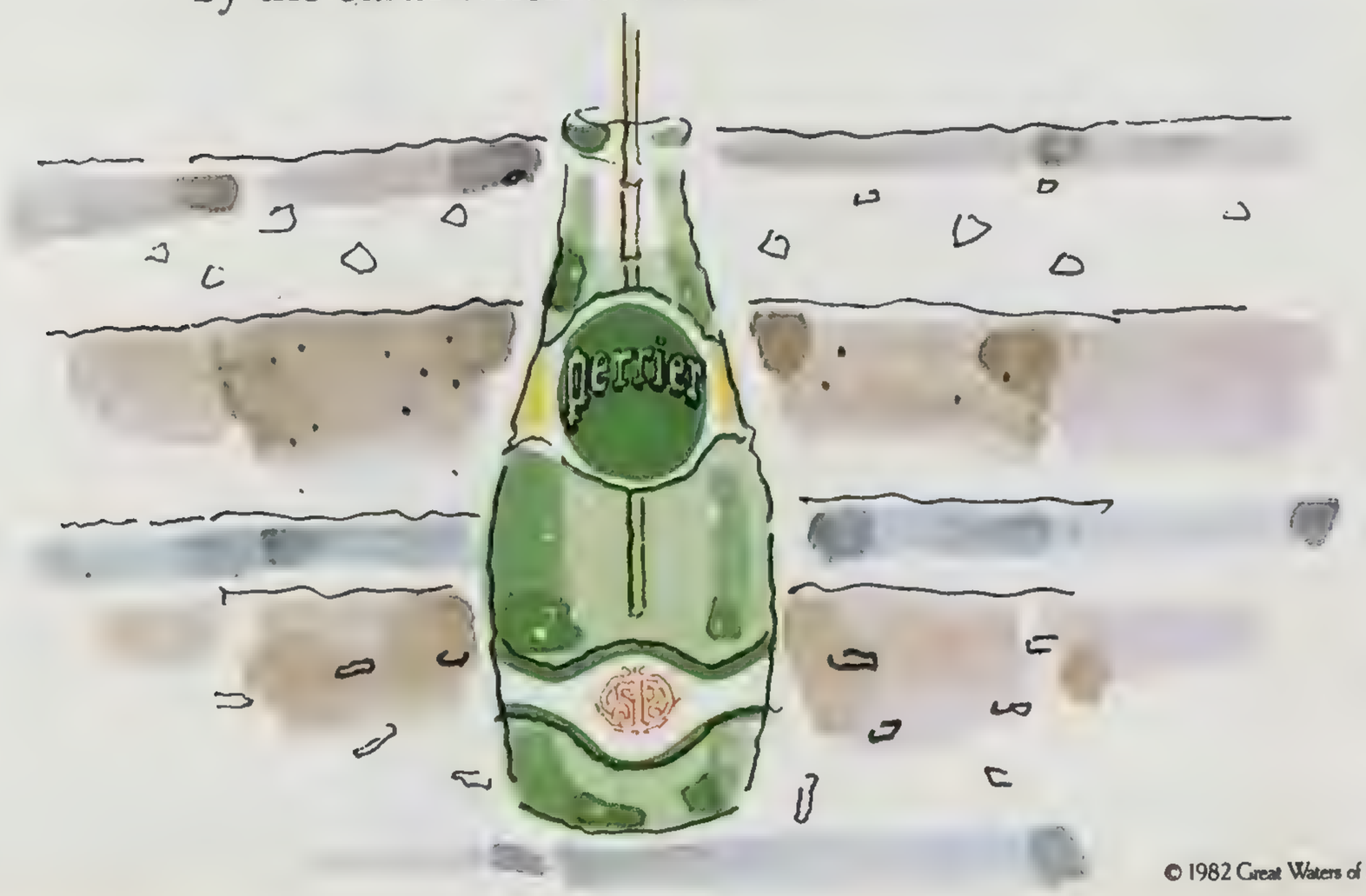

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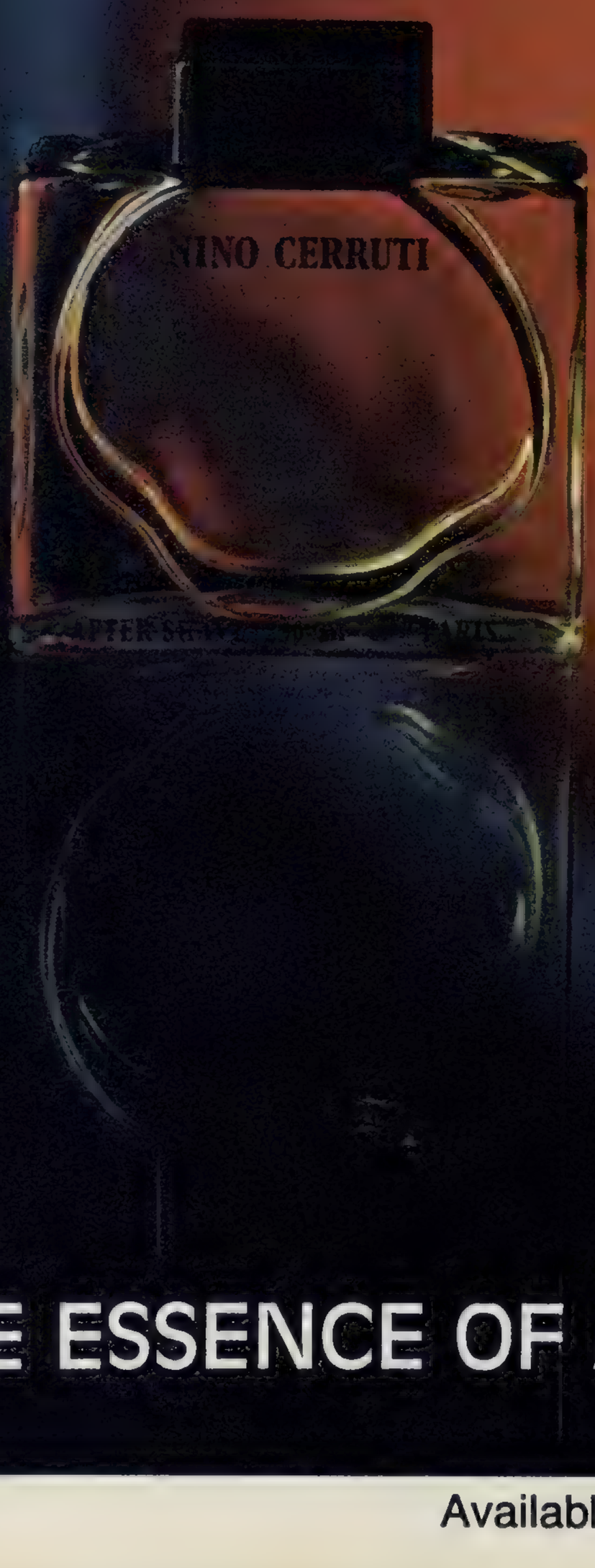
"It's always been my aim to improve
a man's way of life" NINO CERRUTI



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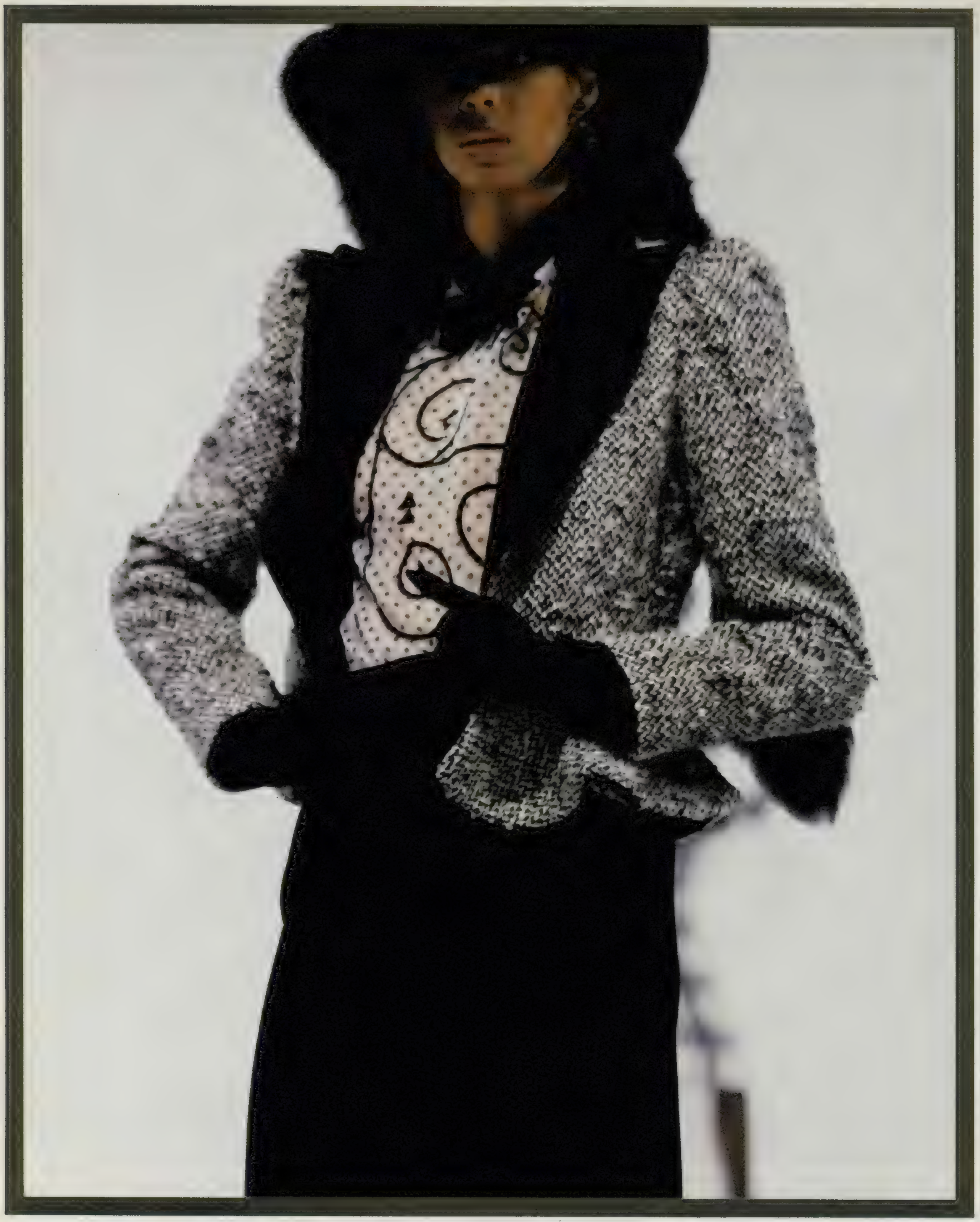

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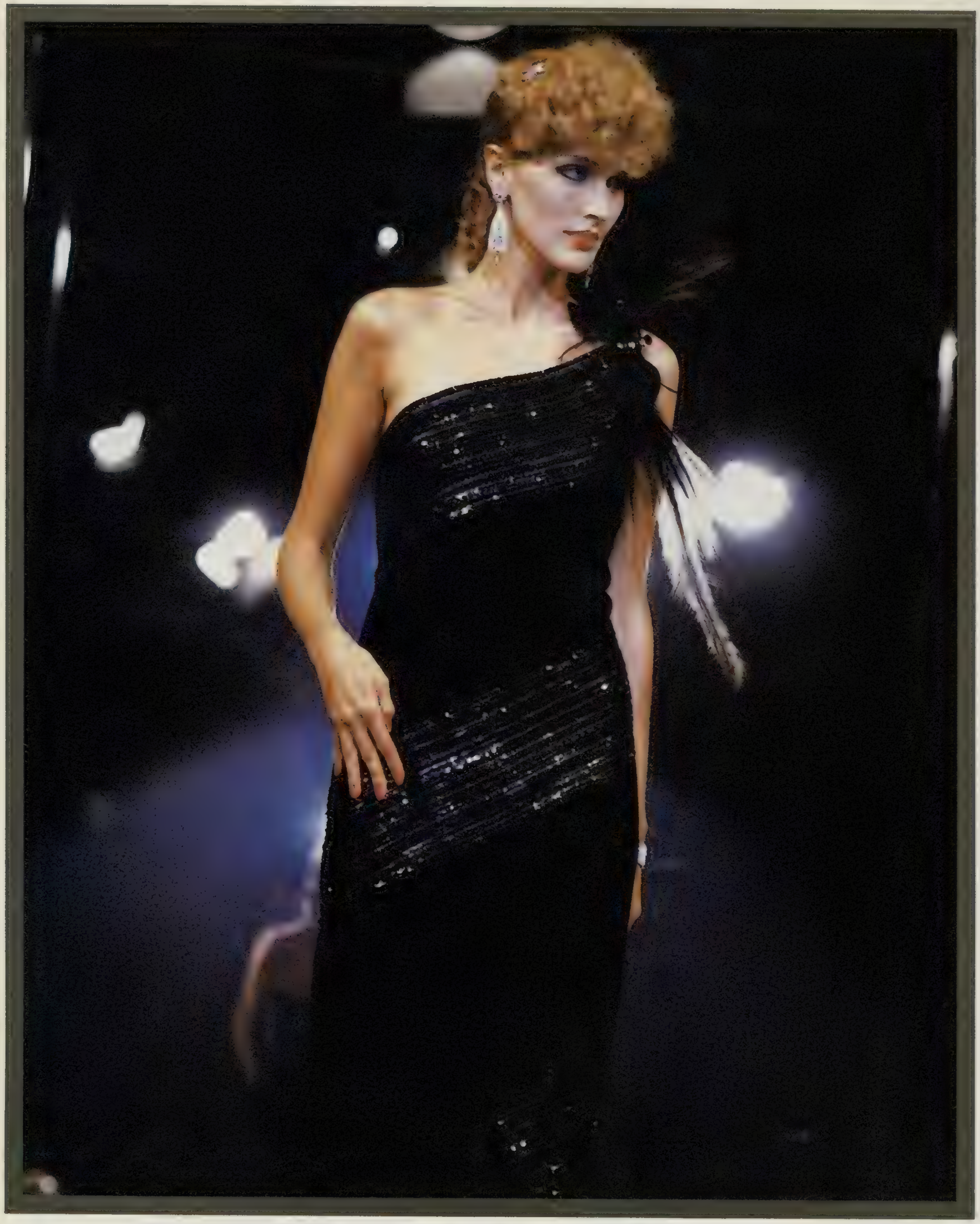

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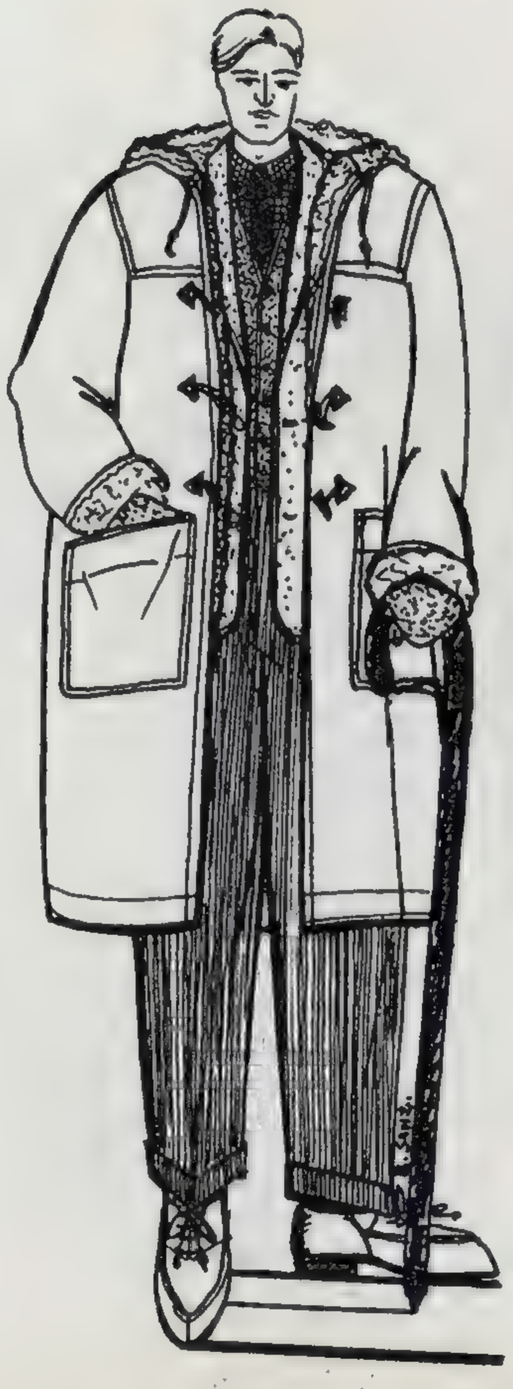

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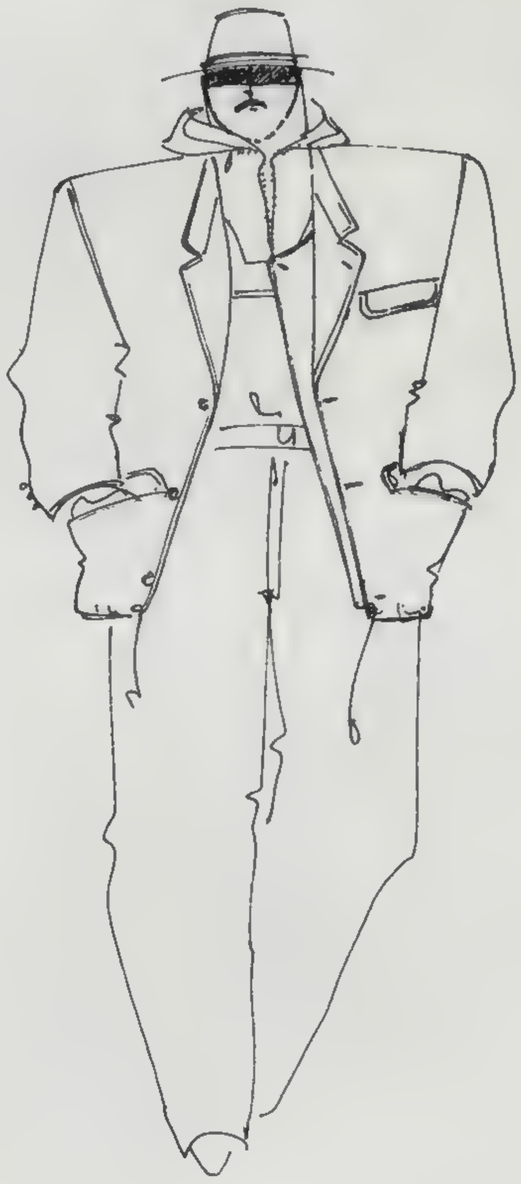

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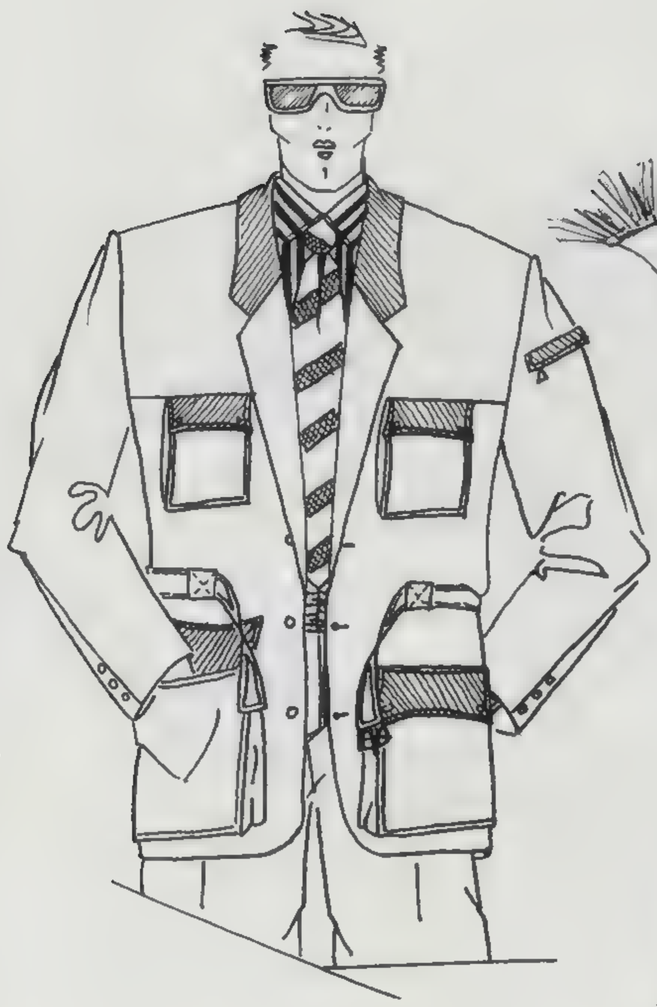

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FRANCE '82

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No matter what's been written, said, or rumored about the ready-to-wear, nothing comes close to the actual experience of being there. A Fellini circus. A crowd scene directed by D.W. Griffith. A New Year's Eve rock concert. But . . . it is fashion at the source and it attracts the world.

Fashion presented not only with great style, but with energy, enthusiasm, and bravado enough to triumph over its surrounding circumstances: including, for most, jet lag; and for all, sitting hour after hour in places that are too hot, too smoky, too crowded by half. And yet, with all of that . . . something happens—it happens from the moment the protective plastic cover is lifted off the runway: lights dim, music starts, the lights come up again, and there is a definite, palpable surge of fashion adrenalin. A unique momentum is born—it keeps building through days—and nights—of showings.

Over the last few seasons, there have been important changes in the presentation of the collections. For one thing, an effort made to centralize the location: there was a time when each collection was "somewhere else"—often somewhere far away—which meant a breathless run from one part of Paris to another. There has been a more concerted effort to control crowd "enthusiasm" and maintain a semblance of order. And there is now a new government interest in fashion—both the couture and ready-to-wear: in the planning stages a fashion museum slated to open at the Louvre in 1984 and a promise to build a permanent central exhibition hall.

These new "tendencies" all came together last spring when the fall/winter collections were presented. The kick-off—again, something new—a pre-collections reception hosted by Jack Lang, the Minister of Culture, and attended by all of the big "names" in fashion. And the site of the collections was truly worthy of Paris—in the courtyard of the Louvre itself—big blue-and-white awning striped tents.

What has always been—and will probably always be—true of the French ready-to-wear: the sheer theatricality of presentation. For all-out entertainment: the show of Thierry Mugler—twenty-two "scenes" in music-hall-revue style that left an audience clapping in delight. Sometimes it's pure exuberance—that of a Sonia Rykiel show . . . models swinging glittered golf clubs . . . a saxophone player . . . and a finale introduced—on record—by Howard Cosell (who was introducing Frank Sinatra). It's the all-out bravado of a Claude Montana collection—his opening models "claiming" the runway. Or, in contrast, the cool, calm tableau that opens an Ungaro collection. It's the sleek sophistication of a Saint Laurent showing paced by his favorite model, Mounia. It's grand opera, punk rock, and space-age electronic noise.

It is all of the above . . . and it is a lot more. When the trappings are removed, it is, of course, the fashion that counts . . . fashion that brings the crowds and the business. What strikes you first, in a fashion sense, the remarkable finish—it is a defining characteristic of French fashion. In Paris, you look for "details" on a runway: you look at legs and feet . . . you look for the glove, the hat, the jewelry: an overall polish is key. And in a season—as this was—where a total, polished way of dressing was the predominant theme, the finish was outstanding.

What was also established at the start: a new play of proportion. And it was strongest right at the start in the Chloé collection where Lagerfeld took it all the way: the narrowness of line, the elongation of body. He did it with the longest lengths—his almost-to-the-ankle skirts, with the narrowest of bias cuts—always soft, though—never any "tough" tailoring. Later, it was achieved in different ways by different designers.

As the collections went on the "points" were apparent. Coat dressing was a major theme. Coats (including raincoats) in great numbers, great variety. At Claude Montana—the first-out gutsy shearlings, creamy and pale, all lengths . . . the swagger of his black leather trench coat lined in black fur . . . leather in dark colors in a new 3/4 length coat . . . padded, quilted black ciré coats piped in day-glo colors . . . cuddly, creamy alpaca greatcoats (the big, oversized man's scale of a coat became another point-to-watch early on. But underneath—always—narrowness was maintained). . . . At Saint Laurent, the best all-around day coat—3/4 length vicuña-colored wool—easy, but narrow-falling. And in another direction—his wonderful capes—a quartet leading off the show. . . . Sharp, pulled-together *(Continued on page 403)*

FRANCE '82

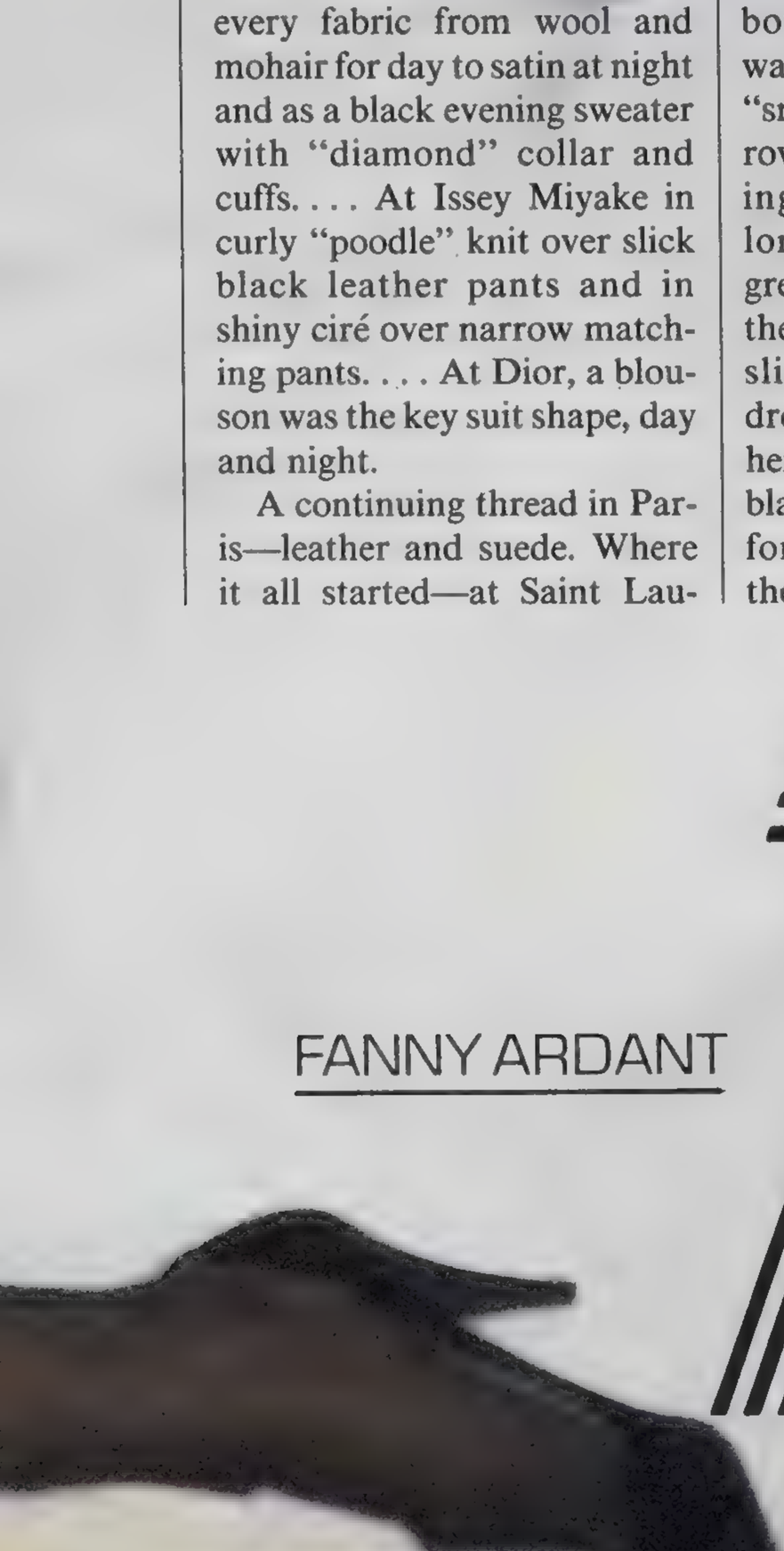
(Continued from page 401)
raincoat dressing at Guy Laroche. . . . At Ungaro, narrow black self-striped wool with velvet—perfectly tailored, yet very romantic. And his softer coat dressing—a thin burnoose of a coat in a checked wool plaid. . . . Sonia Rykiel's narrow jersey coats in a variety of lengths. . . . At Castelbajac, big, blankety plaids and his almost-classic thin burnoose coats with hoods or as ponchos. . . . Givenchy's fur-lined tan raincoat and a great-looking fur—squared in the shoulder, edged in leather—over a blouse and trousers. . . . the punch of Lagerfeld's narrow black raincoat.

Another important "point" in collection after collection: the soft blouson shape—it gave suit dressing a new attitude. At its best, at its biggest—oversized, well below the hip . . . at Saint Laurent in leather . . . at Ungaro in suede, in metallic leather, in velvet over a metallic leather skirt. . . . Valentino did it in every fabric from wool and mohair for day to satin at night and as a black evening sweater with "diamond" collar and cuffs. . . . At Issey Miyake in curly "poodle" knit over slick black leather pants and in shiny ciré over narrow matching pants. . . . At Dior, a blouson was the key suit shape, day and night.

A continuing thread in Paris—leather and suede. Where it all started—at Saint Laurent—it kept going . . . from the blouson to his perfect short-length narrow leather skirts. . . . Tarlazzi's big, super-soft suede cocoon dresses with deep dolman sleeves (another point of softness—dolman sleeves—you saw them every way, everywhere!) . . . At Ungaro, the prettiest pale-color "baby" dresses in suede. . . . At Valentino, the shortest, leggiest skirts of shiny snakeskin (colored for day, slick black at night). . . . Leather is a "given" at Montana. In addition to his coats—perfect separate pieces in leather. . . . At Thierry Mugler, leather with a '50s attitude—narrow pants, jumpsuits, tight skirts—worn with contrasting checked wool pieces.

A look that took off and never faltered: the "smoking." From Saint Laurent—again, the "source"—short black Spencer jackets and classic tuxedo trousers . . . The unexpected "smokings" of Montana: black-and-white sweatshirting, black vinyl bow-ties. . . . A number of ways at Valentino: his satin "smoking" blousons over narrow short skirts, satin "smoking" dresses . . . and the longest tuxedo jackets—in grey flannel over a short skirt, then in white and in black over slinky-long black evening dresses. . . . Sonia Rykiel did it her way: with knitted pieces in black, a man's white muffler for "relief". . . .At Scherrer: the prettiest *(Continued)*

Pierre Sherman

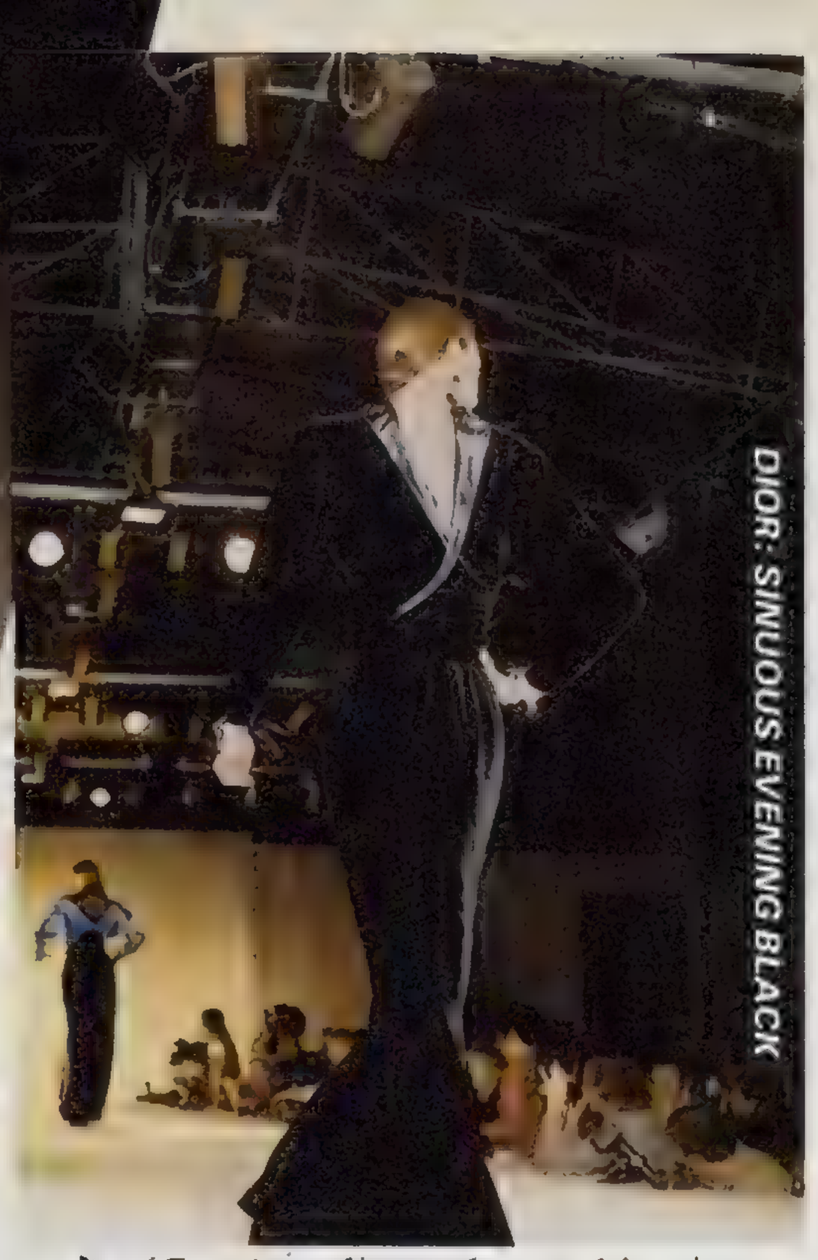

Arthur Elgort

FANNY ARDANT

WO RIGHT-NOW SIZZLING FRENCH NAMES: FANNY ARDANT, "THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR" IN THE TRUFFAUT MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME. AND CLAUDE MONTANA, ONCE A FASHION MAVERICK, HIS GUTSY APPROACH HAS BECOME "MAINSTREAM." HERE, SIGNATURE BLACK LEATHER: AN OVERSIZED PULLOVER BLOUSON—BATEAU NECK, YELLOW PIPING (ABOUT $1200); SKIRT TO MATCH ($800). LINDA DRESNER, TROY MI; CHARLES GALLAY, BEVERLY HILLS. TO ORDER AT BERGDORF GOODMAN; NEIMAN-MARCUS. HAIR, JEAN-MARC MANIATIS; MAKEUP, THIBAULT OF CARITA. DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGES.

SCHERRER: BLACK-TIE COAT DRESSING

TARLAZZI: DOLMAN-SLEEVE SOFTNESS


DIOR: SINUOUS EVENING BLACK

CASTELBAJAC: BUNDLY, BLANKETY, CASUAL

YSL: EVENING FINALE!

CHLOE: NARROWNESS/COLOR WIT

Pierre Sherman

THE SIZZLE

(Continued) lacy-white blouses with thin black ties, black skirts . . . under soft black coats . . . At Lanvin, black velvet coat dresses with white satin bow-ties at the neck . . . and Maryll Lanvin's small, waist-length black jackets over tuxedo trousers.

Throughout the collections, an interesting use of knitting. At Chloé—always. At Sonia Rykiel—another "always" when it comes to knitting—knitting that's narrow, body conscious—more so, this fall—and inventive in shape. A good example—a now-classic at Rykiel—her warm-up pants. The newest—elasticized at the ankle and worn bloused, higher on the leg. . . . Terrific knit pullovers at Issey Miyake over colored leather knickers . . . big slouchy cardigans over strapped leather pants . . . broad-shouldered knit dresses wtih colored legs to match. . . . At Tarlazzi, great *(Continued on page 406)*

NOUK AIMÉE... MEMORABLE IN ROLE AFTER ROLE— THE IMPRESSION IS LINGERING, HAUNTING... HER NEXT FILM—CO-STARRING MARCELLO MASTROIANNI —IS TENTATIVELY TITLED LE GENERAL DE LA MER MORTE. ...UNFORGETTABLE IN A CHLOÉ COLLECTION: LAGERFELD'S WAY WITH KNITTING, WITH COLOR. RIGHT: THE LONG NARROW BLACK WOOL/LUREX PULLOVER WITH SHOCKING-BLUE LUREX (ABOUT $490), LONG NARROW BLACK SKIRT (ABOUT $395). SAKS FIFTH AVENUE; SAKS-JANDEL; MARSHALL FIELD'S; ROBBIE CASEY'S, ODESSA TX; GIORGIO, BEVERLY HILLS; I. MAGNIN. HAIR, LOUIS G. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

ANOUK AIMÉE

Arthur Elgort

THE SIZZLE

(Continued from page 404)

big oversized dolman-sleeve cardigans, striped and solid colors.

The "message" at night—short, leggy, and black—narrow, flirty dresses that are irresistible. Saint Laurent's one-shoulder black with ruffles . . . at Dior, a short black tuxedo dress . . . at Thierry Mugler—"thieves in the night"—his short black satin dresses with rhinestones glittering. . . . the short black-and-gold dress of Givenchy—very narrow, covered.

For bigger evenings, narrowness prevails. . . . Givenchy's slinky gold lamé—softly draped at the low décolletage. . . . Ungaro's long, narrow metallic "turtleneck" dress under one of his marvelous shawls—this, all gold lace. . . . Valentino's sinuous evening dresses—narrow strapless black, bright-color bands at the top . . . a slinky finale in sequins . . . Saint Laurent narrowness—in his long bias-cut skirts with extravagant blouses . . . in his super-narrow dresses.

And then there were the delights—not headline-making differences, but small bits of deliciousness that added to the finish, enjoyment, the total effect. *(Continued on page 408)*

HOROUGHLY MODERN—THE STRONG, STRIKING LOOKS OF ACTRESS FANNY ARDANT. HER NEXT FILM—TO BE DIRECTED BY ALAIN RESNAIS—LA VIE EST UN ROMAN. . . . A THOROUGHLY MODERN FASHION ATTITUDE AT UNGARO—IN HIS UNIQUE COMBINATIONS OF COLOR, TEXTURE, PATTERN; HIS UNSTUDIED PLAY OF PROPORTION. RIGHT: OVERSIZED BLOUSON IN METALLIC LEATHER (ABOUT $1695), OVER A JACQUARD KNIT PULLOVER, STRIPED WOOL TROUSERS WITH BLACK VELVET WAISTBAND (TROUSERS, ABOUT $525). WOOL FABRIC, ETRO. EMANUEL UNGARO BOUTIQUES, NYC; PALM BEACH; HOUSTON; BEVERLY HILLS. BLOUSON AND PANTS AT RICH'S; BARTON SLIGH'S. HAIR, JEAN-MARC MANIATIS; MAKEUP, THIBAULT OF CARITA. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

FANNY ARDANT

Arthur Elgort

THE SIZZLE

(Continued from page 406)

The wonderful hats of Paris: Saint Laurent's almost-fedora—in colors, with black velvet . . . the soft berets of Ungaro and Rykiel . . . the man-styled hat at Issey Miyake. . . . There was the imaginative use of color as an accessory. Most imaginative—at Chloé where you had a sleeve or lapel faced in a contrasting color or print. . . . Saint Laurent's maribou jackets—different lengths, different colors. It was, no question, a strong season from start to finish—in the little things as well as the bigger picture. It was a season that proved: when the French ready-to-wear is good . . . it's very good. ▽

ADINE TRINTIGNANT—A WOMAN WITH BEHIND-THE-SCENES POWER AS DIRECTOR AND SCREENWRITER. NEXT: A FILM SHE'S WRITING AND PRODUCING—LE DERNIER SWING DE L'APRÉS-GUERRE. . . BEHIND THE FASHION, RIGHT—SONIA RYKIEL—WHOSE CLOTHES CONTINUALLY REFLECT A STRONG SENSE OF FEMININITY. HERE, A SHAWL-COLLARED WOOL/ANGORA COATDRESS TO THE KNEE (ABOUT $595); ON TOP, A SLEEVELESS COAT WITH EXTENDED SHOULDERS AND POCKETS BANDED IN WHITE (ABOUT $315); AND A KNEE-LENGTH BLACK JERSEY SKIRT (ABOUT $175). BARNEY'S, NYC; SAKS-JANDEL; ULTIMO, CHICAGO; SAKOWITZ; CREEDS CANADA. MAKEUP, LYDIA PUJOLS. PHOTOGRAPHED AT HÔTEL DE CRILLON, PARIS. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

NADINE TRINTIGNANT

Arthur Elgort

AIR FRANCE

Of all the countries
in the world
and all their many
pleasures, there is
nothing in the world
quite like
the experience
of France. A country
not only of style
and spirit, but
of outstanding luxury—
a luxury that seduces
all of the senses.
A country
of endless delight,
endless

THE CLASSIC TEMPTATION
OF CHANEL–IN A 'JEWELED' PIN

TEMPT

Pierre Sherman

FRANCE '82

THRILLING: THE EXPERIENCE OF CONCORDE–
FRENCH GENIUS EXPRESSED IN SUPERSONIC TERMS. NEW YORK TO PARIS
IN 3 HOURS, 45 MINUTES (THAT'S OFFICIAL TIME; IT'S OFTEN LESS).
THE SKY IS PURPLE-BLUE; THE EARTH, A FAR-AWAY MEMORY; THE LUXURY, TOTAL.
IT'S THE PERFECT BEGINNING TO FRANCE...

A DIVINITY OF CHOCOLATE DESSERTS, THE ULTIMATE TEMPTATION AT MICHEL GUÉRARD'S HOTEL/RESTAURANT/SPA, LES PRÉS ET LES SOURCES D'EUGÉNIE AT EUGÉNIE-LES-BAINS. IN ADDITION TO HIS FAMED CUISINE MINCEUR, GUÉRARD ALSO PRODUCES SOME OF THE MOST EXQUISITE CLASSIC CUISINE IN ALL OF FRANCE.

ATHOS

TEMPTATIONS

a guide to the luxuries of Paris

Think of Paris . . . and the mind wanders quickly to art and food and fashion and wine . . . and very often stops, lingers over the idea of shopping in Paris. In a city, a country where temptations abound, this one is irresistible.

What attracts so strongly? A sense of luxury that co-exists with a sense of history—the tradition of quality is ingrained, inbred. A sense of style and presentation—a single chocolate truffle is wrapped as carefully, as lovingly as an emerald pin. A sense of place: the city itself intrudes, distracts, interrupts—and makes the experience of shopping in Paris—of looking for or just looking at the city's delights—a unique one.

What constantly amazes: in the space of a few short blocks, legendary names suddenly appear, one after another on streets whose names are equally renowned—Avenue Montaigne, Place Vendôme, Faubourg St. Honoré, rue Royale. The sense of romance they evoke—part of the world's collective consciousness—is another part of the experience—that, and the constant thrill of discovery.

An undeniable temptation—the experience of traveling within France and sampling the unique glories of each region

You feel it all—all at once—wherever you begin an "expedition in luxury." A good starting point, for example—the Avenue Montaigne. Stand on one end near the Plaza-Athénée, and the Eiffel Tower looms so large you want to reach *(Continued on page 414)*

Pierre Sherman

AT THE MOST IDYLLIC COUNTRY RESTAURANT IN FRANCE, THE AUBERGE DE L'ILL IN ILLHAEUSERN, QUIET LUXURY, THE FRESHEST FOODS PERFECTLY PREPARED AND PRESENTED, SERVED WITH GLORIOUS LOCAL WINES. HERE, A SPECIALTY: MORSELS OF DUCK WITH FRAGRANT POT-AU-FEU VEGETABLES, HORSERADISH SAUCE. IN NEARBY COLMAR, A GREAT ART EXPERIENCE: THE MAGNIFICENT SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ISENHEIM ALTARPIECE BY MATHIAS GRÜNEWALD.

FRANCE '82

David Massey

(Continued from page 412) out and touch it. There is no mistaking—this is the real thing, and if you need convincing, on the Avenue Montaigne, the couture houses of Emanuel Ungaro, Valentino, Jean-Louis Scherrer, Nina Ricci, Hanae Mori, Dior. At Dior, with its pale-grey-and-white exterior, the many windows tempt: Bébé Dior, for parents and grandparents who know the true meaning of indulgence, Dior shoes, then the Boutique with its myriad of pleasures—accessories, fragrances, even Dior makeup. Also, it houses one of Paris' best collections of "things for the house" with a bridal registry (*liste de mariage*) that includes some of the city's and the world's most well-known names.

ARRIVING TO STYLE—THE RITZ HOTEL
Hemingway's idea of heaven . . . now totally renovated

FOUQUET: CONFISERIE EXTRAORDINAIRE
A surrender to pleasure, piece by piece

ORNAMENTAL DELIGHT—STEEL-AND-GOLD NECK CHAIN, FROM FRED JOAILLIER *Always something different*

LUXURY OF PLACE: THE PLAZA-ATHÉNÉE HOTEL
Everyone lunches at the Relais Plaza

Further down on the Avenue Montaigne—Porthault, whose linens certainly qualify as "couture." All of the charming Porthault flower designs are here in all their many guises—from sheets and towels (including, in terry, a hot-water bottle cover), tablecloths and napkins, to a breakfast tray and china "in Porthault" to match—one delight after another.

A new addition to Avenue Montaigne (though not to Paris) at (Continued on page 416)

he temptations of Paris—always the best of their kind from …and after a day of shopping/looking

Photos by Alexis Stroukoff, Pierre Sherman, and Mary Russell

COLLECTORS' SILVER: PUIFORCAT TEA SERVICE
Art Deco at its best

AT CHRISTOFLE, MONET'S GIVERNY CHINA
The originals, handpainted by the artist!

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS: EXTRAVAGANT JEWELED FLOWER
A Place Vendôme landmark

ON THE AVENUE MONTAIGNE, THE HOUSE OF DIOR
Luxe, calme, volupté

PARFUMS CARON—BACCARAT URNS OF FRAGRANCE
Mirrors, marble . . . perfumes with a past

ARÈNE—IN A CITY OF FLOWERS, THE ULTIMATE Fflorist
Added splendor at the couture

chocolate truffles to jeweled splendors
—the best hotels

FRANCE '82

Alexis Sivoukoff

T

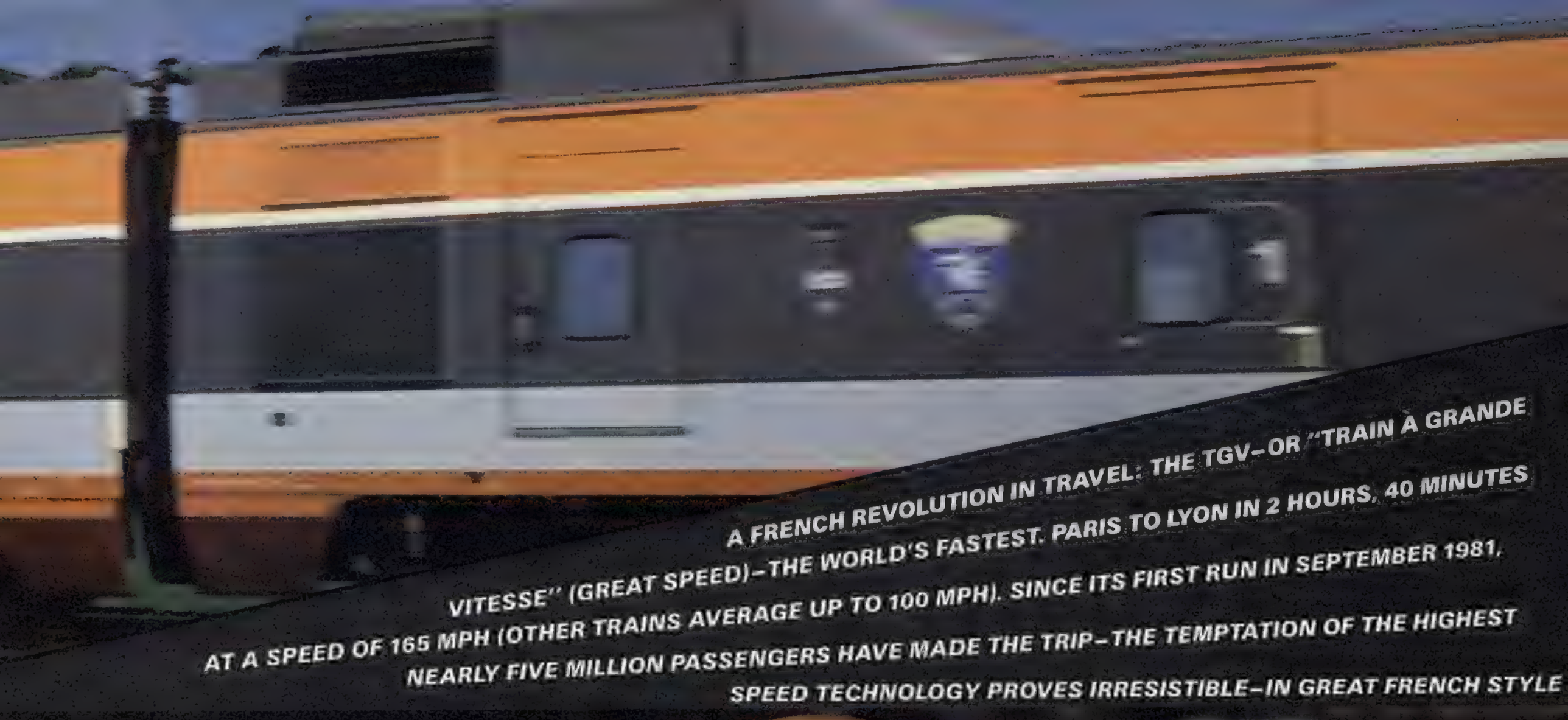
(Continued from page 414) #34 is Parfums Caron—all mirrors and gleaming grey marble. Here, in giant Baccarat crystal urns are legendary Caron fragrances newly re-created. Among them: Violette précieuse (1918), Narcisse blanc (1923), En avion (1930). Your selection is hand-drawn into a tiny crystal bottle. It is, you feel sure, what the experience of buying perfume should be.

radition in France—great luxury everywhere. Innovation: time and space conquered by speed

A few steps away, literally, (on rue François I[er]) is another small shop, rich—literally—in temptations. It is Fouquet, an extraordinary *confiserie,* magical, authentically Old World. And totally irresistible. There are dozens and dozens of open boxes filled with mouthwatering chocolates, glazed fruits, bonbons . . . shelves lined with intriguing honeys and jams. When temptation proves too much, Madame Fouquet and her staff permit discreet sampling. And when you finally decide, the choice is wrapped in colored tissue, ribboned, sealed.

(Continued on page 419)

Pierre Sherman



A FRENCH REVOLUTION IN TRAVEL: THE TGV–OR "TRAIN À GRANDE VITESSE" (GREAT SPEED)–THE WORLD'S FASTEST. PARIS TO LYON IN 2 HOURS, 40 MINUTES AT A SPEED OF 165 MPH (OTHER TRAINS AVERAGE UP TO 100 MPH). SINCE ITS FIRST RUN IN SEPTEMBER 1981, NEARLY FIVE MILLION PASSENGERS HAVE MADE THE TRIP–THE TEMPTATION OF THE HIGHEST SPEED TECHNOLOGY PROVES IRRESISTIBLE–IN GREAT FRENCH STYLE

HERMES CLASSIC: THE KELLY BAG–
A CONTINUING (SINCE 1837)
EVOLUTION IN CRAFTSMANSHIP

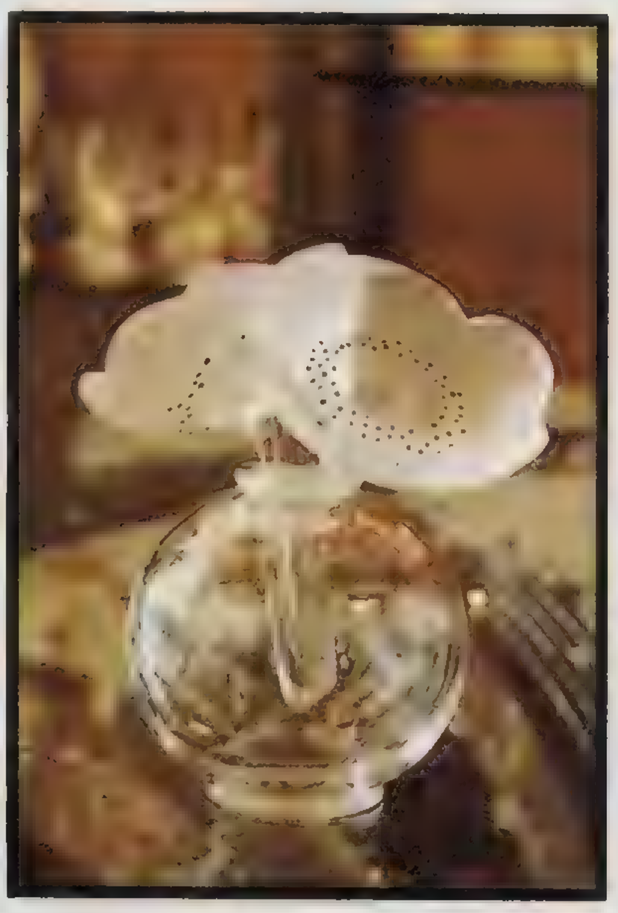
JANSEN: UNIQUE "OBJETS"
Graceful bronze birds

CHARVET—"FURNISHINGS"
For shirts—100 different white cottons!

FOUQUET'S . . . ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES
A window on the world

CHRISTOFLE: A "BOUQUET" OF CHINON SILVER READY-TO-SERVE *Shining French tradition*

CANOVAS: THE FRESH APPROACH TO LINENS
A slice of Left Bank charm



CLASSIC LALIQUE PERFUME BOTTLES
Perfection of detail in crystal

PARIS MODERN: RAINBOW-BRIGHT BAGS AT LA BAGAGERIE
Informal, French style

POIRAY'S JEWELED NECK "CUFF"
Definite impact . . . modern French chic

(Continued from page 416)

There is another Fouquet—a lively outdoor café on the Champs-Élysées, where, in an ideal world, all outdoor cafés would be. Whether or not it is truly warm enough, sunny enough to sit outside makes no difference. This is a Paris institution—a fact of life and not-to-be-missed. No one will ever rush you, but at a certain point, self-discipline prevails. Following the Champs-Élysées toward the Arc de Triomphe will take you to Avenue Marceau, one of the broad tree-lined avenues that radiate from that vital hub. It is on the Avenue Marceau that

nly in Paris: an array of delights—antique, modern, futuristic... "just looking" becomes an end in itself

one finds Saint Laurent couture—here, a uniformed doorman will usher you up red-carpeted stairs. . . . And on Avenue Marceau, another Paris "institution"—Louis Vuitton, located in a townhouse *(Continued on page 420)*

FAUCHON—DELICACIES, UNLIMITED
Shop after shop after shop. . .

PRECIOUS, MOVABLE: RENÉ BOIVIN'S JEWELED DOG
One-of-a-kind pieces

LE CAR!—FROM RENAULT
Red-hot red and terrific

Photos by Pierre Sherman and Alexis Stroukoff

(Continued from page 419)
opened in 1954 as part of the firm's centenary celebration. Inside, a staff "dressed" by Guy Laroche, cool modern efficiency, a tangible sense of history. Along with a bewildering array of Vuitton—everything imaginable and a few things you may not have thought of before. On the second floor is a small museum displaying the famous steamer trunks of another era (everyone had them, including Charles Lindbergh and Coco Chanel) . . . and the unusual equipment Vuitton provided for voyages of exploration, safaris, and other exotic adventures. The various pieces serve as an excellent study of the social history of the past one hundred-twenty-five years. Today, in the age of the Concorde, lightweight totes, duffels and a new line of smooth, initial-less leather Vuitton luggage.

At the opposite end of the Champs-Élysées, the Place de la Concorde. To see this at night—with all of the lights turned on, the fountains dancing, the mad blur of traffic,

A final temptation: the luxury of presentation... wine and food served in equally glorious "environments"

and, if you're lucky, the moon hovering over the nearby Seine—is to see one of Paris' most memorable, moving sights. By daylight, pleasure of another kind. Just off the Place, the rue Royale, and—Maxim's. It is dark behind tightly drawn shades—the curious are denied.

But the rue Royale is quick to *(Continued on page 422)*

Pierre Sherman

FOR THE BEST FRENCH WINE, BACCARAT CRYSTAL.
HERE, AN OVERSIZED "GOURMET" OR "WINE-TASTER" GOBLET

FRANCE '82

*IN THIS LAND OF CULINARY GENIUS–
A SURPRISE: PRÊT-À-PORTER FOOD IN ALL
ITS GLORY. HERE ON THE TERRACE
OF LIZ AND ANASTASSIOS FONDARAS'
ÎLE ST.-LOUIS APARTMENT: BLINI, CABBAGE
SALAD FROM GILBERT DUBOST;
TROUT IN ASPIC FROM FAUCHON;
CASSOULET FROM DU MARCHÉ; PETITS
FOURS FROM DALLOYAU. TABLECLOTH:
A CLASSIC FROM PORTHAULT.*

David Massey

(Continued from page 420) reveal its other luxurious inhabitants. Lalique—with not only famed perfume bottles (and they are there in all their glory), but a variety of crystal. An almost next-door neighbor, Jansen, with its unique mix of antique and modern *objets,* silver, unusual furniture.

Across the street, Christofle, silversmiths first established in the 1830's. The rue Royale shop is *la mère maison*—the mother house—and displays all of the Christofle designs. What is very tempting to an American: the size and weight of the silverware, the distinctly European flavor.

From anywhere on the rue Royale, the Madeleine is always in sight—an undisputed landmark. The same can be said of Fauchon, which wraps itself around an entire corner of the Place de la Madeleine. A series of small shops, each more satisfying than the last: one for pastries and sweets, one for wines and spirits, another a charcuterie, another filled with the world's most exotic (as well as the everyday) fruits and vegetables (a definite luxury item there, the rare morille mushrooms, at $200 a kilo). If you can't decide on exactly what you'd like packed in the distinctive black-and-white Fauchon wrapping—marrons glacés, pâté, chèvre—you can have an ice-cream or a coffee at their "fast-food" bar while thinking it over.

Intersecting the rue Royale is one of the most famous shopping streets in Paris, in the world—the Faubourg St. Honoré. On this street, one discovers a who's who of French ready-to-wear: Saint Laurent, Ungaro, Courrèges, Lanvin, Guy Laroche, further down, Chloé, Sonia Rykiel.

A famous name that can't be missed—occupying a prime spot at the corner of the rue Boissy d'Anglas—is Hermès. Walk inside. Again, an overwhelming sense of history—the fifth generation of the Hermès family is now managing what has become a far-flung, thriving business. It all started in 1837 with the most luxurious riding "tack." The roots are clearly in evidence: the saddles, harnesses, bridles, racing prints, and memorabilia. And permeating the atmosphere: the rich, unmistakable smell of leather—the best quality leather in luggage, handbags, belts, small leather goods—everything, still handmade. In fact, the leather ateliers are on the premises and attract students from all over the world who come to serve apprenticeships. Beyond leather: the ubiquitous Hermès silk scarves (collectors' prizes), the cashmeres . . . and on the second floor, the perfection of handmade Lobb shoes—a kinship of craftsmanship. Not everything in Hermès is extravagantly priced: the Hermès saddle soap—the canvas feed-bag bags. And whatever you buy goes in the famous orange Hermès wrapping (the wrappings are as tempting, as distinctive as the stores they represent).

Another of the city's highly concentrated, high-luxury shopping "districts": the Place Vendôme. Here, a majestic seventeenth-century façade of honey-yellow stone that turns white or golden depending on the sun. And everything you find in the Place Vendôme lives up to the setting.

The Ritz is a magnet. Although it was recently renovated, top to bottom, a visitor would not be at all surprised to see Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, or Noël Coward emerge. . . . The luxurious shops begin at #8, with Charvet—its windows piled high with old-fashioned black hatboxes and with men's scent in Champagne-split bottles. Inside, the temptations of perfect, classic men's (and women's) "furnishings"—ready and custom-made shirts (in the back room, over one hundred different kinds of white cotton shirting alone). And everything that should go with them is there: the right silk ties and silk hankies (piled in stacks, as are women's scarves), the studs and cummerbunds. Plus, cotton nightshirts and pajamas, silk dressing gowns.

Winding around the Place Vendôme, the legendary jewelers of Paris: Chaumet. Boucheron. Les Must de Cartier. Van Cleef & Arpels. For nearly one hundred years, European royalty has "shopped" Van Cleef and in their collection, pieces with great historic interest. The most famous: the Empress Josephine Tiara, given to Josephine by Napoleon. And, in provocative contrast, legendary banks sandwiched in between: the House of Rothschild, Morgan Guaranty.

The "original" Cartier is a short walk away—on the rue de la Paix at #13—not the first Cartier store (the firm was founded in 1847) but the address to which Louis and Alfred Cartier moved in 1898 (a few doors from the House of Worth). The feeling of La Belle Époque is everywhere . . . in wonderful "antique" pieces . . . in the famous, elaborate Cartier "mystery" clocks on display. But somehow it all works in perfect harmony with the new space-age-sleek Cartier quartz watches. For "serious" buyers, a winding, wood-paneled staircase takes you to private rooms where splendid jewels can be viewed in splendid isolation.

Across the street, a newer "name" in jewelry: Poiray, with two boutiques—one, couture; the other, more sportif. Both attracting a with-it international crowd.

Then there are the "hidden" jewelers of Paris. JAR—in back of the Place Vendôme—you have to know where to look. This is a still-life of a boutique—flowers artfully arranged, a dish of smooth stones that reveals one precious stone. The designer, a young American, has a very avant-garde approach: a ring with a diamond that seems to hover tentatively over its platinum setting; a heavy steel-grey chain that conceals tiny diamonds. . . . On the rue de l'Opéra, one has to go upstairs to find René Boivin, a jeweler whose doors first opened around the turn of the century. In the hushed atmosphere—the air scented with sandalwood, the walls displaying an extensive Oriental art collection—it is easy to imagine the Edwardian gentlemen making their selections. Modern selections have a surprise quality: hidden clasps on a wide bracelet of gold-and-wood and their famous precious movable animals—as pins or pendants.

If shopping in Paris can be an "excuse" to see Paris, it is also a way to see how the Parisians live. No better places for this than the two most famous Parisian department stores: Galeries Lafayette and Le Printemps. As all major department stores have become, these are "everything-under-one-roof" stores—going beyond fashion and perfume (they are among the world's largest perfume "shops") to include restaurants, in-store entertainments. Special promotions feature French designers doing "exclusives"—another international trend in shopping. And while you can find the best of France in these stores—including the charm of old-fashioned nightgowns and *tabliers* and bath salts from Grasse—you can also find the best of the rest of the world here, as well.

Shopping in Paris isn't only a pursuit of luxury. One of the eternal joys of the city: its flowers. They decorate almost every corner spilling over onto sidewalks and are works of art in themselves. Nowhere in the world do you find tulips that equal the tulips of Paris—with stems as long, petals as creamy, colors as soft. And nothing is more inviting than spring violets from a sidewalk stall or flower market.

But there is a more luxurious aspect, even here—best exemplified by Arène, the *ne plus ultra* of Parisian florists. It is from Arène that customers can order extravagant fantasies of flowers . . . and from Arène that Saint Laurent, Ungaro, Dior, Scherrer order the flowers that "adorn" the couture. Couture flowers? Why not? This is Paris . . .

Taittinger Champagne.
It spoils you for anything else.

Imported from France exclusively by Kobrand, N.Y., N.Y.

ALLÉE EN FRANCE

TRAVEL: THE IRRESISTIBLE LURE OF THE COUNTRY From the sensuous indulgences of the most sublime inns—recalled by Barbara Kafka—to the newest French passion, energy-packed vacations, where activity is the luxury—reported from France by Christine Masson

have the strangest map of France in my head, dotted with rosettes that are called stars. It contains Paris but not Clermont-Ferrand. On it Eugénie-les-Bains with 392 inhabitants is written in large letters while Montpellier with almost two hundred thousand souls is barely visible. This map is overlaid with a *point d'esprit* of red dots. More recently, this mental guide has been troubled with magenta roads and heavy black bars of type. My mind is possessed by the *Guide Michelin's* and *Gault-Millau's Guide France* clues in the search for a perfect country inn.

What is this sublime, French, country inn? First it must have rooms. An obvious requirement: but difficult when the country charm of, say, the Haeberlin's Auberge de l'Ill in Illhaeusern, with its dining room opening on to a meandering brook, and with its idyllic food—*truffes sous la cendre*—must be omitted from the list.

Of course, it must have some of the best food in France. How sad to have to leave out La Verniaz high in the mountains above Lake Geneva and Évian, with entrancing cottages and pools surrounded by cosmos, and chickens turning on huge outdoor spits, just because Michelin gives the food only one star and Gault-Millau only twelve out of a possible twenty points. The pitchers of the white, bubbling regional wine make me think again; but I return to my map in further search.

These problems of definition are as nothing compared to pinning down "country." To my American mind that means open land and green; to the French that seems to *(Continued on page 426)*

Vladimir Sichov

Un parfum et une robe signés Yves.

Parfums
YVES SAINT LAURENT

FRENCH TRAVEL

(Continued from page 424)

mean anyplace outside of Paris. Almost all the inns of the practical French are on some well-traveled route and associated with a town to supply a steady stream of customers. Yet true to my own vision and reluctant to accept anyplace with less than the Michelin's red singing bird denoting tranquility, I eschew the great Troisgros restaurant in Roanne where all the decoration and sublime fruit sorbets and local chêvres, though innocent as dreams, have not obliterated the railroad hotel. Equally, Lameloise in Chagny, in the heart of Burgundy on the road south, which has fed me splendidly on its rich regional food, does not make the list because the crossroad it inhabits is devoid of green refreshment.

A precious few refuges survive scrutiny: expensive, elegant, and cherished, with sublime food, refreshing scenery or gardens, a warm greeting, and the influence of the local farms in every bite.

Of these few, the paragon is in Eugénie-les-Bains. Here Michel Guérard married his wife and a Napoleon III spa. Together they have made this spa that was gently rusting in memories of another day into one of the most privileged spots in the world: Les Près et les Sources d'Eugénie. This they did without the natural advantages of spectacular scenery or central location. The restaurant and hotel sit at the bottom of a shallow valley where the edge of the Landes meets the edge of Armagnac; but the soil is fertile, the ducks are extraordinary. Michel is a great cook—perhaps a genius. His wife Christine, an elegant, black-haired woman, has great personal style that extends to the ravishing decoration of rooms public and private. For his cooking and for his pleasure, Michel has turned the old *jardin de curé,* the priest's garden, into a burgeoning delight of herbs and old-fashioned roses alive with perfumes and buzzing bees.

There are fresh white carpets and amusing antiques. There are beautiful flowers, a swimming pool and tennis court and, should you wish, the spa with massages and waters to drink. Above all there is the food: *cuisine minceur* for those who want to lose weight and the most sublime food in the world for those who fly to Pau or Bordeaux in order to drive to these meals. I usually eat *minceur* at lunch and what I call *grosseur* at dinner. I think there must be profound masochism in coming to Guérard to diet although that regime does taste delicious. I eat lightly at lunch because even infinite gluttony doesn't permit me to eat two of his rich and elegant meals a day. At dinner, I try the foie gras in an aspic of pepper and Sauternes to see if it can be as good as remembered and then I abandon myself to the suggestions of the beautifully trained staff. The excitements here are visual and culinary. The rewards are deep peace and relaxation.

Talloires, on the Lac d'Annecy, on the other hand, is breathtakingly beautiful. Swans flirt with sailboats on the lake ringed by the mountains. In the middle of this beauty sits L'Auberge de Père Bise with smooth lawns reaching past flower beds to the water. Dinner here, set forth on an outdoor terrace overlooking the water, can be a superb *omble chevalier*—the trout-like fish unique to this lake, boned and stuffed with a fragile mousse. However, I think my favorite meal may be breakfast eaten late in the warm sun: croissants baked in the restaurant's kitchens that morning, little tubs of butter from the Col des Aravis high in the mountains, and some of the best jams in the world fragrant with the intense high mountain fruit. I feel as silky and beautiful as Laurence de Monaghan in *Claire's Knee,* which was in part shot in this beautiful setting.

The third of this classic triumvirate is L'Oustaù de Baumanière in Les Baux-de-Provence. Set in a horseshoe of bauxite mines bleached white like long-exposed bones, formed into strange abstractions as blocks of the porous stone have been carved out for industry, this beautiful old farmhouse transformed into an inn looks out all the way over the strange plain of the landlocked seaport, Aigues-Mortes, to the Mediterranean. Stepping barefoot from my bed in the main building, I slide along the satin-smooth waxed terra-cotta tiles and open the shutters to the view over the swimming pool and fig trees. The sun lights the sensuously rounded Louis XV antiques of my room, and I realize that once again my resolves to visit the antiquities of Nîmes and Arles will be seriously undermined by a lunch on the terrace and a somnolent swim in the brightly sunny pool before I find it is time to dress for dinner and a more serious bottle of the extraordinary wines that M. Thuilier has lovingly collected. An escapee from the cold regions of the Haute-Savoie and from a middle-class life as an accountant, he is living a passionate love story with Provence and cooking.

Less awesome as inns, but as richly supplied with food, are Roger Vergé's Moulin de Mougins, Alain Chapel in Mionnay, Georges Blanc's La Mère Blanc in Vonnas, and Pic in Valence. The last three are all in that great wine-growing belt that reaches from Chablis down through the Côtes-du-Rhône. Of these, Georges Blanc is the youngest chef and newest three-star. But his inn, fronting on a canal and backed by an increasingly embellished garden, is the oldest basking in continuous esteem. Started by the original Mère Blanc and passed by her to her daughter-in-law, the second Mère Blanc and Georges' mother, it has long been famous for its savory regional delights, and while Georges has ventured into the inventions of the *nouvelle cuisine,* making marvelous vegetable terrines and sweetbreads wrapped in spinach and braised in a faintly curried cream sauce, he has been too wise to abandon the delectable potato pancakes, *crêpes vonnasiennes,* invented by his grandmother. Swim, play tennis, eat, and, for one or more days, live in a country dream.

Chapel and Pic barely qualify as inns, with thirteen and ten rooms apiece and with gardens rather than grounds but "oh, my friends and ah, my friends," what a lovely pleasure that they do for they are doing in their separate ways some of the most original cooking in France. They do it quietly and modestly without leaving on voyages to be guest cooks and guest stars but staying at their stoves in the middle of their lovely gardens.

Vergé is quite a different type, although he also barely squeaks in with only five rooms. He is the picture of the chef radiant in his whites with full moustache, silver hair and pink cheeks; he radiates confidence. His charming wife remembers names and seats guests with warmth and charm in the richly decorated dining rooms and in the simple gardens beyond. Vergé's food is at its best when the customer accepts simplicity; and then the finest tastes of Provence *(Continued on page 428)*

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FRENCH TRAVEL

(Continued from page 426)

are washed down by Vignelaure, the best wine of Provence, on a gentle summer night.

For those of you wishing a little experiment, I recommend one two-star, seventeen-point inn in a less traveled part of France, the Morbihan. The Château de Locguénolé et Résidence de Kernavien in Hennebont is situated in an old castle overlooking a river in a large park with a swimming pool. It is a place to go for a luxurious week of eating oysters heated in a cream of leeks and fresh salmon roasted in a salt crust out of doors. You may arrive just before the third star.

A few words of caution: all three-star restaurants in France are very expensive even with a favorable rate of exchange. I think the meals are well worth it and become the memories of a lifetime. At most you can eat more modestly by being careful; but remember to be careful about the wine as well and that at least a fifteen percent tip as well as taxes will be added to your bill. The rooms, by virtue of their luxury and the limitation in their numbers, are rather expensive also, if you can get one. Call or write well in advance if you want a reservation, especially for the summer months. These are certainly luxurious moments, but for me they give a vision of life as a beautifully ordered and voluptuous experience that from time to time restores my soul.

—BARBARA KAFKA

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NEW ENERGETIC VACATION

Although smaller than the state of Texas, France offers an extraordinary variety of landscapes, coastlines, customs, and possibilities for vacationing. With a choice between untamed Brittany and its crashing waves, rustic Auvergne in the heart of the country, olive groves and fields of lavender in Provence, and peaks and valleys in the Alps and Pyrénées, the French today are heading, above all, for places that will allow them to get in shape and rediscover a fabulous vacationland. The exclusive reign of the Riviera is a thing of the past.

Physical effort has become necessary to a successful vacation, and health a veritable obsession. The sociologists see proof, in this sudden burst of activity, that France has truly become a leisure society. Since leisure is more than anything else a state of mind, anything can be experienced as a leisure activity. Even effort. The Frenchman is rushing into it with all his heart—and body. Vacationers are free to become botanizers, champions at horseback riding, bicycle racing or tennis, or virtuoso violinists.

Illustrative of the new spirit of things is the small village of **Saint-Cyprien** (in the province of **Roussillon,** near **Perpignan**) where acknowledgement of vacation activities in the past was limited to suntan oil and campers: now it boasts a brand-new sports complex featuring the soccer star Michel Platini and his cohorts from the French national team, plus stars from other popular sports.

> ***Leisure is more than anything else a state of mind***

In President Mitterrand's home **department** of **Nièvre** alone are to be found nine marked trails, forty-six fishing clubs, and at least ten other activities. The "new activists" can thus choose among an infinite number of possibilities.

● The **Club Méditerranée,** for instance, features an astounding variety of activities in the town of **Vittel,** on a property spread over four hundred fifty hectares of forest where no cars are allowed. A veritable sports and oxygen cure, with a huge offering of physical activities, there's also an optional "passport to fitness" program, individually tailored to the vacationer's needs, and including dietary advice, hydrotherapy, and massage.

● Most of the ski resorts—**Tignes, Chamonix, Les Arcs, Flaine, Val-d'Isère, Avoriaz,** etc.—have been modified so as to be able to cater to warm-weather guests as well. Each offers as many as five or six different activities, ranging from tennis (the classic sport in a country where there are two million players and two million would-be players), to mountain climbing, photography, fishing, or lessons on the recorder.

● No one is climbing in Nepal anymore. Too much traffic. Instead, they are straining themselves on the slopes of **Mount Blanc,** just as populous in August as the Promenade des Anglais in Nice. Or, what's still more chic, they are hiking in the **Pyrénées,** in **Corsica,** or, best of all, in the (nearly) undiscovered **Queyras** region of the Alps.

● Alone or with friends, with or without knapsack, the point of it all is for the city dweller, whose life is polluted by noise, hustle and bustle, to return to the earth, to renew a salutary acquaintance with Mother Nature. The obvious companion to facilitate such a reunion is the horse. With a minimum of experience already behind you (or acquired in a few lessons on the spot), and in groups of two or more but without guide, anyone can spend five days exploring the **Quercy** region on bridle paths marked out by Bruno and Lydie Verley. Come nightfall, both you and your trusty mount will be able to find shelter at an inn, farm, or cabin.

Closer to the simple, old-time ways you've set out to discover is the mule, capable of carrying all the equipment (bags, tents, air mattresses, pots, and pans) needed for a six-day pack trip through the **Vercors**—this time with guide so as not to get lost.

More comfortable are the caravans of the sort used by gypsies which enable the French to rattle across the backroads of their country, marveling at all they encounter. One sees these rigs passing through the **Dordogne,** through **Périgord, Armagnac, Normandy,** driven by city folk ecstatic at the ease with which they have fallen into the ways of the past.

Still easier, and accessible to all, is bicycling. With marked trails and rooms that can be reserved in advance, this alternative provides exercise and sightseeing rolled up into one. And if one chooses an itinerary passing through the province of **Champagne,** one can taste the *grands crus* while pedaling through.

● If you would rather revel in the pleasures provided by the arts festivals, which are every year greater in number (approximately two hundred in 1982), **Carpentras** and **Lubéron** are but two of the names now associated with some very prestigious ones, and both provide the chance to discover good food and charming hotels. The *habitués* exchange addresses and meet again and again at delightful stops along the festival route, including the **Mas de Garrigon** in **Roussillon, Les Bories** in **Gordes, Les Frênes** in **Montfavet** or the **Château de Rochegude.**

● Perhaps the last remaining way to spend easy summer days without feeling guilty is at the helm of a perfectly comfortable houseboat somewhere on the nine thousand kilometers of waterways that crisscross the French countryside. Each of the locks is an excuse to chat and sip pastis or a cool glass of wine as you wait for the water level to rise or fall. The busiest canals are the ones in the south and in **Burgundy;** but those in the know head for **Brittany,** where nature is wilder and one's peace guaranteed.

The more daring, who prefer to toss their figure and muscle program to the wind, choose to float in a balloon over the heads of their odd little countrymen, all scurrying about below, while they savor doing nothing at all. Maybe these are the people with the right idea, the ones whom one also finds in the châteaux-hotels and in those spots, still chic, where one can still go to get a tan (but not too much, and in the nude). At **Saint-Tropez,** for instance, but far from the madding crowd, at an inn called the **Mas de Chastelas,** where life under the Mediterranean sun is so sweet, and where one can rest—at last. —CHRISTINE MASSON

—Translated from the French by Susan M. Stout

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For further information contact the French Government Tourist Office, which has branches in New York City, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco.*

POUR HOMME.

Le secret du raffinement.

Parfums

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ON THE SCENT

FRENCH PERFUME . . . a national treasure, revered worldwide . . . not buried like truffles . . . but originating, as they do, from the rich, dark soil of France . . . By Shirley Lord

ince the eighteenth century, when the South of France—with its ideal climate and deep dark soil—became popular for the cultivation of rare flowers, used as the ingredients in costly and beautiful fragrances, French perfume has captured the imagination of the world.

It was, of course, the French woman who first conveyed French perfume's provocative message so well . . . you could say the two were made for each other . . . for there is rarely any ambivalence about a French woman; nor is there about the great perfumes of France—made to be noticed, to be alluring, and, most important, to be *remembered.*

"For me, perfume is only interesting if it is strong, warm, enveloping. I don't like light perfume; I see no point in using it. I think it is very important to be completely wrapped—enrobed—in your perfume. My own is voluptuous, troubling, wrapping the skin like a scarf" . . . It is designer Sonia Rykiel describing not only her first perfume, Septième Sens, but the way she feels—the way most French women feel—about French perfume, the national "essence" that is as much a part of their "Frenchness" as their accents, their innate chic.

There is only one perfume capital of the world and it is Grasse, the ravishing eighteenth-century town in the Alpes-Maritimes, where flowers grow in such abandon that no sooner are they plucked and stripped of their perfume-producing petals than more crowd the slopes to take their places, their oils—of jasmine, tuberose, rose, orange blossom, violet, jonquil, acacia, and mimosa—to be shipped all over the world.

The first French perfumes were really tinctures, infusions. Perfumers knew how to distill, knew the theory of crystallization, but raw materials were mostly placed in alcohol . . . *(Continued on page 432)*

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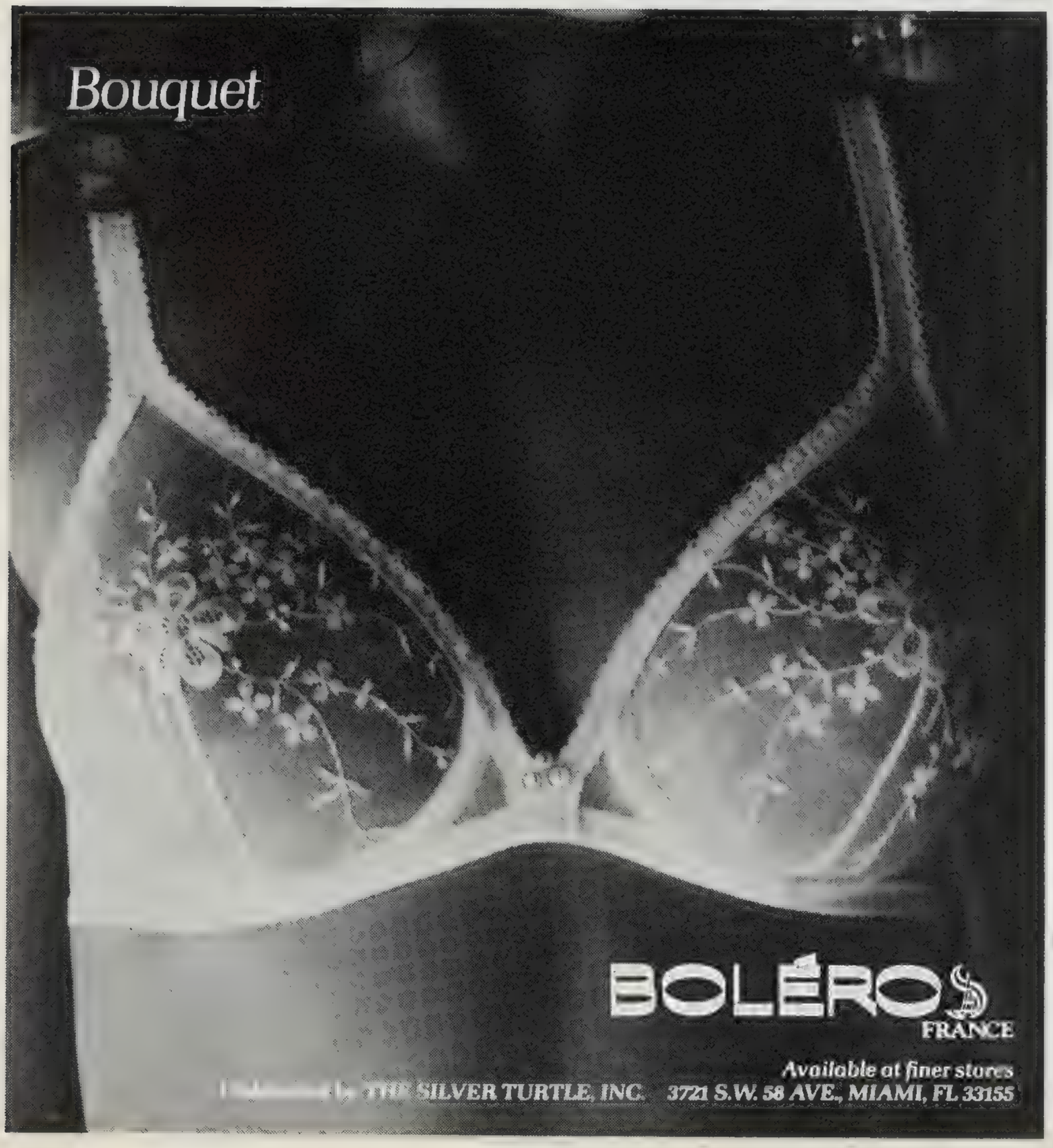

FRENCH PERFUMES

(Continued from page 430)

and that was how perfumes were made—and worn.

In 1775, Jean François Houbigant opened a shop on the Faubourg St. Honoré to sell—as an invoice from the Houbigant archives records—"gloves, powders, and genuine vegetable rouges as well as perfumes" . . . which were invariably called "waters"—"eau de vie" or "eau de Bergamot." More than a hundred years was to pass before a Houbigant descendant in the same shop introduced a new fragrance, coumarin—made synthetically—into a soap, which gave it an aromatic, spicy, mossy note. It was called Fougère Royale—a line of products which evolved from that first soap is still much in demand in France today—and it was the first milestone in the long development of French perfume, offering a distinctly different note that would influence many other fragrances in the years to come.

It was also the beginning of using music terminology to describe perfume, as explained by a leading perfumer, "The theme of a fragrance is made of notes. Its top notes are the first to hit you. The middle notes are the body of a fragrance; the bottom notes form its base . . . a truly creative perfumer allows certain notes to linger in your mind, fusing some together to create many suggestions."

French "classics" —as contemporary today as when they were first created

Today, Houbigant is a huge international company, but it still produces a special line of perfumes in Grasse. The latest—Raffiné—is described by Houbigant's owner and chairman Enrico Donati this way: "Raffiné is the highest compliment the French can pay a woman. It is for someone who is instinctively elegant, who stands out even in a roomful of attractive women. It is an opulent, sensual perfume . . ."

In fact, Raffiné epitomizes what the world has come to expect of "French perfume" . . . and like many "classics," Raffiné has an intricate composition of over two hundred fragrant ingredients.

The French classics are accepted universally as being among the world's greatest perfumes—as contemporary today as they were when they were first created many years ago. Each one signified a "new" kind of fragrance . . . and indeed the first "designer" fragrance came in 1921 from Mademoiselle Chanel, who quickly took advantage of the exciting new synthetic aldehydic substances just emerging to use them with flowers to produce . . . the incomparable Chanel No. 5. Then, in 1933, Caron's Fleurs de Rocaille caused a literal "sensation," with new aromatics adding a sensuous undercurrent to the more usual floral notes . . . Another olfactory first came in 1945, with Balmain's Vent Vert—the first to carry a "green" note . . . then, there was Christian Dior's Diorissimo, *(Continued on page 440)*

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FRENCH PERFUMES

(Continued from page 432)

in 1956—the first "floral fresh" and lily-of-the-valley as it had never been "sensed" before, the precursor of many sparkling floral-fresh fragrances created to have special magic (Fidji by Guy LaRoche and Cristalle by Chanel are two other exceptional examples).

The great house of Guerlain was responsible for much of the progress of French perfume, beginning in 1889, with the creation of Jicky, described by Jean Paul Guerlain, Master Perfumer of the house of Guerlain today, as "the first modern perfume—created by my great grandfather." It was left to the next generation—Jacques Guerlain—to create some of the most enduring and loved perfumes in the world, L'Heure Bleue, in 1912, introducing one of the most complex perfumes ever created; Mitsouko in 1919, the first to be described as fresh, mossy; and Shalimar in 1925.

> ***A perfume must be more mysterious than a copy of something that already exists in nature . . . it must augment a woman's power of seduction***

Jean Paul Guerlain continues, "My grandfather, Jacques Guerlain, was a creative genius. He knew a perfume must be something more mysterious than simply a copy of something that already exists in nature. . . . When a man sees a woman, he shouldn't think of a rose; he should think of that woman . . . perfume should augment her power of seduction and make her more desirable.

"L'Heure Bleue, for instance, as with all Guerlain perfumes, was created with a particular type of woman in mind—fair-skinned with light eyes, whereas Mitsouko was conceived for a dark, exotic woman with a matte skin. Shalimar contains vanilla, reputed to be an aphrodisiac . . . and my grandfather created it to be extraordinarily sensual. Among the majority of great perfumes that came after Shalimar, almost every one of them has a trace of vanilla!"

From the perfume harmonies of the past, built by combining the simple fragrance elements of flowers, herbs, fruits, woods, and balsams, French perfumers have continued to develop highly individual *emotive* fragrances using modern technology—without in any way submerging the true perfumer's art . . .

Chanel No. 5 (1921), Lanvin's Arpége (1927), Worth's Je Reviens (1932), Jean Patou's Joy (1935), Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps (1948), Madame Rochas (1960), and Jean Desprez's Bal a Versailles (1962) are even more successful today than when they were first introduced. Year after year, they have been joined by other magnificent French perfumes, all attesting to French people's deep understanding of perfumes—and the women who wear them . . . perfumes memorable from the first encounter like . . . Ivoire by Balmain, Nocturne by Caron, Michelle by Balenciaga, First de Van Cleef & Arpels, Mētāl and Calandre by Paco Rabanne, Calèche and Amazone by Hèrmes, Rive Gauche and Opium by Yves Saint Laurent, L'Interdit by Givenchy, Silences by Parfums Jacomo, Le Parfum by Parfums Charles Blair, Scherrer by Jean Louis Scherrer, Parfum Must de Cartier, and the important men's French fragrances Pour L'Homme by Cerutti and Léonard.

French perfumers do not like to dwell on the technological aspect of fragrance or to talk about recent discoveries that indicate perfume can be usefully employed in the health field. It is the *seduction* of perfume that French perfumers implicitly believe in. As Robert Ricci, president, Parfums Nina Ricci, points out, "Perfume must have a structure that allows for various physical phenomena to occur at skin level. All this has to be considered, along with the underlying reason for perfume's existence—to be seductive from the moment it is put on until its last note fades . . . so the development and composition of a scent can take many years."

Perhaps Jean Paul Guerlain sums up the French perfumer's attitude with one of his favorite true stories ". . . about the young man who goes to visit his fiancée, gets into the elevator, smells her perfume, and says to himself, 'she's home.' That's what perfume should be all about . . ." ▽

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COQS AU VIN

THE GLORY OF THE WINE A guide to pleasure: an appreciation of the "pride, strength, stored intelligence and ancestral memory" of great French wines—by John Russell . . . plus a lavish selection of the very best of kind available here, to savor now—by Martin Gersh

great bottle of French wine is one of the strongest things there is.

It has to be, given the almost millennial mishaps to which it is exposed. It has trouble being made. It has trouble coming to manhood, and it has trouble growing old with distinction. Everything and everyone conspires against it, from the hundred-footed insects who like nothing so much as to nibble away at the Spanish wax of its seal to the heavy hand that brings it to the table in a quite unnecessary cradle.

Given all this, we must not marvel that a great bottle of French wine has its share of hypochondria. Disturbed in its sleep, it frets for years. Caught in a draft, it does itself an injury. At the very sound of the word "travel," it suffers a crisis of identity. It has been subject for centuries to sicknesses that defy translation, let alone cure—among them *acescence, goût d'évent, casse bleue,* and *pourriture grise.* Not even Dr. Miracle himself can be of service at such times.

It is for these reasons that a bottle of great French wine—and no two such bottles are alike—is proud, unyielding, and set in its ways. Wholly foreign to it is the hideous ingratiation with which the wines of other countries endear themselves to a mass market. It will survive if it can, but the notion of adapting to us does not enter its head.

History is on its side, after all. We may think well of ourselves in the context of great French wine. We may see ourselves as guardians and arbiters, chroniclers and minor poets, formulators of the final judgment, and emeritus historians of all the great wines that ever were. But great French wine knows better. It has an ancestral memory, a stored intelligence, a sense of handmade perfection. It can show us up as pretentious newcomers who do not realize that every bottle of great wine has its own *(Continued on page 444)*

Hiro

Fards à lèvres
La touche de séduction.

Lipsticks: gorgeous, silk-textured colors with irresistible charm. Rare and wonderful lip hues in the fashion colors of Yves Saint Laurent.

YVES SAINT LAURENT
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Created in 1978, it has rapidly become the leading centre of Art and Antiques. 250 antique dealers occupy three floors and offer art enthusiasts an outstanding range of furniture, objets d'art, jewelry and silverware of all periods and styles. Many of the dealers are specialized, but every field of art is represented.
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FRENCH WINES

(Continued from page 442)

character, grows at its own pace, and laughs at the charts. Great French wine has seen the fad words come and go, and the fad people too. It looks at us the way the stained-glass windows at Chartres look at the fashionable preachers of the moment. We and they will have our day and perish. It is for the wine and the windows, and not for us, to give out the grades.

In this matter, talk is the enemy, not of wine, but of the understanding of wine. Talk gives at best a fugitive, limited, already-dated insight. If someone at the table says that a great Bordeaux smells of cedarwood and violets, and someone else says "Nonsense! Coffin wood and old bones are nearer the mark!" we may applaud the exchange. But these formulations do damage. What should be private, unheralded, and unique is pushed into the public domain. In drinking wine, as in making love, every nose, every tongue, every palate is unique.

Talk of wine is the more absurd in that a great French wine does not reveal itself with the first look, the first sip, or the first glass. Nor does it reveal itself with the first quarter of an hour. It is a continuous, unfolding, and cumulative experience. Time, feeling, and progressive exploration all play a part in it. The great bottle is as revelatory of ourselves as it is of the wine that it has nurtured for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. No one adjective, no one nimble turn of phrase will do. The great French wine is the wine that has something in reserve for the last glass. It comes in four acts and not in a prologue, no matter how telling. The wine-tastings by which so many people set such store are rudimentary and ridiculous activities, as well might we judge *Hamlet* by the first few lines. The only way to treat great wine is to keep pace with it all the way from curtain-rise till curtain fall. And even then we must not be deceived. All that has happened is that the long history of French wine has overlapped for an hour with the short history of ourselves.

—JOHN RUSSELL

Here, a carefully culled selection of French wines, plus liqueurs and brandies, one hundred dazzling choices—each the best of its kind and at or near the peak of its prime, ready to drink now—some of them exceptionally good buys. Most will be available at fine wine shops throughout this country; the rest can be tracked down with a little perseverence, as they may be kept in reserve by wine merchants.

WHITE TABLE WINES

Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc have always epitomized greatness in white wine grapes, setting standards that few other grape varieties can even begin to approach. Sauvignon Blanc, which has given the world the supremely fine dessert wine Sauternes, also yields, in parts of Bordeaux and along the Loire River in central France, some of the most exciting, provocative, lovable, and complex white table wines that exist.

In those rarified taste realms where subtlety of flavor, elegance, and finesse are paramount, the Chardonnay grape, utilized in the magnificent whites of Burgundy, stands alone and unchallenged.

WHITE BORDEAUX AND LOIRE

SANCERRE 1979 (COMTE LAFOND) A saucy and enthralling Loire wine of high tonality and moderate size—with just the proper degree of astringency to make its taste memorable. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 25-35 minutes. $11-$12. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)*

CHÂTEAU CARBONNIEUX 1979 Heroic in size, with a faintly citrus-like and ferny taste—a highly animated Graves of outstanding quality. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 15-30 minutes, $13-$15.*

CHÂTEAU PAPE CLÉMENT 1979 Austere and challenging, extremely distinctive, with tremendous concentration and a long-enduring second taste—a most stimulating wine experience, possibly too eccentric for some but fascinating to me. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 3¼ hours, then aerate 1-1¼ hours. $20-$25.*

POUILLY-FUMÉ 1979 (DE LADOUCETTE) Bold and complex—with a distinctive grapefruit-like taste aspect, fine structure and ample size. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 3¼ hours, then aerate 1-1¼ hours. $11-$13.*

CHÂTEAU HAUT-BRION 1979 Representing the height of nobility and restraint found in the Sauvignon Blanc grape, this Graves of moderate-to-large body shows exceptional refinement. *Vintage: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 15-25 minutes. $45-$50.*

POUILLY-FUMÉ 1978 (DE LADOUCETTE) Such a charming Sauvignon Blanc from the Loire—very similar to its 1979 version but complemented here by additional finesse and smoother texture. Notice again that pleasing tinge of citrus. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¾ hours, then aerate 30-45 minutes. $12-$15.*

CHÂTEAU LAVILLE-HAUT-BRION 1978 Definitively elegant and uncommonly pretty, with a delicious lemony taste aspect and pinpoint concentration, this superlative Graves is totally a match for the equally remarkable white Château Haut-Brion 1979. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 15-20 minutes. $30-$35.*

WHITE BURGUNDY

CHABLIS PREMIER CRU 1979 (BARON PATRICK) Eminently gracious and well structured—this is a moderate-bodied Chablis whose leading attributes include subtlety and finesse. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 25-35 minutes. $11-$15.*

CHABLIS 1979, DOMAINE DE BIÉVILLE (MOREAU) A lively and straightforward wine of fine quality—austere, spicy and well made, an excellent value. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 25-35 minutes. $7.50-$8.*

BÂTARD-MONTRACHET 1979 (CAILLOT) Opulently fruity, of immense size and middle tonality, smooth yet robust—a great Chardonnay. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¾ hours, then aerate 30-45 minutes. $40-$45.*

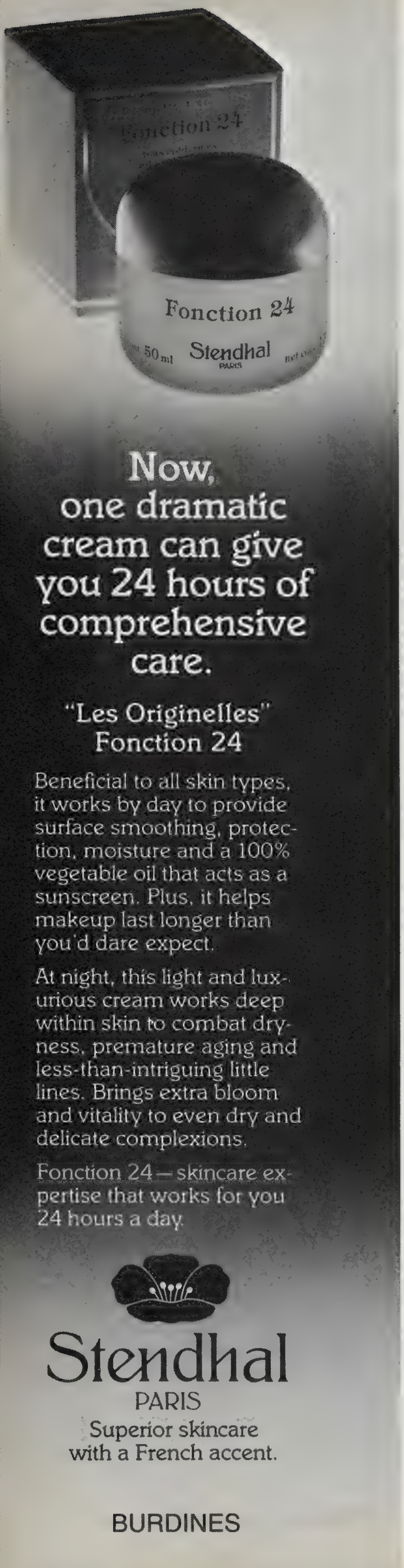
CHABLIS GRAND CRU 1978, VALMUR (MOREAU) Vital and *(Continued on page 446)*

Vernis laque
La touche d'éclat.

Nail lacquers: gloriously glossy color to grace your nails with high lacquer brilliance.
Sparkling luster for your nails in the fashion colors of Yves Saint Laurent.

YVES SAINT LAURENT
Beauté

mafra



FRENCH WINES

(Continued from page 444)

animated, luscious, with big body and a long-lasting second taste—a terrific bottle. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¾ hours, then aerate 35-45 minutes. $15-$18.*

CHABLIS GRAND CRU 1978, LES CLOS (MOREAU) Dignified and reserved, perfectly balanced, with high tonality and generous size, this is an exceptionally attractive wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¾ hours, then aerate 30-40 minutes. $15-$18.*

MEURSAULT 1978, LE LIMOZIN (MICHELOT) Earthy, rather small in body, exhibiting aromatic, lime-like flavor—a delightful wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 25-35 minutes. $18-$20.*

CHEVALIER-MONTRACHET 1978 (DELEGER) A highly stimulating, exceedingly handsome Chardonnay with many layers of complexity—absolutely first-rate. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¾ hours, then aerate 40-50 minutes. $45-$50.*

MEURSAULT 1977, CLOS DES PERRIERES (GRIVAULT) Possessing a delightfully tart flavor, this is a high-spirited and delicious Chardonnay that cannot fail to captivate anyone fortunate enough to drink it. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 15-25 minutes. $18-$20.*

CORTON-CHARLEMAGNE 1976 (BONNEAU DU MARTRAY) It is simply not possible to experience a richer or more persistently long-lasting Chardonnay varietal flavor than that which is offered by this glorious, mouth-filling wine, the embodiment of gracious and luscious monumentality—always irresistible to me! *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 20-30 minutes. $30-$35.*

MONTRACHET 1971 (MARQUIS DE LAGUICHE) The quintessential white table wine—now at that stage where all its wonderful details have merged fully into a tight, compact entity. Flowery, with very large body—a noble wine of unsurpassed perfection. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 6 months-1 year. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2 hours, then aerate 3-5 minutes. $85-$95.*

RED TABLE WINES

RED BORDEAUX

Just as the more than one hundred symphonies of Franz Joseph Haydn, written during the last five decades of the eighteenth century, have provided me with the basic foundation for understanding the later development of the symphony, the red Bordeaux of France have always been my guide to learning all other complex red table wines.

Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, and Cabernet Franc grapes are the foundation of the red wines of Bordeaux. There is no wine-producing area in the world that does not aspire to produce top-flight wines from those renowned classic grapes.

CHÂTEAU DE LAMARQUE 1978 An extremely appealing, fruity, moderate-bodied Haut-Médoc wine which even displays a touch of nobility. A rare buy! *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: 5-10 minutes. $5.50-$6*

CHÂTEAU LE TUQUET 1978 Almost Burgundian in style—a good, flowery, well-balanced Graves with a charming hint of red currants in its taste. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $5.50-$6.*

CHÂTEAU LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD 1975 Brazenly fruity in the California manner, of considerable size—Lafite-Rothschild 1975 is a gorgeous wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $70-$75.*

DOMAINE DE CHEVALIER 1975 Featuring a beguiling and slightly astringent red-raspberry taste element—an unusually fine and handsome Graves. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 25-35 minutes. $25-$28.*

CHÂTEAU LÉOVILLE-LAS-CASES 1975 Spacious, deep, smooth-textured, with an alluring black-cherry flavor element—a tremendous wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $22-$25.*

CHÂTEAU LÉOVILLE-BARTON 1975 Quite sturdy, substantial in body, with prune-like fruitiness—a noteworthy Saint-Julien. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $18-$20.*

CHÂTEAU PICHON-LONGUEVILLE 1975 Spirited, exceptionally fruity, with good size—a delightful Pauillac in every way. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $23-$26.*

CHÂTEAU TROTANOY 1975 Powerful, deep, opulent, highly animated—an imperial wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $40-$45.*

CHÂTEAU LASCOMBES 1975 A most admirable Margaux of imposing size—velvety in texture, possessing fabulous, plum-like fruitiness. This Lascombes, the sixth vintage of this wine I have owned, now supplants the 1976 as the best of the lot! *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $16-$20.*

CHÂTEAU PALMER 1975 Soft, mellow, richly perfumed, with very substantial size—an impeccable wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 15-30 minutes. $35-$40.*

CHÂTEAU LATOUR 1975 An absolutely superlative Bordeaux—deep and noble, with a vibrant taste aspect reminiscent of red plums. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 6-8 years. Aeration: 50 minutes-1 hour. $65-$75.*

CHÂTEAU AUSONE 1971 Supreme delicacy and finesse are the trademarks of this small-sized, marvelously civilized and enchanting Saint-Émilion. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 5-10 minutes. $45-$50.*

CHÂTEAU MARGAUX 1971 A singularly excellent wine—small-bodied, impressively fruity, dynamic, superbly balanced. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 10-15 minutes. $45-$50.*

CHÂTEAU CERTAN-DE-MAY 1970 Notably gracious and luscious, with quite nice size—an exceptionally romantic, first-quality Pomerol. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 10-20 minutes. $23-$26.*

CHÂTEAU HAUT-BRION 1970 Now nearing its peak, compact, reserved, rather soft—this example shows Haut- *(Continued on page 448)*

Since 1715.
One of the world's more civilized pleasures.

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Portrait of a woman wearing mētāl

Mētāl, which is an essence created in France,
is one hundred and twenty dollars an ounce
It is also, among other things, a bath gel,
a body milk, a soap, a dusting powder.

paco rabanne

FRENCH WINES

(Continued from page 446)

Brion's subtlety and breeding right down to the final sip. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: during the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 5-10 minutes. $55-$65.*

CHÂTEAU DUCRU-BEAUCAILLOU 1970 Vigorous and quite terrific, displaying concentrated fruitiness, admirable size and a long-continuing second taste—indeed, the finest of the seven vintages of this wine that I have experienced. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $35-$40.*

CHÂTEAU LA GAFFELIÈRE 1970 Genial and vivid, with good size—a most lovely Saint-Émilion exhibiting laudable fruitiness and almondy taste overtones. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 15-30 minutes. $23-$26.*

CHÂTEAU LAFON-ROCHET 1970 An uncommonly fine Saint-Estèphe—smooth-textured, cohesive, of impressive size, utterly charming. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $18-$22.*

CHÂTEAU CHEVAL BLANC 1970 Immense, benign, deep in tonality, richly textured—a wine of unsurpassed stature. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 40-50 minutes. $70-$80.*

CHÂTEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD 1970 Dense and fruity, deep-toned, as beautiful as any of the eleven vintages of Mouton I have known—if rather less massive than some. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $75-$85.*

CHÂTEAU LATOUR 1970 A truly patrician wine—deep and majestic—distinguished by a totally satisfying synthesis of all its taste elements. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 8-10 years. Aeration 1¾-2 hours. $75-$85.*

CHÂTEAU HAUT-BAILLY 1970 Discreetly fruity, moderate-to-large in body, this is a very fine and rather thoughtful Graves. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best Drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $25-$30.*

CHÂTEAU PÉTRUS 1970 Remarkable, profound, with extraordinary density and this Pomerol's customary abundant size—a great wine steeped in personality. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 30-45 minutes. $85-$95.*

CHÂTEAU CANON 1970 Polished and well-put-together, with excellent fruitiness—a highly superior wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 30-45 minutes. $25-$30.*

CHÂTEAU LÉOVILLE-LAS-CASES 1970 A blockbuster, muscular and deep, featuring every complexity the Cabernet grape can offer. This ranks among the very greatest of the twenty red Bordeaux I have consumed thus far from this extraordinary vintage year. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $30-$35.*

CHÂTEAU PETIT-VILLAGE 1970 A distinguished and delicious Pomerol of pleasant size and middle tonality with all its taste components beautifully integrated. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 30-45 minutes. $30-$35.*

CHÂTEAU MONTROSE 1970 Prodigious, still quite young—a magnificent and flawlessly structured wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great.*

Best drinking: for the next 8-10 years. Aeration: 2¾-3 hours. $25-$30.

VIEUX CHÂTEAU CERTAN 1970 Civilized in manner—easily the most estimable and well-integrated among the six vintages of this excellent wine that I have savored and esteemed over the years. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 10-20 minutes. $28-$32.*

CHÂTEAU LA MISSION-HAUT-BRION 1970 A stupendous creation—suave, full-bodied, delightfully sweet in its finish, a wine of truly dramatic beauty. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 25-35 minutes. $35-$45.*

CHÂTEAU LATOUR 1967 Somber, deep, with important size and silken texture, this wonderful Pauillac commands your attention—as is so often the case with Château Latour! *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 5-10 minutes. $40-$50.*

CHÂTEAU CHEVAL BLANC 1967 Serene and urbane, rounded and deep—pure fascination in the glass. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: 2-5 minutes. $35-$45.*

CHÂTEAU COS D'ESTOURNEL 1964 A splendid, extremely classy wine now in its late middle age—firm, of generous size, with very considerable fruitiness still in evidence. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: 25 minutes. $35-$40.*

CHÂTEAU LATOUR À POMEROL 1961 Just past its summit—a fabulous giant of a wine, deep-toned and perfectly harmonious. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 6 months. Aeration: not more than 1-2 minutes. $85-$95.*

CHÂTEAU TROTANOY 1961 A wine as vast and honeyed as Latour à Pomerol in the same vintage, Trotanoy 1961 nevertheless differs appreciably from its neighbor in that this bottle is now only in late middle-age—an almost miraculously robust wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: during the next 2 years. Aeration: 5 minutes. $85-$95.*

CHÂTEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD 1955 Not the faintest sign of old age here! The wine is firm, big-bodied, deep in tonality, displaying rich plum-like fruitiness and a penetrating sweet finish— a supremely great classic Bordeaux at the height of its powers. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: 3-5 minutes, $150-$175.*

RED BURGUNDY

The Pinot Noir grape is unique, for it produces not only the great reds of Burgundy but also many of France's finest Champagnes. For sheer enchantment, beauty of taste, and power to dazzle one's senses, I firmly believe that no other wine quite equals a prime quality, well-made red Burgundy from a good vintage year.

BEAUNE 1976, CLOS DES COUCHEREAUX (JADOT) Suave, cohesive, high in tonality, with small-to-moderate body and a flavor redolent of cherries—a marvelous wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 15-20 minutes. $18-$20.*

LA TÂCHE 1976 (DOMAINE DE LA ROMANÉE-CONTI) A towering wine, unquestionably the most colossal La Tâche I have ever experienced—its superb multifaceted taste tinged with red currants. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 5-15 minutes. $75-$80.*

CLOS SAINT-DENIS 1976 (LIGNIER) Of ample size and complexity, with prune-like fruitiness—a first-quality Pinot Noir from the Côte d'Or. *Vintage rating:* *(Continued on page 450)*

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Subject

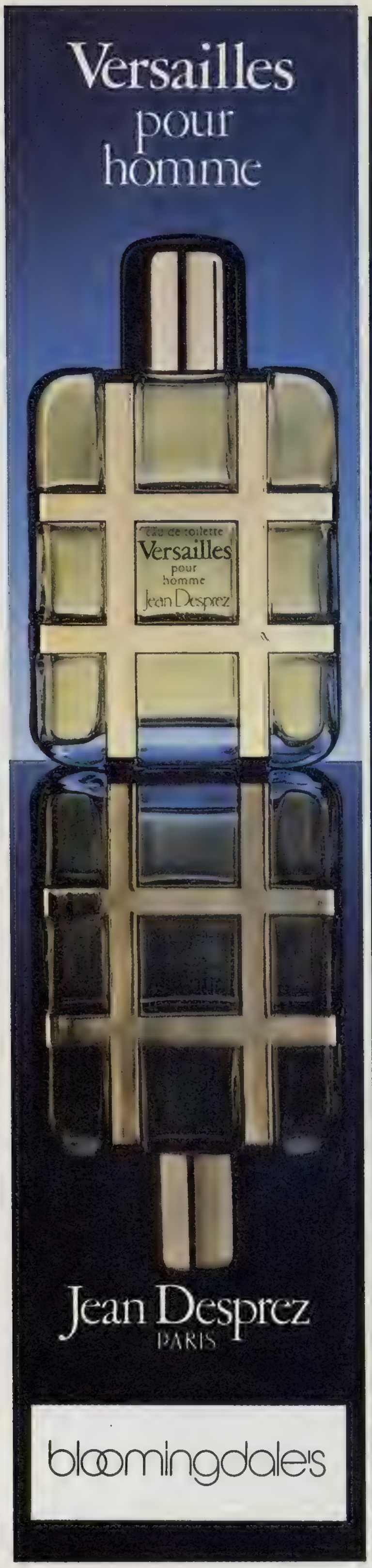
Danielle, last seen in St. Moritz.
Caution: It could be her double again.
Man with her is Max, her bodyguard.

Comments

One of the few things known about her is that she always wears Calandre.

Calandre, a fragrance for women, created in Paris

paco rabanne



FRENCH WINES

(Continued from page 449)

Excellent. Best drinking:for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 15-20 minutes. $30-$35.

CHAMBERTIN 1976 (BOURÉE) A magnificent, big, deep-toned Chambertin from Bourée, joining two previous vintages of equal stature, 1962 and 1972, by the same maker—of which I am fortunate enough still to possess many examples. Now in its virtual infancy, the 1976 wine requires about two hours of aeration for its magical taste elements, a glorious combination of plum and *fraise des bois,* to emerge fully. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-8 years. Aeration: 1¾-2 hours. $50-$60.*

NUITS-SAINT-GEORGES PREMIER CRU 1972 (BOURÉE) Mellow, smooth in texture, of good size and depth—a most impressive wine now in the prime of life. *Vintage: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 15-25 minutes. $30-$35.*

VOSNE-ROMANÉE 1972, MALCONSORTS (BOURÉE) A first-class Burgundy with fine density, high tonality and moderate body—showing considerable delicacy and sophistication. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $35-$40.*

RICHEBOURG 1972 (AUBRY) Spicy, satiny, gracious—this Richebourg is as ravishing a wine as the Pinot Noir grape can produce. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 2-5 minutes. $35-$40.*

MUSIGNY 1971 (PRIEUR) Wondrously elegant, exhibiting peach-plum fruitiness and a dazzling sweet finish to its taste—a hauntingly beautiful wine. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $55-$65.*

CLOS DE VOUGEOT 1970 (PRIEUR) In the fine Burgundy vintages of 1969 and 1971 Jacques Prieur's Clos de Vougeot had prodigious size. In this lesser vintage year, the wine is moderate in body and very refined—tasting like some rare sweetly scented nectar. An absolutely fabulous bottle. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next year. Aeration: none. $35-$45.*

BONNES MARES 1969 (PONNELLE) Titanic in scale, middle-toned, adorned with every grace and charm that a wine can possess—at thirteen years of age, a superb Burgundy in a remarkable state of preservation. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: 2-5 minutes. $50-$55.*

RED RHÔNE VALLEY

Syrah is the predominant grape of the warm-blooded reds of the Rhône Valley—complex, appealing wines that age well in good vintage years and are most attractively priced in comparison to their costlier counterparts from Bordeaux and Burgundy.

CÔTE RÔTIE 1979 (JASMIN) Luxuriously fruity and deep, with a unique and tantalizing hazelnut flavor element—a grand and smoothly restrained wine. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $15-$17.*

HERMITAGE 1979, LA CHAPELLE (JABOULET) An extraordinarily harmonious wine of good size, velvety texture—further enhanced by the delectable touch of tartness contributed by its cranberry-like taste component. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $14-$16.*

CROZES-HERMITAGE 1978 (VIDAL-FLEURY) Spicy, lively, exceedingly fruity—a splendid, ample wine of unusual refinement. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5-7 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $8-$9.*

CHÂTEAU DE BEAUCASTEL 1978 Unquestionably the most elegant Châteauneuf-du-Pape red I have known—revealing typical astringent red-raspberry-like fruitiness, high tonality and moderate size. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $13-$15.*

CÔTE-RÔTIE 1978 (VIDAL-FLEURY) Intriguingly smoky, somber, large-scaled and deep—a great, young, beautifully-made wine. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 7-10 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $15-$17.*

CHAMPAGNE

Created from Pinot Noir and Chardonnay grapes, Champagne is the most versatile of wines—a delight before, during, and after meals, superbly complementing nearly every food from pâtés to pastries. A problem exists in that unless a Champagne is very good, one may tire of a bottle long before its contents have been consumed. I have every confidence that this difficulty will not arise for anyone fortunate enough to drink the marvelous wines listed here.

BILLECART-SALMON BRUT CUVÉE N.F. BILLECART 1976 Glamorous, fern-scented, quite wonderful, with enormous size and high tonality—a wine that will lift you cheering right out of your seat! *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $20-$25. (Note: Refrigerate all Champagnes for 4-5 hours before serving.)*

VEUVE CLICQUOT PONSARDIN BRUT 1975 Those persons responsible for selecting this Champagne to honor the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Lady Diana Spencer on July 29, 1981, chose well when they made this the Royal Celebration Cuvée. Not in the least monumental, the wine is sufficiently fruity, small to moderate in body—a truly joyous Champagne for a gala occasion. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $23-$26.*

MOËT ET CHANDON CUVÉE DOM PÉRIGNON 1973 Urbane, beautifully balanced, exceptionally fruity, moderate in body, with no eccentricities—a most pleasing Champagne. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $45-$50.*

TAITTINGER COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE BLANC DE BLANCS BRUT 1973 A discreet and effortlessly perfect wine displaying complexity and impressive character—with restrained fruitiness, middle-to-deep tonality and moderate body. *Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $45-$50.*

POL ROGER BLANCS DE CHARDONNAY CUVÉE DE RÉSERVE 1971 Rich, pungently flowery, deep and big-bodied, still quite vigorous, with a taste that tells you in no uncertain terms that this is the Chardonnay grape—an amazingly beautiful Champagne. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next year. $28-$32.*

DESSERT WINES

After all the table wines have been consumed and the period for desserts has arrived, these wonderfully opulent Sauternes and more quiet-spoken Gewürztraminers come to the fore—ready to enhance a nut soufflé, tarte tatin, or other products *(Continued on page 453)*

La galerie des Glaces vue par Jean Desprez

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FRENCH WINES

(Continued from page 450)

of the pastry-cook's art. Additionally, it is not widely realized that these wines made from Sauvignon Blanc and Gewürztraminer grapes are also a wonderful foil for pâtés and cheeses. The only drawback in all of this is the absolute necessity to put aside calorie considerations while these wicked indulgences are taking place!

GEWÜRZTRAMINER CUVÉE PARTICULIÈRE 1976 (ESCHBACH-DORNSTETTER) As I drank this discreetly seductive and faintly sweet dessert wine from Alsace, visions of fluttering figures dancing on some golden canvas painted by Fragonard came to mind. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5-7 years. $14-$16. (Note: Refrigerate all dessert wines for 2 hours before serving; no aeration is required.)*

GEWÜRZTRAMINER CUVÉE CHRISTINE SCHLUMBERGER 1976 (SCHLUMBERGER) An unusual and provocative dessert wine—subtle, resinous and cedary, barely sweet. *Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 5-7 years. $23-$26.*

CHÂTEAU DE RAYNE-VIGNEAU 1971 Luscious, very gracious, full-bodied—this is an especially fine Sauternes from Bommes with an entrancing flavor element like ripe mangoes. *Vintage rating: Very good. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. $14-$16.*

CHÂTEAU D'YQUEM 1971 Very grand and deep-toned, with a slightly astringent aspect that beautifully complements its luscious sweetness—this bottle typifies the premier Sauternes Château d'Yquem at its most sublime. *Vintage rating: Very good. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. $70-$75.*

CHÂTEAU CLIMENS 1970 Delicate, graceful, sweet but agreeably astringent, with peach and almond taste overtones—a perfectly delightful Sauternes from Barsac. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. $22-$25.*

CHÂTEAU SUDUIRAUT 1970 A superb Sauternes from Preignac—exceptionally concentrated and deep, with pronounced apricot and bitter almond flavor elements that even seem to linger for some minutes after the glass has been put down. *Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. $20-$25.*

I must confess that when I contemplate—with great satisfaction—the liqueurs and brandies assembled here, one phrase inevitably occurs to me: an embarrassment of riches!

LIQUEURS

DOLFI FRAISE DES BOIS Fresh strawberries from the fields of France—a liqueur so enchanting as to be almost beyond praise. *$12-$13. (Note: All liqueurs do well with about 2 hours of refrigeration.)*

GRAND MARNIER LIQUEUR This inspired union of oranges and Cognac brandy is a wonderful product—delectable, intense, benignly comforting. *$20-$24.*

PAUL ROUVIERE CRÈME DE MYRTILLES Silken and smooth, a blueberry liqueur of small size and high tonality that could perform equally well as an aperitif. *$11-$12.*

CHAMBORD Concentrated, uncannily realistic in its black-raspberry taste, this regal liqueur of high tonality and small-to-moderate body cannot fail to charm. *$14-$15.*

GABRIEL BOUDIER LIQUEUR DE FRAMBOISE Frivolous and spirited, this sweet, red-raspberry liqueur is bewitching. *$14-15.*

ROPITEAU FRÈRES DOUBLE CRÈME DE CASSIS DE BOURGOGNE A lovely liqueur with a penetrating black-currant taste—marked by great density. *$12-$13.*

COINTREAU The ultimate expression of the orange in its most concentrated form—playful and mischievous—a marvelously tempting liqueur. *$11-$12.*

BRANDIES

CAMUS GRAND V.S.O.P. COGNAC An extremely pleasant Cognac—well balanced and rather gentle. *$15-$16.*

BISQUIT NAPOLÉON FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC An awesome Cognac—displaying enormous animation, depth and cohesiveness. *$40-$45.*

DENIS MOUNIÉ EDOUARD VII GRANDE RÉSERVE FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC Quite subtle and reserved—a most laudable Cognac of modest size and high tonality. *$30-$35.*

CALVADOS DES DUCS DE NORMANDIE VIEILLE RÉSERVE This 80 proof apple is without question the most formidable fruit of its kind that I have ever known! Not a trace of sweetness here, but plenty of flavor, fire and brimstone—a powerhouse brandy. *$18-$20.*

LARRESSINGLE X.O. GRANDE RÉSERVE ARMAGNAC Understated, admirably balanced, with deep tonality and small body—a truly distinguished brandy. *$35-$40.*

RÉMY MARTIN V.S.O.P. FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC A very good, vigorous Cognac—moderate-bodied, deep, and pungent. *$20-$23.*

M. RAGNAUD GRANDE RÉSERVE FONTVEILLE FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC Exquisite—small-bodied, compact and very refined. *$50-$55.*

COURVOISIER NAPOLEON FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC Showing impressive fruitiness, this is a vibrant, smooth, beautifully structured, and markedly superior Cognac. *$37-$42.*

MONNET ANNIVERSAIRE COGNAC Powerful, very energetic, complex, deep-toned—an overwhelming Cognac not easily forgotten. *$35-$40.*

THÉO PREISS POIRE WILLIAMS At the moment of picking up this bottle, you are confronted by a large and very pretty pear—stem and all—comfortably floating within. The taste of this eau-de-vie is almost as startling: the essence of pear, fascinating and totally devoid of sweetness. *$40-$45.*

MARTELL CORDON BLEU COGNAC Sturdy, deep, forceful, with quite good size—a dynamic Cognac. *$40-$45.*

MARQUIS DE CAUSSADE X.O. GRAND ARMAGNAC Mellow, with an engaging hint of apricots—a flirtatious and dainty Armagnac of high tonality and small-to-moderate body. *$50-$55.*

OTARD EXTRA COGNAC Tightly knit, moderate in body, with high tonality and pronounced richness—a splendid Cognac. *$75-$80.*

MICHEL FAURE VIEILLE RÉSERVE SPÉCIALE ARMAGNAC Graceful and opulently fruity, utterly smooth and deep, with moderate body and an exceptionally long-enduring second taste—the ultimate Armagnac. *$65-$70.*

HENNESSY PARADIS COGNAC Divine! Pure magic and poetry—of moderate size, surely the most impressively glamorous and fruity of all the Cognacs arrayed here. *$125-$135.*

—MARTIN GERSH

"I asked hundreds of men what they really want.

They said, 'My woman to make love to me.' Do you know what that *really* means?"

"What do men really want?" I asked a construction worker and a research photographer. I asked a broker, a film producer, a carpenter, an architect. I asked hundreds of men of all ages, ethnic and economic backgrounds what they wanted from their wives or lovers. They all gave me, in different words, the same answer: Men like to be made love to. Then they went on to tell me candidly how they like to be made love to. I think you'll be surprised at the specific information they revealed.

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ALEXANDRA PENNEY is a reporter, editor and journalist whose articles appear frequently in Vogue, Self, Glamour, The New York Times Magazine, The New York Daily News and Family Circle, among other publications.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A MAN

by Alexandra Penney

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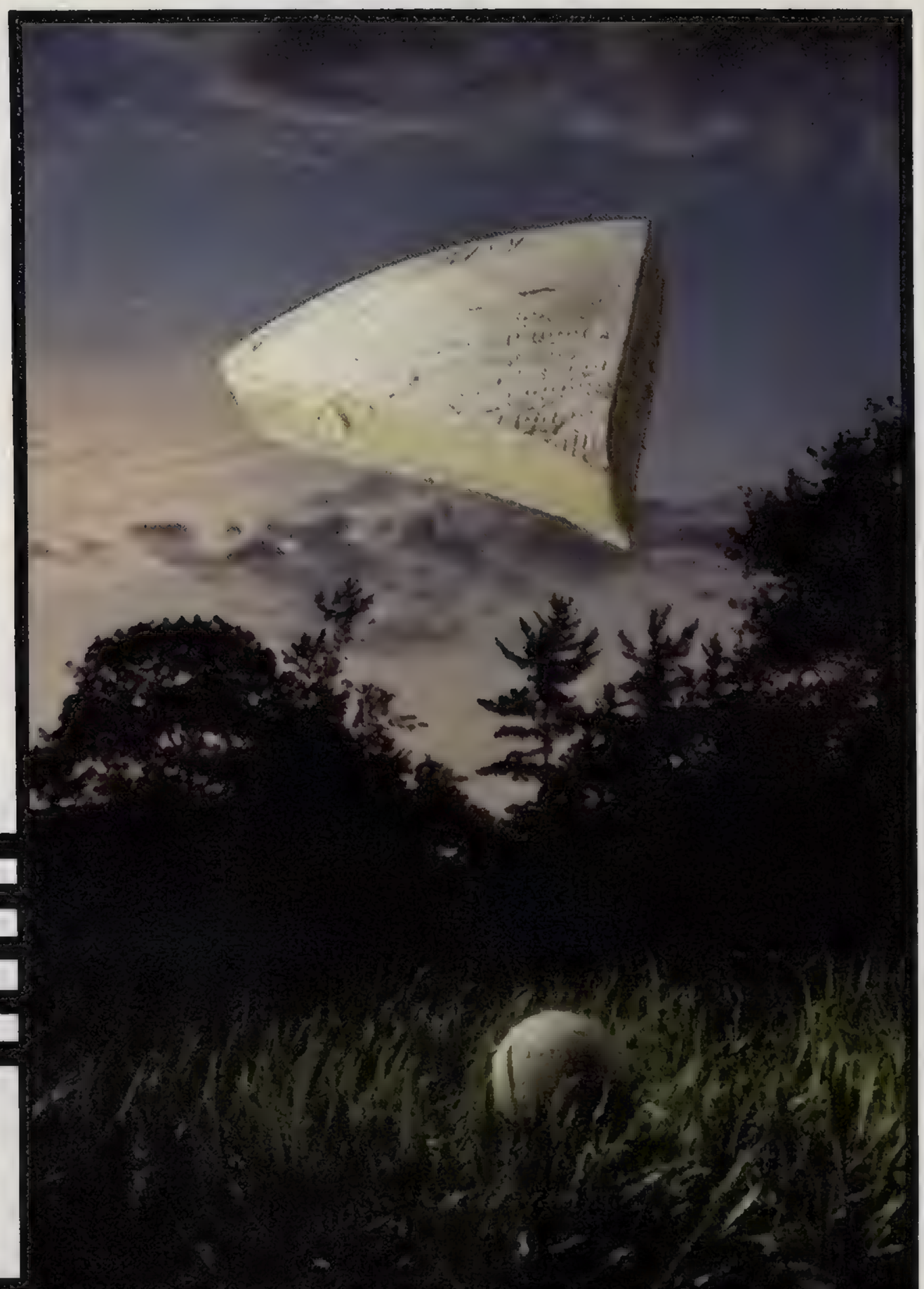

LA LUNE EST FAIT DE FROMAGE

FOOD: THE TRIUMPH OF THE NEW CUISINE

From "one of the splashiest social and artistic events of the postwar period" to a style, a spirit revitalizing culinary tradition, and the world. By Henri Gault

English and American journalists have in common a nasty habit which renders considerable service to French cuisine: every ten years or so, they print ferocious articles explaining to the delighted English-speaking masses that France is fast becoming a gastronomically underdeveloped nation.

As to the whys and wherefores of such deliberate misinformation, I am too innocent a student of culinary art to be able to identify them. The fact remains that the result is each time a great boost to the glory of French cuisine.

It was ten years ago, after a similar campaign of disparagement, equally unfounded, that I took it upon myself to research what was happening in the minds and on the stoves of my cooking countrymen. I discovered some astonishing things that even the chefs in question were unaware of, and subsequently published an article in my periodical, *Le Nouveau Guide Gault-Millau,* entitled "Vive la nouvelle cuisine française!" It was an instant sensation. I had no idea at the time that the term *nouvelle cuisine* was to have such an illustrious career; and I certainly could not have foreseen that all the great cooks, as well as hundreds of young chefs finally liberated, and countless talented others spread across the face of the earth (even in England and America) were going to transform said *nouvelle cuisine* into one of the splashiest social and artistic events of the postwar period.

Recently—to return to my original point—the treacherous English-speaking press has been at it again: *nouvelle cuisine* is dead, they say, and the rest of French cooking will go with it to the grave.

It is just possible that, to support their extravagant claims, English and American journalists have turned to a few Frenchmen whose pronouncements carry far and wide. I am referring to all our most renowned chefs, or nearly all. With *(Continued on page 460)*

Hiro

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Advice from CLARINS on controlling the first signs of aging.

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A woman's most intriguing aspect—her eyes—is also her most betraying! Because the skin around the eye area is the most delicate of the entire face, it has a low resistance to fatigue, stress and external aggressions. As a result, circles, bags, and shadows may appear. Next stop: signs of premature aging such as wrinkles, puffiness and crows feet.

WHAT YOU SHOULD AVOID

1) Oils or heavy creams should never be applied. The skin in this area is mucous-tissue and actually "puffs-up" when products with high oil content are used. 2) Do not apply eye make-up directly onto the skin without a protective barrier. 3) Do not tug, rub or pull area during make-up application and removal.

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

To diminish the effects of time, weather, pollution and fatigue, CLARINS suggests: 1) Use only non-greasy products near the eyes to prevent swelling and protect this delicate skin from make-up. 2) Minimize the appearance of lines by applying a light balm. 3) Reduce the risk of irritation by *gently* removing make-up.

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EYE MAKE-UP REMOVER LOTION with Plant Extracts	• Removes eye make-up gently and thoroughly. • Helps strengthen lashes and makes them supple. • Respects the sensitivity of the eyes—has the same pH as a tear. • Relaxes and refreshes.	• Cornflower, Rose (softening, soothing) • Selected tensio-active elements (cleansing properties) • Protein derivative (helps strengthen lashes)

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NOUVELLE CUISINE

the exception of Senderens (of l'Archestrate in Paris) and the Swiss Girardet (in Crissier, near Lausanne), these men, most of them approximately fifty years old, maintain that they are not involved in *nouvelle cuisine*. Needless to say, they are doing nothing else but, at least when they're producing their best. They invent one or two new dishes a month and take care to follow the precepts of the *Nouveau Régime* which dictate creativity, dishes prepared when ordered, and with the freshest ingredients, original combinations of flavors, aromas, and consistencies, short and exact cooking times, light sauces or no sauce at all, use of modern equipment, etc. . . .

And yet once the original fervor that made them famous had worn off a bit (note that Guérard, Vergé, Chapel, Outhier, and Haeberlin were virtually unknown to the public ten years ago, and that Troisgros and Bocuse were just making a name for themselves), our great chefs were quick to see that the freedom offered by the *nouvelle cuisine* to their followers—all young cooks eager to succeed—left their fortress open to attack. Feeling themselves surrounded by former apprentices, by self-made cooks and by budding geniuses just arrived from the backwoods, from Switzerland, Belgium, and elsewhere, they presented a united front and decided, as the French expression goes, "to spit in their own soup." They declared contemptuously that there was no such thing as *nouvelle cuisine,* that everything it stood for had been discovered long before, and that the only consideration of any importance was to produce *good* cooking—theirs, of course.

Bocuse, it should be noted, had the courage (or the imagination, or perhaps the shrewdness) to carry his own schizophrenia to its ultimate conclusion: the creator of the celebrated truffle soup, the same man who, in 1973, was recognized as the initiator and grand master of *nouvelle cuisine*, has for two years now been turning out leek and potato soup, roast chicken, and apple pie. Admirable ones, I must say.

As for the others, they are, with increasing age, more and more involved in producing cookbooks and in wandering about the globe dispensing knowledge and blessings. Those whose imaginations have not dried up altogether still create a new dish now and then. But what they feared might happen has indeed come to pass: younger cooks, full of invention, ambition, and talent, are catching up and passing them by.

The new names are Maximin (Chanteclerc in Nice), Blanc (in Vonnas), Loiseau (in Saulieu), Vié (Trois Marches in Versailles), Boyer (in Reims), Clerc (in Maisons-Lafitte), Lameloise (in Chagny), Meneau (L'Espérance in St. -Père-sous-Vézelay), and, in Paris, Guy Savoy, Michel Rostang, Dominique Nahmias—a woman (at Olympe), Patrick Lenôtre (Le Pré Catelan), Francis Pointerin (La Ciboulette), Faugeron, Jouteux (Les Semailles).

And that's without mentioning the admirable young chefs from Switzerland, Belgium, and Germany who are also getting to the top of their profession. In Great Britain, the U.S., Holland, Austria, Brazil, even in Ireland, there's a great stirring of ideas and projects which can only add to the nervousness of our great masters. *(Continued on page 463)*

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NOUVELLE CUISINE

(Continued from page 460)

("If those barbarians start eating well in their own countries, they'll no longer come here.") And although they are ten years behind the others, the Italians, too, are finally shaking off their heavy habits (particularly Marchesi in Milan and Morini in Imola). Our aging gods, having earned a four-*toque* rating, are understandably in a panic and hope, by denying the existence of *nouvelle cuisine,* to keep the neophytes off Olympus.

It is nonetheless undeniable that, in spite of the excesses of amateurs and incompetents, in spite of the valiant resistance of the old guard, *nouvelle cuisine* has won the battle.

There are in France today more than one hundred very good chefs, whereas in the heyday of "classical cuisine" there were not even ten, as the venerable Michelin Guide will attest. And thanks maybe to the most recent stab in the back from the English and American press, we will soon see a reaction on the part of the younger generation that will elevate cooking to something it has never sincerely dared be until now—art.

In order to admit to such a possibility, we have to consider the various aspects of *nouvelle cuisine* taken as a whole and see why the evolution is inevitable.

Let's look first at the negative side. (1) Viewed as simply a fad, the transitory and baroque *nouvelle cuisine* has launched a number of food fashions: first green peppercorns, followed by pink, vegetable purées, raw scallops, raspberry vinegar, steamed kiwi. . . . That's the trendy *nouvelle cuisine.* (2) For certain lazy or sneaky practitioners, it has given rise to countless excesses—undercooking, exotic and bizarre combinations, large plates and small portions, bad goose liver passed off as good butter. . . . That's the tricky *nouvelle cuisine.*

On the positive side, as even our great chefs are forced to acknowledge, *nouvelle cuisine* is a means of enriching and rejuvenating culinary tradition in France and elsewhere. It has been rapidly assimilated into the repertories of nearly all the best cooks of our time. That's the neo-classic *nouvelle cuisine,* recognized and esteemed even by its adversaries.

Finally, and above all, the *nouvelle cuisine* of the future is that state of mind, that freedom, that search ever begun anew, that art—the key word—that inspires a few esthetes, a few madmen, a few geniuses. Those men can still be counted on the fingers of two hands. Sculptors, composers, poets of cuisine, they occupy with respect to the old ways of their profession the position held by Vermeer, Monet, and Dalí with respect to common house painters. They are engaged in art for art's sake, and perhaps even regret that their masterpieces, produced over again each day, are destined to be consumed, leaving behind no permanent trace. (Just imagine if the "Water Lilies" and *Magic Flute* had met with a similar fate!)

It is thanks to these genuine artists that cooking today has escaped from the respectability of an *artisanat* and attained the indescribable subtleties of a great branch of esthetics.

All these exalted notions came to me the other evening, not while I was reading the low and libelous remarks of my English-speaking colleagues but rather while eating at Loiseau's La Côte d'Or in Saulieu, enraptured by the taste of a roast lobster *à l'eau.* That's right, water. Cézanne's apples may be only apples. But they were painted by Cézanne.

—Translated from the French by Susan M. Stout

From Michel Guérard's fabulous "Marquise" to the Auberge de l'Ill's succulent duck "stew," easy-to-follow recipes for some of France's most tempting dishes, collected for us by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE CAKE (Marquise fondante au chocolat)

eight servings

6 ounces (6 squares) bitter chocolate
7 egg yolks
1¼ cups sugar
9 tablespoons (1 stick plus 1 tablespoon) butter softened at room temperature
1½ cups unsweetened cocoa
2¼ cups heavy cream
¼ cup (4 tablespoons) powdered sugar
18 double ladyfingers (2 packages will usually provide more than you need)
1 cup extra strong espresso coffee, cooled to room temperature
1 cup heavy cream

Melt chocolate in double boiler over simmering water. Remove from heat to cool. Whisk egg yolks and sugar for a minute or two till mixture lightens in color. When chocolate is tepid add to eggs, stirring and lifting from bottom till well combined.

In large bowl, whisk softened butter (it must really be soft) till very smooth. Then whisk in cocoa very gradually till no lumps are left. Pour in chocolate-egg mixture and stir till well combined and uniform in color.

Whip cream with powdered sugar till stiff. Fold into chocolate mixture till no trace of cream is visible.

Separate ladyfinger halves and brush lightly with coffee. Line loaf pan (9½" x 5½" x 2¾") with plastic wrap. Arrange ladyfingers to line bottom and sides of pan. Use scissors to trim ladyfingers if necessary. Fill with mousse mixture, cover with ladyfinger layer. Place weight on top of cake.

Refrigerate for 4 hours or overnight. Prepare coffee custard sauce.

When ready to serve, cover cake with inverted platter. Holding platter and pan firmly together, invert them, lift off pan, peel off plastic. Whip cream till stiff, coat cake with it. Pass coffee custard separately.

Coffee custard sauce

1¼ cups milk
⅓ cup sugar
1 teaspoon freshly ground coffee beans (medium grind)
3 egg yolks

In heavy-bottomed saucepan bring milk and half the sugar just to a boil, stirring till sugar has dissolved. As soon as milk begins to boil, remove from heat, add ground coffee and cover saucepan. Let coffee steep in milk for fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile, whisk egg yolks and remaining sugar together for a minute or two or till eggs lighten in color. Gradually pour milk into eggs, whisking constantly. Pour mixture back into saucepan. Cook over low heat stirring slowly and steadily *(Continued on page 464)*

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HENRI BENDEL

NOUVELLE CUISINE

(Continued from page 463)

with a wooden spoon for six to eight minutes or till custard coats spoon. (The French test for custard: run your finger across the back of spoon; if finger's track remains visible, custard is ready and will thicken properly as it cools.)

Pour custard into a bowl to cool without straining it, as ground coffee gives this sauce its special texture. Stir sauce from time to time as it cools. Refrigerate till thickened.

TAKE-OUT TREAT: CASSOULET (from Restaurant du Marché)

ten to twelve servings

A classic autumn dish.

2 pounds pea beans or navy beans
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
1 leek, sliced
1 onion, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
2 tomatoes, peeled, seeded, chopped
1 tablespoon tomato paste
4 cloves garlic put through a press
A bouquet garni made by tying together in cheesecloth: 2 cloves, 1 bay leaf, 3 sprigs parsley, 3 sprigs fresh thyme (or 1 teaspoon dried thyme added directly to the pot)
¾ pound pork rind
1 pound lean unsliced bacon
1 quart cold water
5 cups chicken broth
1 pound garlic sausage, skinned and sliced
2 cups dry white wine
2 to 3 pounds pork shoulder or pork butt
2 cans imported French *confit d'oie* (preserved goose and fat available in specialty shops; if not available, use pieces of roast duck and 1/2 cup fat)
2 cups fresh white breadcrumbs mixed with ½ cup chopped parsley (easily done in a blender)

Soak beans overnight, drain and rinse in cold water, put in large pot, season lightly with salt and generously with pepper. Add leek, onion, carrot, tomatoes, tomato paste, garlic, and bouquet garni.

Blanch and dice pork rind and bacon, add to pot along with cold water and chicken broth. Bring to boil, simmer for about 1¼ hours or till beans are not quite tender. Caution: be sure beans are still firm. Add sausage and wine, simmer for another 30 minutes. Keep beans covered with liquid throughout cooking, adding boiling water as needed. Reserve beans in cooking liquid. Meanwhile, roast pork shoulder for 1½ to 2 hours, cut into 1½-inch serving pieces. Deglaze fat in roasting pan, scraping in brown bits in reserve.

In large earthenware or enamel-lined casserole, assemble cassoulet. Drain beans, discard bouquet garni, but reserve liquid. Fill casserole with alternate layers of beans, roast pork, preserved goose with its fat. Bottom and top layers should be beans. Add enough of reserved-bean cooking liquid to come just up to top layer of beans. Sprinkle bread and parsley mixture over top; add a little fat from pork and goose.

(Continued on page 468)

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NOUVELLE CUISINE

(Continued from page 464)

Put casserole uncovered in top third of preheated 375° oven for an hour. As soon as crumbs form golden crust, break crust into the beans with back of a wooden spoon and baste with liquid in casserole. Repeat process 2 or 3 times as crust reforms, but leave a crust at the end of cooking time, before serving.

CLASSIC APPLE TART FROM NORMANDY

eight servings

Pastry to be prepared at least three hours in advance:

2 cups pastry flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
2-3 tablespoons superfine sugar
6 tablespoons soft sweet butter

Filling
¼ cup hazelnuts
4 pounds tart apples
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup apricot preserves, forced through a sieve
¼ cup calvados (apple brandy) or cognac
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons butter
Grated rind of 1 lemon

Glaze
½ cup apple jelly (or apricot preserves)
1-2 tablespoons calvados
Optional: 1 cup *crème fraîche* (or heavy cream, whipped)

Sift flour and salt together into large bowl. Make a well in center of flour. Beat egg in small bowl, then beat sugar into it till light and creamy. Pour into well of flour. Add butter. Work all ingredients together as lightly and quickly as you can using two forks, a pastry cutter, or your fingers. Form into a ball, roll lightly in flour and refrigerate for 3-4 hours or overnight. (Can be made well ahead of time and frozen. Keeps well. Defrost before using.)

Roll dough out to 1/8-inch thickness on a lightly floured board into a circle 1½-2 inches larger than your tart mold. (A 12-inch circle, approximately.) Line tart mold with dough. Trim the edges. Line pastry with foil, then fill to brim with dry beans so that pastry shell will hold its shape when baking. Bake 6 minutes in preheated 375° oven. Carefully remove foil and beans. (Beans can be used again for same purpose.) Prick bottom of dough all over with fork. Return to oven for another 8-10 minutes. Remove when dough begins to shrink somewhat away from sides of mold.

Spread hazelnuts on ungreased cookie sheet and place in oven for 3-4 minutes. Remove and rub hazelnuts between two towels to loosen outer brown skins. Cool for a few minutes. Discard skins and chop nuts fine (easily done in a blender or food processor). Spread ground nuts evenly on bottom of pastry shell.

Now prepare filling. Peel and core apples. Cut enough 1/8-inch vertical slices, as evenly as you can, to make three cups. Put into a bowl, sprinkling with lemon juice and 2 tablespoons sugar as you go.

Cut remaining apples coarsely. Put into an enamel casserole, cover, and cook for 15-20 minutes, stirring often with wooden spoon till soft. Beat in sieved apricot preserves, calvados, 1/2 cup of sugar, butter, and grated lemon rind. Cook over high heat, stirring almost constantly till thick enough to hold spoon upright.

Fill partially baked pastry shell with cooled apple mixture. Spread evenly to edges. Arrange sliced apples in overlapping circles around outer edge of tart with wider part of slices touching rim of tart, then fill in center with overlapping circles. Bake in preheated 375° oven for about 1/2 hour or till apple slices are slightly brown and tender. Slide tart onto cake rack to cool.

While tart is baking, prepare glaze. Melt the apple jelly (if using apricot preserves press through a sieve first) in a small saucepan; stir in calvados and cook over low heat, stirring till calvados is absorbed and jelly clinging to spoon forms droplets before falling off. Spoon glaze evenly over apples on tart when it comes out of oven.

The tart can be served warm or cold. In either case, let it cool for at least 1/2 hour so that pastry is firm before you remove the tart mold. Before serving, place tart carefully on a coffee can or any bowl smaller than the bottom of the mold. Slide the outer ring down and off the tart. Run a spatula between bottom of tart and bottom of mold to loosen tart. Carefully slide finished tart onto cake rack to cool or directly onto serving platter to serve it warm. Pass *crème fraîche* or whipped cream separately.

BREAST OF DUCK ROUENNAIS WITH VEGETABLES AND HORSERADISH SAUCE

four servings

1 quart duck stock (see recipe *below*)
1 cup carrots, peeled and cut in ½-inch slices
1 cup of turnips, peeled and cut in ½-inch slices
½ cup celeriac, peeled and cut in ½-inch slices
1 cup young, thin string beans
4 leeks, white parts only
8 one-inch beef-marrow bones cut in slices (have butcher cut)
4 boned and skinned duck breasts
Salt and pepper to taste

Horseradish sauce
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup ground fresh horseradish
1 tablespoon wine vinegar
Salt and pepper to taste

Prepare duck stock by putting duck carcasses, including legs, in stock pot, with 2 quarts water, 1 large onion stuck with a clove. Bring to boil, cook over medium heat for 1/2 hour. Let cool, skim off fat, remove onion. Reserve.

Cook carrots, turnips, celeriac in 3 cups of hot duck stock, just till tender. Cook string beans in salted boiling water, just till tender. Stop the cooking by draining and plunging them into cold water. Cook leeks in remaining 1 cup of stock.

Soak marrow bones in cold water to remove grease, then parboil them and turn off heat.

Poach duck breasts in 4 cups of stock; simmer for 5 minutes (rare), or 10 minutes (well done). Remove duck from stock, cut into oblong pieces and place on serving dish with vegetables and marrow bones around them. Pour a little of remaining stock over them.

Mix together horseradish-sauce ingredients, and pass separately.

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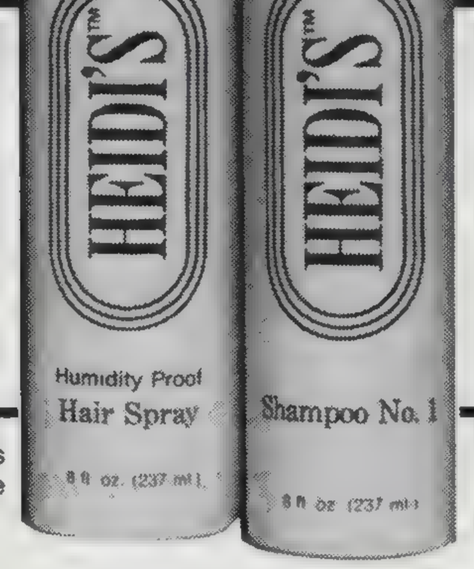

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Between Us

Our fathers/ourselves ...helping women win... husband's maiden name?

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"The jobs I have liked most in my life have been those in which I've started something new. . . . I'm an 'upper' (most people are uppers, downers, or out of it), my instinct is to say yes to something rather than think of why I shouldn't." *—Lisa Taylor, director, Cooper-Hewett Museum, NYC*

"What I want from politics is a sense of being useful, of promoting justice. . . . People don't revolt because of poverty or hunger; they revolt because of a sense of injustice, that life is hard and it doesn't have to be that way."*—Representative Millicent Fenwick (NJ), candidate for Senate and one-time Vogue editor*

"You cannot be selfless and climb the corporate ladder; you've got to be strong to demand equal pay, promotions you deserve. . . . You don't go to law school three years at a time; you go a day at a time. Begin—the rest is easy." *—Arnette Hubbard, first woman to head black lawyers group, the National Bar Association*

"Dual careers can enrich a marriage. My husband and I are both on fourteen-hour days; it's good they hit us simultaneously. . . . The one day I set aside is Sunday, when I can be involved in my church work and we might just close our apartment door and fix a good meal, watch a movie."*—Elizabeth Dole, assistant to the President for Public Liaison and wife of Senator Robert Dole*

FIRST LOVE, FAREWELL

To become a strong, happy, adult woman, you must let go of Daddy. Mothers having had their day (and then some) in the pop-psychology sun, writers now focus on fathers, with fresh case histories, new analyses of how these men have influenced our lives.

William Woolfolk and his daughter Donna Woolfolk Cross call their book *Daddy's Little Girl, The Unspoken Bargain Between Fathers and Their Daughters* (Prentice-Hall); Signe Hammer (who wrote *Daughters and Mothers, Mothers and Daughters*) titles her volume *Passionate Attachments: Fathers and Daughters in America Today* (Rawson Associates). Both books sound somewhat anachronistic in asserting that, as Woolfolk puts it, "most adult women today grew up in a traditional household in which the father worked and the mother looked after home and baby"; but the emotional triad of father-mother-daughter—called by Ms. Hammer the "Identity Triangle"—with its polarized sex roles, is said to be a matrix, for good or ill, of daughters' psychological health.

Since we are all daughters, we can find insights here. Ms. Hammer writes: "Little girls who grow up with fathers include in their femininity from the very beginning a sense of masculinity, how it works, what it expects from femininity. If we have a loving relationship with our fathers, this sense is very strong and pleasurable . . . becomes part of our identity. . . . No wonder so many of us grow up and *continue to feel that we have arrived at autonomy when we are in a relationship with a man*" (italics hers). This could explain a lot, even in the Liberated.

Leaving their personal histories, both authors finally confront such phenomena as single parenthood and inadequate or absent fathers; and Woolfolk even raises the specter of emotional disaster for the daughter whose father stays home and does the nurturing. Now *there's* a problem to brood about while urging your husband to do some housework.

YOU CAN BE HEARD

"Remember in November": next month's election will give American women a chance to apply this rallying cry, used in last summer's massive NYC nuclear disarmament march, to that and women's other concerns in the voting booths.

Pollsters have coined "gender gap" to describe a marked party shift among female voters, in response to the Republican failure to make women's economic parity a priority. And the mid-term National Democratic Party conference found the women delegates (a mandated 50 percent) demanding stronger support for their issues. The American Association of University Women has produced a booklet listing the voting records of U.S. Congressmen on issues important to women; and such groups as the National Organization for Women and the National Women's Political Caucus are urging us to consider carefully this fall who among the office-seekers has helped and who has blocked our rights and to elect more women at every level of government.

In ten years, the number of women in state legislatures has gone from 344 to 908; and researchers at the Center for the American Woman and Politics (a unit of the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers University in New Jersey) have established that three-fourths of these women lawmakers supported ERA, while only half of their male counterparts did. As election campaigns heat up, more and more predominantly female groups (e.g., nurses, teachers) are realizing that enlightened self-interest begins at the polling place.

BLACK, MORE THAN BEAUTIFUL

Dorothea Towles Church, who in the early 'fifties was the first black mannequin for Jacques Fath, Dior, will be among those honored in *Salute to the Black Model,* the new exhibition at NYC's Black Fashion Museum, opening with a luncheon on October 17, following the Harlem Institute of Fashion conference, October 16, when Donna Avery, of Spring City Knitting, as moderator, will be joined by fashion consultant Audrey Smaltz and Vogue's Margaret Pazant in a day of seminars, workshops, and showings.

Lois K. Alexander will present the historical background, the often unsung role of blacks in the fashion trades; in 1966, founder-director Alexander established her Institute (157 West 126 Street, NYC 10027) to teach blacks garment skills, added the Museum, next door, in 1979. Now comes a book on the Museum, with photographs including a dress sewn by Rosa Parks—who in 1955 refused to sit in the back of the bus—and a copy of the inaugural gown made for Mary Todd Lincoln by a former slave, Elizabeth Keckley.

At the other end of the U.S., a black Bellevue, Washington, mother, LaVerne Hall, has modeled an Afro-haired paper doll on her five-year-old daughter, Mahji, with clothes by Ms. Hall and her designer sister, B.J. Thompson, of Portland, Oregon. (My Little Mahji Dolls, VELB Associates; 10636 Main Street, Suite 113, Bellevue WA 98004.)

MR. WIFENAMESON?

After ten years of deliberation, Sweden's parliament has agreed on a married-names policy: the bride and groom must inform their parish office of which names they plan to use. Each may keep their current surname; wife may take husband's surname; or husband may take wife's maiden surname. In any case, they must agree. Children can use either parent's surname; but all children must use the same name, and it too must be agreed on in advance. Grown-ups may switch from father's surname to mother's—but you can do that right here in the U.S.A.!

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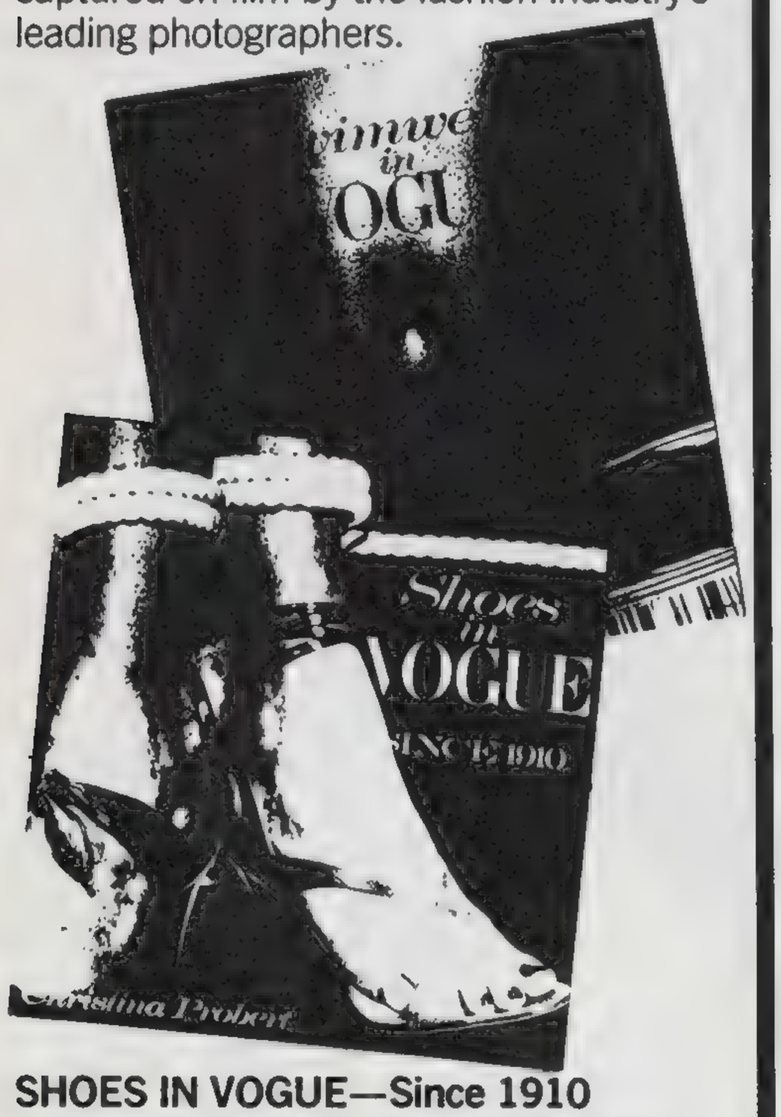

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Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Are you too vulnerable? Help your "inner child" counter adult opposition

Vulnerability. The frightening feeling that a portion of your inner being is Jell-O and the world is hot water: a drop will melt through you.

At a time when women are facing choices and challenges, and when the "ideal" woman is supposed to be (among other things) competent, self-confident, assertive, "strong," a private sense of vulnerability can make you feel less than equal in potential; it can make risk-taking impossible and seduce you into becoming passive and overly dependent on others. Yet you're not alone in your vulnerability; because, regardless of the outward facades people present, nearly everyone has comparable feelings. Vulnerability—the word derives from the Latin for "wound"—is part of the human condition. Vulnerability is the cost of attachment, involvement, caring, intimacy, and of course, love. To be invulnerable is to be untouchable. However, when the vulnerability you feel—or fear—seems intolerable, you need new ways of understanding, coping.

"As infants, we all are born to a long period of total vulnerability and dependency that affects us psychologically throughout our lives," says Samuel H. Basch, M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City. "As we mature, bodily changes (including menstruation and pregnancy), accidents, and illness remind us that our bodies aren't always steady, dependable, and in our control. Ultimately, we all are insecure because no one yet has cracked the code for immortality.

"One reason some people may have greater feelings of vulnerability than others is that they had a traumatic physical experience, especially in early childhood: an injury or illness that required surgery, for instance.

"More subtle and problematic are instances in which exaggerated vulnerability stems from a parent who was rejecting and made you *feel* insecure, as though in possible danger of being abandoned, not fed or cared for, left alone to wither and die," continues Dr. Basch, who is also a specialist in individual and group psychotherapy, psychoanalysis, and psychosomatic disorders. "Such a parent might have been excessively punitive, critical, distant or someone who sustained anger and held a grudge against a helpless child over a period of days or weeks. If you take a parent who is rejecting and carry that attitude several steps further to its logical extreme, it *means* abandoning the child to perish."

Dr. Basch points out that adults who feel very vulnerable often seek security by remaining passive, obedient, and dependent on an alternative parent figure. "But ironically, they perpetuate themselves as the least secure, most vulnerable creatures of all: children."

Others fight against their vulnerability by striving to be totally self-sufficient, independent, and invulnerable; but this means not needing or trusting anybody or anything, so it doesn't allow for close relationships and seldom makes people happy in the long run.

The healthiest adjustment, of course, is somewhere between these extremes, in interdependent relationships where people can be dependent and independent selectively, each at times allowing his inner child to be expressed and nurtured. But how can you start to cope with your vulnerabilities so you will be freer to form such balanced relationships? How do you deal with the panic you may feel about being assertive toward someone in authority? Or the wiped-out feeling when someone leaves you? Or the sense of annihilation when someone criticizes you?

"When you're feeling this kind of vulnerability, it's usually because the child in you—and only the child—is responding to a situation or event," says Dr. Basch. "Suddenly you 'become' the defenseless youngster who is mortally threatened by rejection and abandonment. If, however, you realize what's happening, you may be able to evoke the adult within you. This is the rational, realistic, mature part of you which can reassure you that negative situations, even with dire consequences, or personal losses that grieve you deeply still don't mean the world will end or you'll be helpless, without any adult recourse, options, assets, or supportive relationships."

A mother may find that picturing herself caring for her child evokes a sense of adulthood. Focusing on a satisfying bank balance or position you've earned, a problem you handled well, or a fulfilling sexual relationship are other ways to get in touch with your adult self. Some people do deep breathing exercises to reduce anxiety, feelings of helplessness; to gain a sense of mastery over body and emotions.

You need to be a nurturing parent to the child within you. This entails not only development of your adult capabilities but also coming to know your inner child and helping her to grow. One way is to pay attention to her messages. But you also may need to uncover childhood experiences, especially those that might have fostered feelings of insecurity. By understanding and reliving what happened, independently or in discussions with someone, you have a second opportunity to work through childhood feelings at a time when you have the adult capacities to deal with them.

As with any growth process, setting goals for small, manageable efforts or risks usually helps. "People rise to the occasion," says Dr. Basch. "Taking a necessary or desired course of action despite vulnerable feelings is strengthening even though the feelings may return. You don't have to have negative views about yourself because you have a certain vulnerability, as long as you also know you have assets, capacities that can be expressed." ▽

Now You Can Own an Oriental Masterwork of the Treasured Art of Chokin

松 **Featuring a Chokin centerpiece, hand-gilded with pure, 24K gold and silver.**

天 **Brought to the Western World for the first time ever as a porcelain, limited-edition work.**

秋 **Celebrating nature's symbols, as honored by the Japanese Floral Calendar for centuries, in a 23K gold border design.**

To the Japanese, the fresh evergreen pine represents prosperity ... and the gentle wading crane is a symbol of longevity. These images prevail on the traditional Japanese Floral Calendar from January 1 to 15, as wishes for the new year ahead.

The symbols of nature represented in the Japanese Floral Calendar have been handed down across scores of generations, and today the Japanese continue to feel a true reverence for the Floral Calendar.

In the same manner, the sensitive art of Chokin has been handed down from father to son for more than 700 years. Created by etching solid copper and gilding it with gold and silver, the stunning Chokin master-works first appeared on the armaments of the mighty Samurai warriors in the late 12th Century.

Unfortunately, today there are few surviving masters of the Chokin art style. But one of these great artists, Shuho, was retained to design and hand-engrave the "New Year's Day" art of pine and crane exclusively for The Hamilton Collection.

Each Chokin Image Created by Hand

The re-creation of Shuho's floral calendar images involves performing many delicate operations for each individual plate. Master craftsmen hand-gild each central image, using 24K gold, copper and silver. This central piece is then fused to a plate body of pure, glistening white porcelain. In addition, a ⅜"–wide band of 23K gold borders the plate body, enhanced by etched symbols from the Floral Calendar.

Thus, "New Year's Day" combines the beauty of a magnificent Oriental art with the mystique of a centuries-old Japanese tradition. The result is a masterwork that will accent your home with elegant distinction.

A Strictly Limited Edition

Because of the difficult hand work involved in the creation of each "New Year's Day" plate, the firing period must be *strictly* limited to ten days only. And when this edition closes, no further plates will ever be created. Because of this, a further limit of two plates per customer must be enforced. Each plate will be hand-numbered, attesting to its place in the edition.

New Year's Day is the first issue of a 12-plate series honoring all the months in the Japanese Floral Calendar. By ordering now, you will also be guaranteed the right to acquire all subsequent 11 plates in the collection, and at the same, guaranteed issue price of only $32.50 per plate. *But there will never be any obligation to acquire or even to receive another plate.* Furthermore, you may inspect "New Year's Day" in your home for 30 days, with the option of returning it at any time during that period for a prompt and unquestioned refund of everything you have paid.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. ACTUAL SIZE 5⅞".

Today a great many discerning collectors and lovers of fine art are realizing the pride and pleasure of acquiring Oriental treasures such as "New Year's Day." And because "New Year's Day" is the first limited-edition porcelain masterwork ever to feature Chokin art, demand for this first issue is expected to accelerate rapidly in the next few weeks, and late applicants could be turned away.

Therefore, an early reservation is your only guarantee that you will own the beautiful Chokin art of "New Year's Day." So please return your Reservation Form *today* to The Hamilton Collection, 1 Charter Plaza, P.O. Box 2567, Jacksonville, FL 32203.

PREFERRED RESERVATION FORM

To Assure Acceptance, Mail by: Nov. 15, 1982.

I accept your invitation to acquire "New Year's Day," first issue in "Japanese Floral Calendar" collection of 12 plates combining Chokin precious metal engraving and fine porcelain, bordered in 23K gold. Hand-numbered with a numbered certificate. 5⅞" diameter. Limit: two plates per collector.

Yes, I wish to purchase _____ (1 or 2) **"New Year's Day" plate(s) at $32.50* each, for a total of** _____ ($32.50* or $65.00*)

Please Check one:

☐ **I enclose full payment by check or money order.**

☐ **Charge my credit card** ☐ **Visa** ☐ **MasterCard** ☐ **American Express** 29482

Full Account Number _____ **Expires** _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Signature _____

Charge orders must be signed to be valid

All applications subject to acceptance by The Hamilton Collection.
Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. **1839 HC-376-T**
***Florida residents please add $1.63 per plate, sales tax. Illinois residents add $1.95 per plate, state and local tax.**

The Hamilton Collection
1 Charter Plaza, P.O. Box 2567, Jacksonville, FL 32203

A feast, a pageant for two, by Tora Matsuoka, *above*, in his Sumo ceremonial robes

Entertaining:

Tips and Treats

By Sandi Britton

Sumo star food: Japanese delicacies at home…
Star Spangled Foods—great new source

Some of the most beautiful, elegant food in the world is prepared by the Japanese, and one of New York City's most unusual catering services presents the best examples of this artful and artistic cuisine. Iwatora (Tora) Matsuoka, who for many years was a top-ranked Japanese Sumo wrestler, has prepared feasts for **Oscar de la Renta, Robert Kennedy, Jr.** (his bachelor party), and actor **Raul Julia,** and their guests. Learning to prepare these ceremonial specialties was part of the discipline involved in Tora's years of rigorous Sumo training and led him naturally into the catering business when he moved from Japan to New York with his American wife, artist Lynn Matsuoka. (Her fluid line drawings of Geishas, Sumo wrestlers, Kabuki actors will be exhibited at Rizzoli's bookstore in New York City in November.)

Depending on his clients' wishes, Tora can provide a range of services, from simple—delivery of a lacquer tray or *o-bento* box filled with an assortment of sushi—to elaborate. Fees are adjusted accordingly. A full-scale dinner (pictured *above*) for two, with Tora officiating, becomes a total performance. Here he has prepared: assorted *sushi,* lobster *sashimi* in its own shell, *zaru soba* (tea noodles), *chawan mushi* (a non-sweet custard with morsels of chicken and vegetables inside), cold blanched spinach hors d'oeuvres, sautéed sirloin slices wrapped around chopped green scallions, lemons filled with *daikon* (Japanese radish) and topped with red caviar. Pictured *below:* Shrimp and vegetable *tempura,* for one. Lacquer tables, made by Ohta Studios, 71 Mercer Street, NYC; lacquer serving pieces (available for parties at an extra fee), are Wajima-ware. For details of Tora's catering services: (212) 929-0668.

BETH BAPTISTE

So many good things from the U.S.

Like a good old Vermont country store—but all slicked up and gone big-time—that's "Star Spangled Foods," New York food consultant/food writer Barbara Kafka's wonderful spanking-new store, at 1239 Third Avenue, New York City. Kafka's idea: to present only American, and only the best, from the imaginative, delectable take-out foods behind glass-fronted counters to the beautifully packaged "fancy foods" on the robin's-egg-blue shelves that cheerily stretch to the ceiling.

Among the take-outs of the day: always a chili (sometimes lamb and turkey), a soup, a vegetable dish, a special special, such as Louisiana shrimp étouffée, and a heavenly chocolate mousse cake. Some of the all-American goodies: a fresh white goat cheese from California, to spoon over berries with a sprinkling of sugar; hot sauces and special blend chili powders from the Southwest; pure fruit syrups and preserves from Vermont. "I tasted and looked at thousands of products over the past four years before I chose the ones that are now on these shelves," Kafka said. In addition, there are smocks (made by a Vermont quilter) to be worn as aprons, food-related antiques, pots of fresh herbs, fragrant wreaths of dried herbs, classic cookbooks from the best food writers in America.

Boon for Christmas shoppers: you write to the store stating the type of food you'd like to send as a gift, they make up a terrific package, mail it out. One package might include: four kinds of glace (rich stock for gravy), a quart of California olive oil, Grand Finale buttercream chocolate sauce. Minimum order: $35.

Barbara Kafka, *above,* in her new all-American food shop

SUSAN WOOD

Marlboro

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81

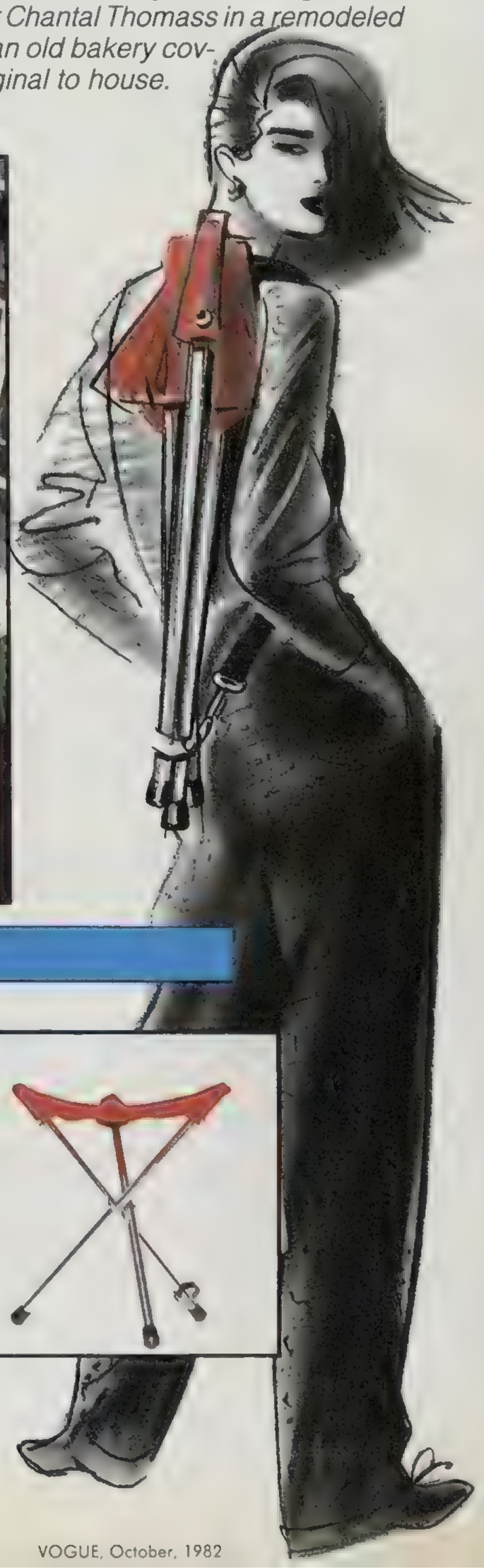
LIVING GAZETTE

On this page, more ahead . . .
the best of American, French design now . . .
why great things come in small sizes . . .
style solutions for problem rooms

By Barbara Plumb

Sophisticated charm, elegant comfort: the essence of contemporary French design—whether it's rustic "French country" or the urban eclecticism of antiques and hi-tech modern—is a saucy, slightly irreverent quality that's hard to define but always there. "French Style" (Clarkson & Potter), by Suzanne Slesin/Stafford Cliff, offers an eye-catching cross section of French houses, apartments, lofts, ateliers, châteaux plus a source list for French and French-style furnishings in the U.S. Left: Kitchen, bathroom of fashion designer Chantal Thomass in a remodeled 1900s stone house outside of Paris. Tiles from an old bakery cover stove hood; bathroom tiles, double sink: original to house.

"I LIKE EARLY AMERICAN PIECES," SAYS MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV OF HIS SELECTIONS FOR "TIFFANY TABLE SETTINGS," EXHIBIT SET UP BY FRIENDS OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (AT TIFFANY & CO., THROUGH NOV. 13). OTHER TABLE "HOSTS": BILL BLASS, CRAIG CLAIBORNE, DICK CAVETT, VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, ROY LICHTENSTEIN, BOBBY SHORT, LEO LERMAN/GRAY FOY.



An eraser that's a pillow, a "chocolate bar" bedspread—two creations by French embroiderer Joelle Le Scornec who notes, "The first thing I embroidered was a yogurt pot to make a stool for my niece." *Right:* Wooden "spool-of-thread" stool, $450; velvet pillow eraser, $200; velvet bedspread, $800. Anichini Gallery, NYC.

When things get carried away . . .

New and totable—two hardware items that can make your life a little easier: Black & Decker's Haul In One *(left)* converts quickly from a yard cart for moving leaves, logs to a hand truck for lifting heavy items like furniture. Of tubular steel with a bright-red enamel finish, pneumatic wheels to facilitate step-climbing; $99, Tru-Value Hardware Stores.

For queuing in ticket lines, watching parades, Butterfly Stool of aluminum tubing holds up to 235 pounds on a fifteen-inch-high red or black canvas seat. It folds up, weighs about twenty-one ounces for easy over-the-shoulder carrying; $24, available at Ad Hoc Housewares, NYC.

("Gazette" continued on page 480)

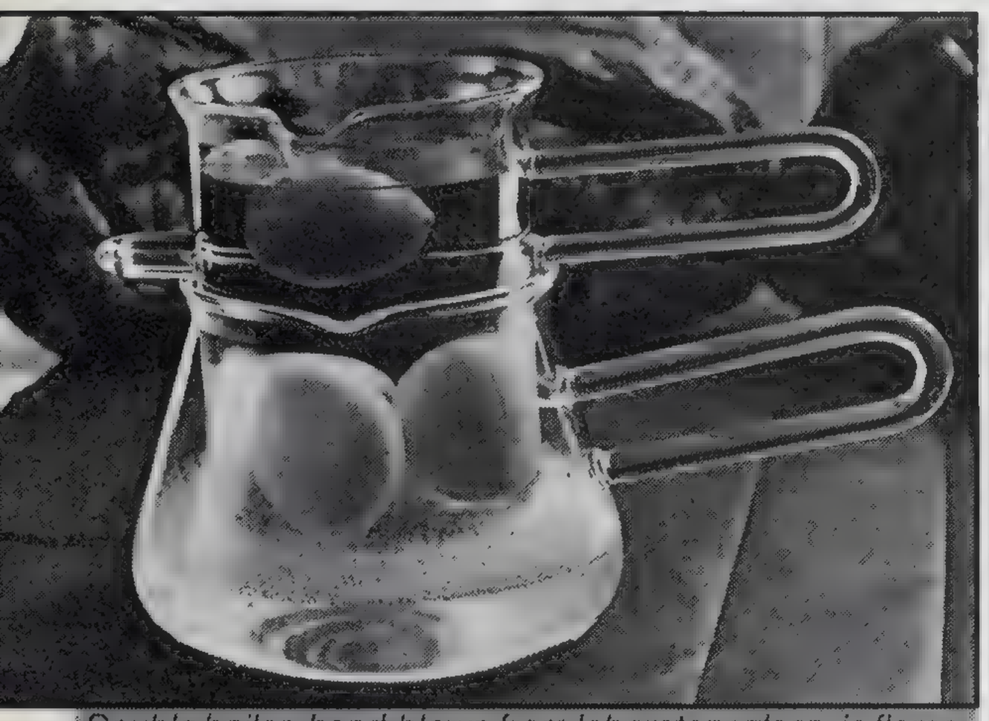
"Nomad" includes products of 50% Dacron® polyester and 50% combed cotton.

LAYERING IS MORE THAN JUST PUTTING ONE THING ON TOP OF ANOTHER.
COLLIER CAMPBELL CREATES FOR MARTEX®. THE ART OF MAKING A BED.

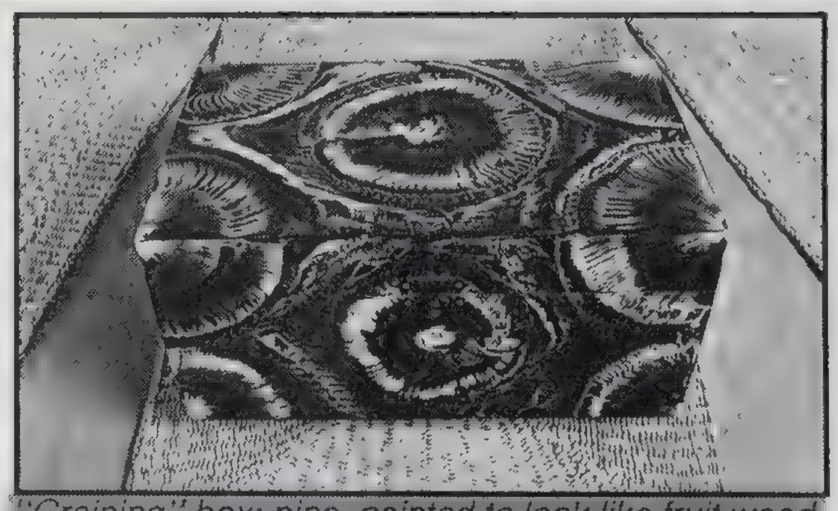
West Point Pepperell

GAZETTE

The All-American style: in crafts, cookery, home furnishings, and more

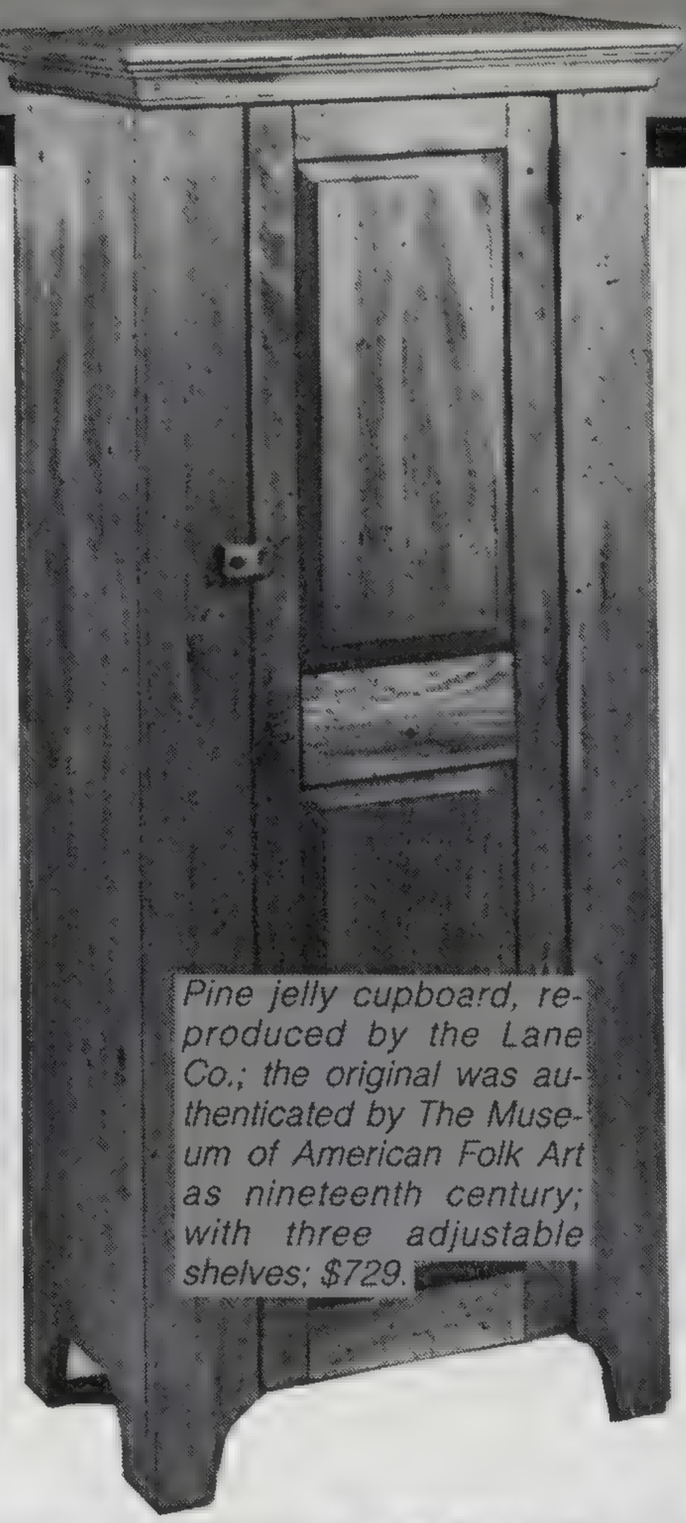


Double boiler, hand-blown from laboratory glass, is flame- and oven-proof, dishwasher safe; $42.50, by Catamount Glass, North Bennington VT.



"Graining" box: pine, painted to look like fruit wood (as pine was in nineteenth century) by K.L. Sparks, Waterville, ME; 10 x 6 x 5 inches. No two boxes are alike; $75.

An alloy of eight different metals enables two-compartment bowl to go from oven to table. Sandcast by Nambé Mill, Santa Fe, NM; $120.



Pine jelly cupboard, reproduced by the Lane Co.; the original was authenticated by The Museum of American Folk Art as nineteenth century; with three adjustable shelves; $729.

It was the old Dorothy-in-the-land-of-Oz situation," said Julian Tomchin, vice president and home furnishings fashion director of Bloomingdale's. "There's no place like home." And so began Bloomingdale's quest to find the best of American design. The store dispatched buyers to nearly every state to search for design discoveries, now unveiled in a spectacular fall promotion, "America the Beautiful," parts of which are evident in every department of the store. More than half of the American products (many of which are handmade) are exclusive to Bloomingdale's. "We are celebrating the quality of American design and American designers, sometimes looking back to traditional shapes," Julian said, "and also projecting into the future. There is an American look."

Throws, handwoven in herringbones and plaids from 100 percent wool in a wide range of colors by Three Weavers, Houston, TX. Each piece is tagged with the name of the actual weaver, measures 54 x 72 inches; $115.

"America the Beautiful"—Bloomingdale's travels coast to coast, choosing the best designs in fabrics, furnishings

The shape of squash—captured in ceramic vases molded and hand-glazed by Californian Pat Garrett. Size range: 4 ½-inch zucchini to 9-inch melon. All $20 except $15 zucchini.

In a blind tasting, it would be difficult to distinguish winy Gewürztraminer grape juice from its alcoholic counterpart. By Navarro winery, Mendocino County, CA; $6.50/bottle.

(Gazette continued on page 483)

GREAT BEDROOMS OF THE WESTERN WORLD™

Tucked away in a far corner of the continent lies a room bedecked in beautiful bed linens. It's a setting that evokes an era of gracious living. And recalls a more refined sensibility. Fine bed linens in the great Wamsutta tradition.

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"Protocol." A subtle design in 200 thread count Supercale Plus®, a no-iron percale blend of combed cotton and Celanese Fortrel® polyester.

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Levolor introduces a room with two views. Horizontal and vertical.

Either/or is no longer the question. You can have Levolor blinds both ways... and still be in perfect harmony. That's because there are hundreds of Levolor colors, textures and metallic finishes to go either vertically or horizontally. So now you can mix and match *both* horizontal and vertical blinds to decorate a beautiful room. Just make sure they say "Levolor." Send $1 for our book of ideas, "Window Magic." Levolor Lorentzen, Inc., 1280 Wall St. West, Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071

LEVOLOR
If it's really a Levolor Blind, it says Levolor

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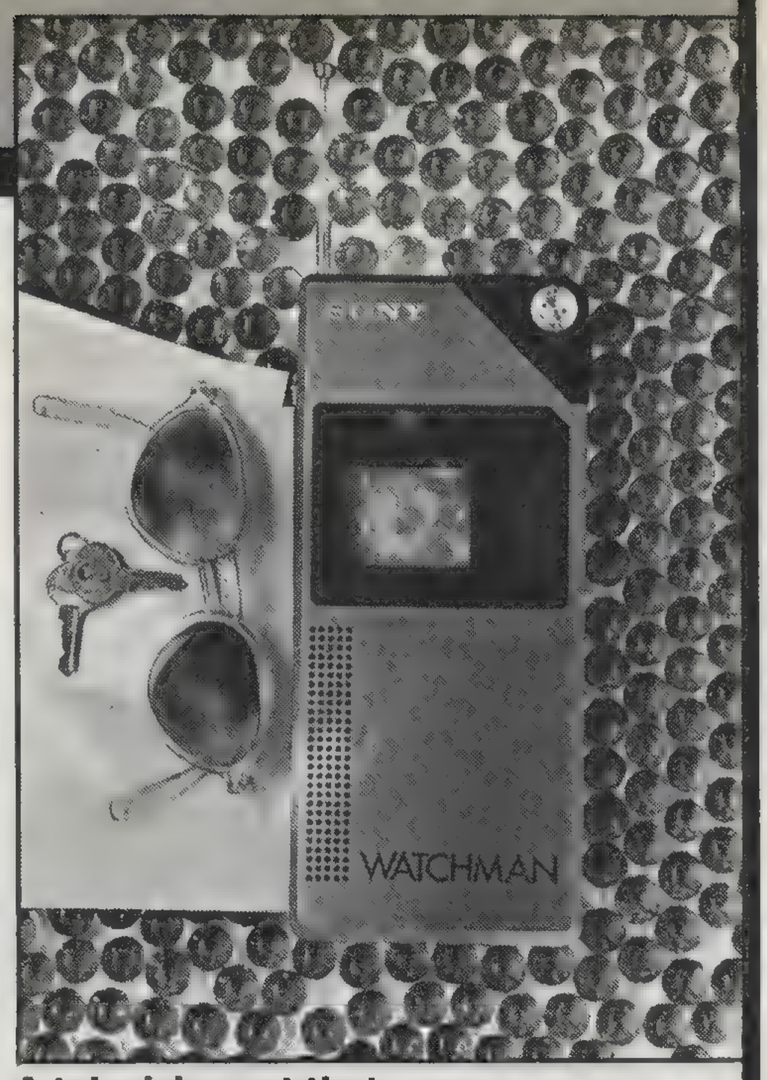
LIVING GAZETTE

The ease, convenience —and now, the power— of equipment in miniature

BETH BAPTISTE

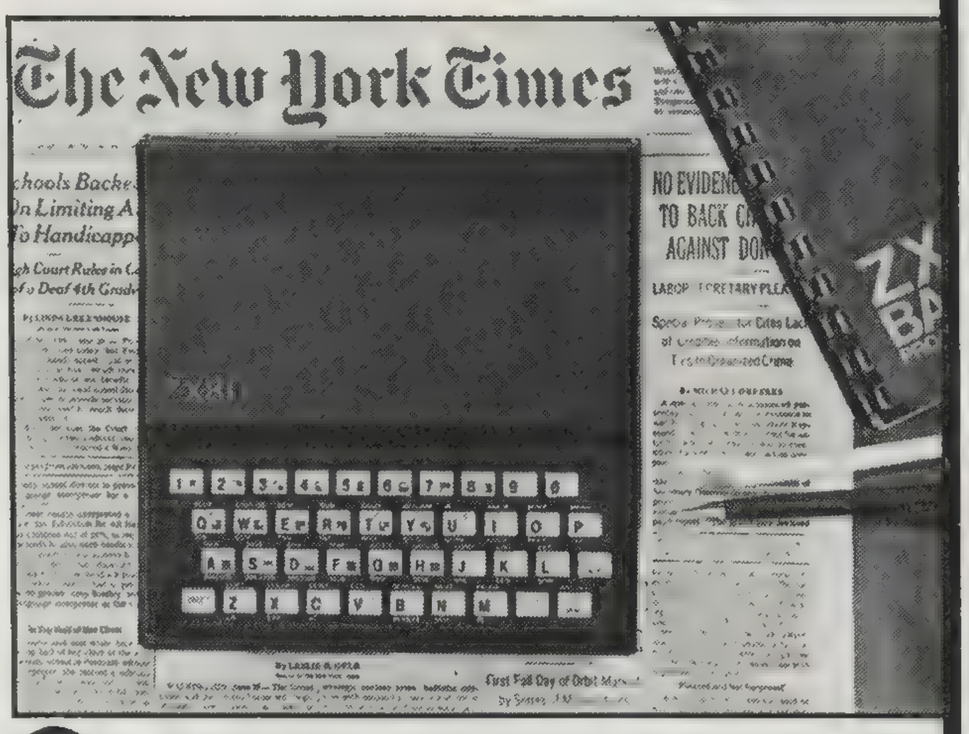
Finally, a hair dryer small and light enough to carry in a handbag—the new Portable Disc Hairdryer from Panasonic, palm size, only one-inch thick, and weighing 8¾ ounces, emits four-hundred watts' worth of concentrated hot air. Two voltage settings make dryer usable internationally; a four-foot cord fits neatly in its storage groove. Black, with soft carrying case; $29.95. At Panasonic dealers.



A television set that goes with you—anywhere! Sony's new "Watchman" pocket black and white television with a two-inch diagonal flat screen, in a metallic case, weighs only one pound three ounces, measures 3½ x 7¾ x 1¼ inches, operates on any of four power sources: batteries, rechargeable battery pack, household current with supplied adaptor, car batteries. Stereo fans can plug in their headphones. With built-in telescoping antenna. $350, through Sony dealers.

Computer pal? Four fun, practical reasons why even you may want one in your home

Who's afraid of computers? Most of us—but no need with the Sinclair ZX81 Personal Computer. It's small (6×6½×1½ inches), light (12 ounces), as unthreatening as a typewriter, costs only $99.95. Plug it into any television set and get a black-and-white video display that can help you balance your checkbook, make lists, schedules. Cassettes include a backgammon game, chess, "Flight Simulation." With step-by-step instructions. By mail: Sinclair Research Ltd., 2 Sinclair Plaza, Nashua NH 03061.



TINY STEREO SPEAKERS that fit in the palms of your hands turn your walking stereo headset into a system that can be enjoyed by all. LS-Six speakers by AudioSource have an integral protection circuit so you can connect them to your powerful home hi-fi without damage (up to 20 watts). Each weighs 1.35 lbs.; 3½×2¾×2¼ inches; $80, Liberty Music, NYC.

("Gazette" continued page 484)

DOUG HOPKINS

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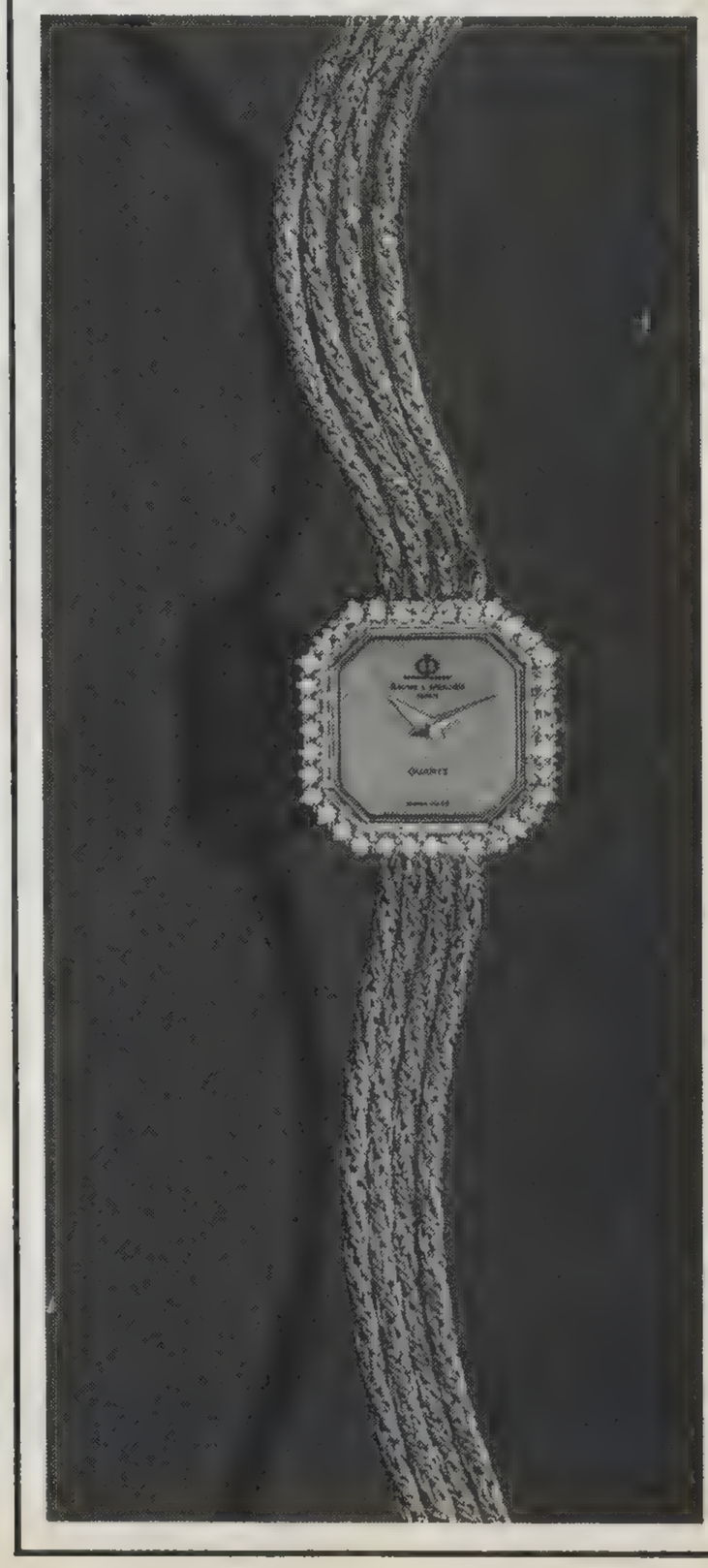
IT ALSO TELLS TIME.

Baume & Mercier presents a 14K Gold bracelet watch to make time-telling an event. Quartz accuracy in a diamond-studded case linked to four strands of finely woven gold. You'll find this and other luxurious styles at America's finest jewelers.

For color brochure, please send $1.50 to Baume & Mercier, Dept. V10, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017 or 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212



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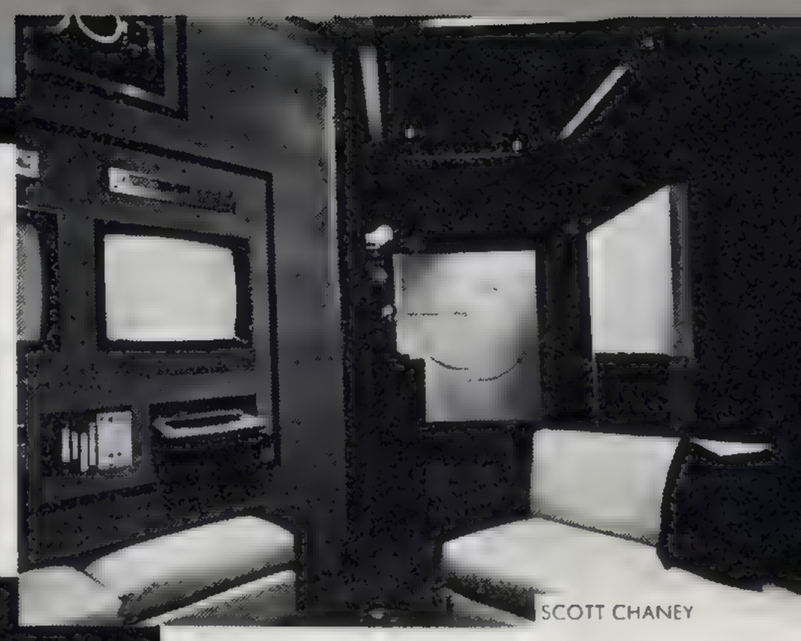
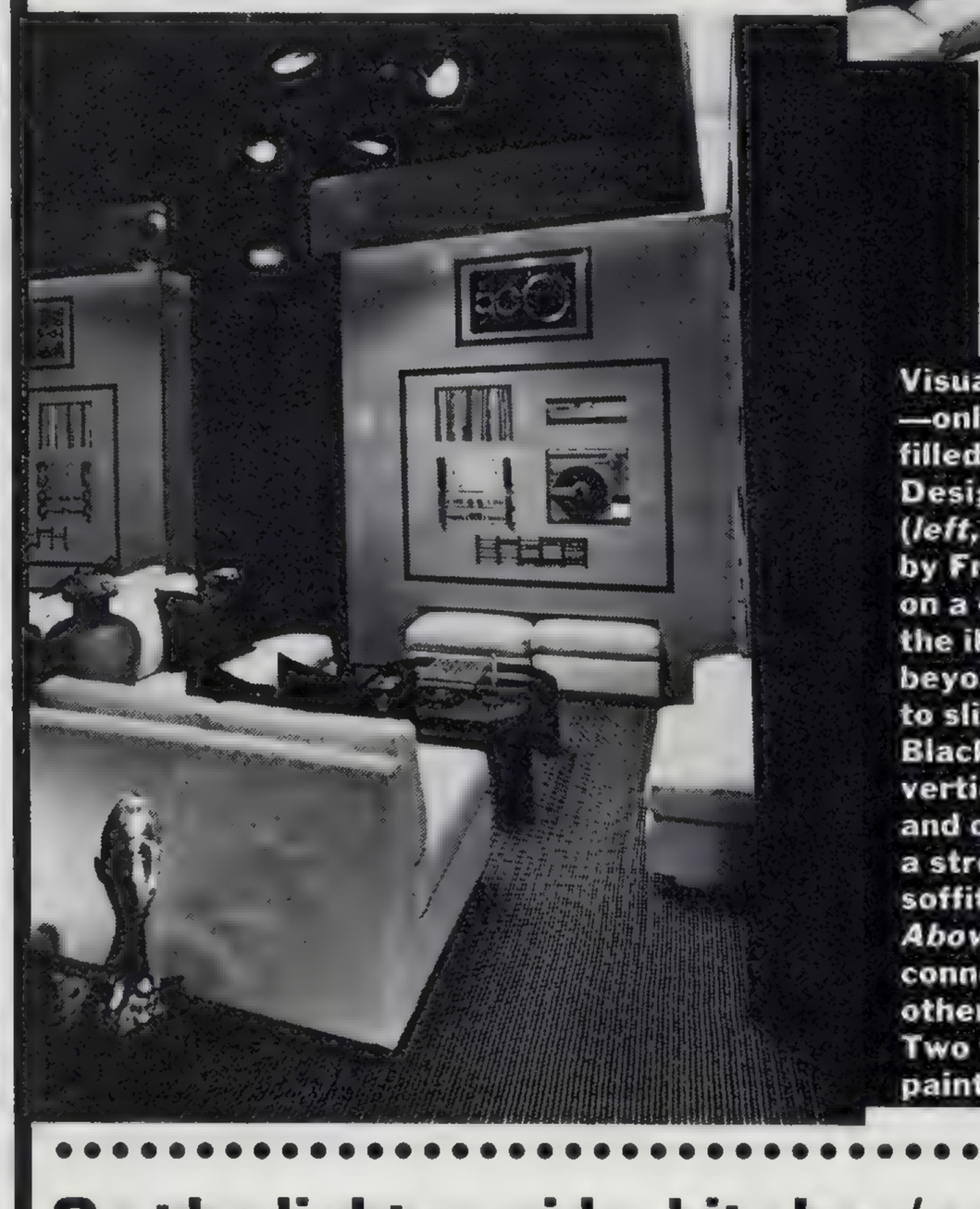
GAZETTE

Designer sampler: equipped to entertain . . . place to cook, grow . . . "poetic" bathroom


SCOTT CHANEY

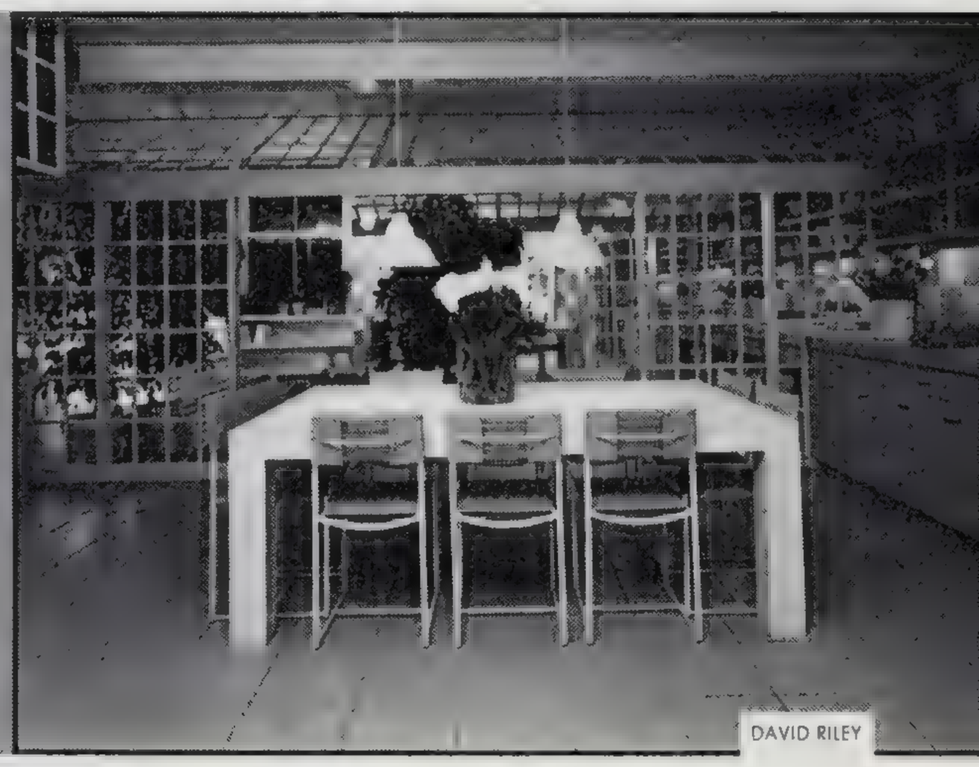


Sight, sound and space

Visual tricks expand a small room —only fourteen by seventeen feet— filled with electronic equipment. Designer Marc Klein put a mirror (*left,* behind nickel sculpture by Franz Hagenauer, 1920) on a 45-degree angle "to create the illusion of another room beyond," arranged ottomans to slide in and out of oak wall. Black lacquer frames speakers, vertical turntable, record and cassette storage to form a strong graphic design; hidden soffit lights wash over wall. *Above:* One television monitor connects to a home computer: other, to video-cassette recorder. Two white on white canvas paintings are by Lou Fink.

On the lighter side: kitchen/greenhouse

A GREENHOUSE off the kitchen *(right)*—ultimate luxury; but here, with floodlights, bright colors, airy furnishings, it also gives a "lift" to a basement-level kitchen. Designers Lyn Peterson, Kristiina Ratia of Motif Designs added a mirrored back wall to "enlarge" the room's twenty-two feet. Grey ceramic tiles on counter tops, floors, complement checkered blue/white vinyl wallpaper, light blue covers on Italian chairs.


DAVID RILEY

JAMES LEVIN

"When I designed this bathroom, I was thinking of a Haiku poem," said Paul Leonard. "It's very Oriental in feeling." The grey wallpaper looks hand-painted but is actually black/white vinyl with a marbleized effect. The whirlpool bath, set into a platform, is tiled in grey of a soft, "foggy" hue. The same Italian ceramic tiles cover floor and half-partitions that screen the bidet and toilet. Angle of the full-length mirror in black-lacquer frame can be adjusted; cushions, wrapped in pale-orange cotton, serve for exercising.

Christine Valmy

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FACT: Most skins are special...Hence they require special attention!

FACT: Therefore many of the Christine Valmy products are custom blended in the on-the-premises mini-laboratories using the acclaimed Fifth Avenue products as a base.

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By Richard Alleman

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the Vassarette...

...what goes on after that
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She can't flaunt a fur on the Côte d'Azur.

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A gift so rare, it can never be measured.
Until you see the look in her eyes.

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The one and a quarter carat diamond pendant shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

In Northern Portugal's medieval town of Marvão, a thirteenth-century castle looks out on the rugged mountain ranges of nearby Spain.

Up north in Portugal—explore a "new" Old World

Driving from Lisbon: Roman ruins, medieval towns, royal comforts

BY CARLA HUNT

By charting the stars, Portuguese navigators pioneered routes to the New World in the fifteenth century. Today, you have only to follow Michelin map #37 to discover Old World Portugal, at its unspoiled best, north from Lisbon.

It's a beautiful region, this cradle of Portuguese civilization, divided between bucolic fertile valleys and dramatic forested mountain-scapes, crisscrossed by clear-water rivers and flower-hedged roads. In addition, beyond the capital and up to the Spanish border lies a stupendous concentration of storybook castles and cathedrals, medieval towns, Roman ruins and Celtic hill-fort remains. And, for visitors, the region is dotted with creature-comfort bonuses: private estates, hilltop hotels and government-owned *pousadas*—those luxury inns converted from castles, convents, and mansions.

Traveling in a car at your own pace is the only way to go. On a week-long itinerary, you gain extra time by renting a car in Lisbon and dropping it off in Oporto, easy to do since TAP Air Portugal has transatlantic service from both gateways. Car-rental prices are lower than the norm for Europe; gasoline costs are the highest in Europe, but fine lodgings and meals are about the cheapest anywhere. (At this writing, the dollar is so strong there that Portugal can be ranked as one of the best vacation values.) For the north of the country, optimum travel months are April through October; recommended travel time is at least a week to see all or many of the following:

Obidos, one of the prettiest of Portugal's classic walled towns, crowns a hill fifty-eight miles from Lisbon. King Dinis gave the former Moorish stronghold to his young and beautiful consort, Isabella. And what a lovely gift: cobbled streets, stark white houses roofed in terra-cotta tile and draped in cascades of bougainvillaea. You're on top of the world marching about the ancient ramparts, and the panorama is equally grand from the Pousada do Castelo, housed in a small sixteenth-century palace within a restored twelfth-century castle. Guest rooms (six in all) open onto a courtyard framed by turrets and crenellated walls, the dining room is baronial.

Craft shops in Obidos are well worth a survey, keeping an eye out for the well-designed ceramics. There are equally good finds in the pottery stalls at Batalha, within easy reach of Obidos and a must-see architectural eyeful: a flamboyantly Gothic monastery festooned with Portugal's unique Manueline-style carved stonework, intertwined with maritime symbols of a seafaring nation. The equivalent of a Portuguese Westminster Abbey, this holds the tomb of John of Avis, founder of an illustrious dynasty, along with his sons, among them Henry the Navigator.

Further north is Coimbra, one of the oldest cities in Portugal and a former capital. It is deservedly famous for its library, as sumptuous as Venice's Doge's Palace, with its patterned marble floors, carved ceilings, and baroque gilting everywhere. The library shares the hilltop quad with historic Coimbra University and the splendid Machado de Castro Museum. Contemporary Portuguese craftsmen put their hand to a really special Coimbra project: Portugal dos Pequenitos, a children's park where town and country houses, castles, cloisters—every type of building found anywhere in the nation—are faithfully reproduced in miniature. And about ten miles from the city is Conimbriga, a Roman town with excavated columns, triumphal arches, a forum, temples, baths, and mosaic floors.

Take a break for at least one night at Bussaco, to see not just the 1810 scene of the victory of Wellington and his British troops over the French, but a vast forest preserve of exotic trees planted centuries ago by the Carmelite monks. It is also the site of a preposterous and fanciful hunting lodge built for Dom Carlos of Portugal, but certainly Ludwig of Bavaria would have been equally at home here in what is today the Palace Hotel Bussaco. The exterior is a rococo hodgepodge of Manueline stone carving and voluptuous scenes on ceramic *azulejos* murals. The interior is an outrageous mix of Art Nouveau, Victoriana, hunting trophies, and a triumphal marble staircase. *(Continued on page 490)*

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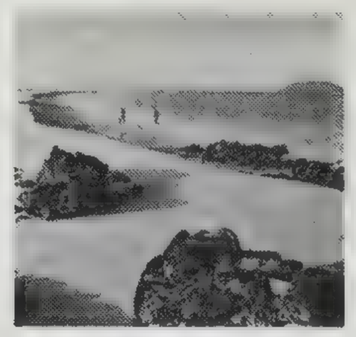

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PORTUGAL

(Continued from page 489)

The food is excellent (game specialties in season), with fine wines to match. Amid radiant gardens, this is an amusing hideaway.

Take the inland road from here to Viseu—Tuesday is market day and black pottery the local craft—to Lamego where the superb Museum (Grão Vasco paintings) is open every day except Monday and the special *romaria* (a pilgrimage followed by a fiesta) is held some time during August-September. Then to Mateus to visit the lived-in eighteenth-century manor house and gardens of the famous wine estate, and to Guimarães—"birthplace" of Portugal.

To pass through the fortifications into ancient Guimarães is to step back to the Middle Ages: squeeze-through narrow streets, wooden balconies, granite archways, a Gothic shrine in the middle of the town square—things as they were when the House of Burgundy lived in the fortress-castle and ruled Portugal eight centuries ago. A visit to the Renaissance palace of the later-ruling Braganza family is also one not to miss, as is the Friday market, where everything has its traditional place—flowers on the balcony arcade, fresh produce and live animals below. Oxen are traded on a separate ground where the special buys are hand-carved yokes, called *jugos*. Fine lace tablecloths are here, too, but better in town shops.

On the old square is the enchanting Pousada Nossa Senhora da Oliveira, full of gleaming tiles, copper and brass, native Arraiolos rugs and flowers everywhere. The bedrooms are splendid with carved furniture and locally woven and embroidered linens. This is a wonderfully cozy inn and the service is tops. As in all *pousadas*, reservations are necessary.

If you have never seen a Celtic hill town, detour off on the wooded mountain road to Citânia de Briteiros where terraced excavations include the rebuilding of two stone houses, circa eighth to fourth century B.C. Then join the main road to Braga, the city of churches and a grand treasury of sacred arts. Braga is at its most splendid during Holy Week and on June 23–24, when St. John is honored with a city stage full of folkloric festivities.

The neighboring mountain shrine of Bom Jesu is interesting, at least for the less penitent who don't make the trip up on their knees. This is a leading pilgrimage site, reached by road or a granite stairway, broken with levels of fountains, extravagant statues, chapels with Madame Tussaud-like scenes at the Stations of the Cross. It is one of Portugal's most famous processional ways, rococo in the extreme. On top, stay at the Hotel do Elevador where the food is very good and the view is spectacular.

Plan to be in this area for the Thursday country market at Barcelos; it is one of the best and the hometown of the decorative pottery rooster that is the mascot of Portugal. There are other very original ceramic pieces to buy here, while the local people trade in handfuls of small chicks, armfuls of pigs. The homemade breads, the farm-fresh cheese, smoked hams and sausages, tomatoes, and berries are irresistible—a good place to assemble a picnic before the market breaks up at noon.

Then head north to Viana do Castelo with its handsome baroque mansions and palaces and to lovely Ponte de Lima, approached via a medieval bridge. In this immediate area are several private *quintas*—traditional estate houses—that are part of a countrywide association of private properties offering visitors bed and breakfast. For example, there is the Casa do Outeiro with two antique bedrooms to let in

Braga residents—dressed in bizarre costumes—celebrating Feast of St. John

a warm friendly household. Or there are the more formal surroundings at the Casa das Pereiras, where the present two-bedroom guest quarters are being added to with a ten-room annex. (One of the most royal residences in the association is the Quinta de São Thiago, with seven double bedrooms, a dining room, library and drawing room full of historic art, its own chapel, pool, and tennis court—all up in the hills at Sintra outside Lisbon.) Information on the *quintas* is available from the Portuguese Government Tourist Office.

Two more for the road: Tomar and its Knights Templar Convent of Christ, which is one of the most exquisite religious citadels in Portugal. And Marvão, the quintessential fortified medieval hill town, is perched above the plain, looking out to Spain. Here, walk the flowering parapets, climb the watchtower of the thirteenth-century castle, and stay at the little nine-room Pousada de Santa Maria.

Both of these are north and within a two-hour drive from Lisbon, where another hilltop hotel—the three-hundred-room Ritz Inter-Continental—has been totally and beautifully redecorated. Antique furnishings and hand-woven carpets are what are oldest in the sumptuous suites; terrace dining in the Varanda and classical guitar music in the all-time favorite Ritz Grill are among the newest additions to the hotel's popular eating spots.

And consider Lisbon next year between April and September for the seventeenth European Exhibition of Art, Science, and Culture, organized by the Council of Europe under the theme "Portuguese Discoveries and Renaissance Europe." Lisbon landmarks—San Jeronimos Monastery, Belém Tower, Black Horse Square, the Monument of Discoveries by the Tagus River—will be some highlights on special historic tours. Exhibits at the Mother of God Convent, featuring painting, manuscripts, engravings, decorative arts from European collections, will set the stage for the medieval period before the discoveries; at the historic palace of Casa dos Bicos, the focus will be on daily life in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Europe and the influences of the powerful Dynasty of Avis; the Museum of Ancient Art (with its own collection of Portuguese primitives, master painting, carpets, tapestries, ceramics, gold, and silver) will highlight Continental art, science, and culture of the period. Other locations will stage theater and music events from the New Worlds discovered and influenced by the caravel fleets of Portugal. ▽

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Catalan classic ancient dance performed before Barcelona's Gothic Cathedral

Barcelona: big-city Spain at its liveliest

Great reasons to go to this port now

BY PATRICIA BROOKS

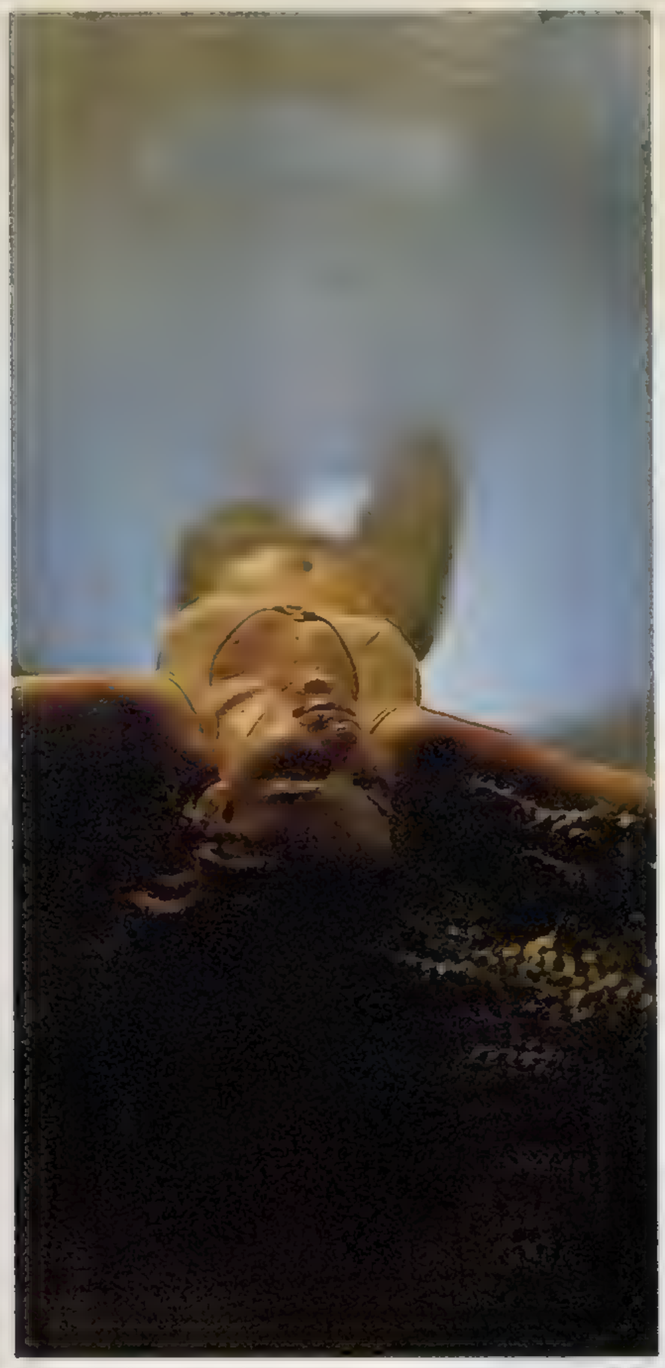
From Gothic to Gaudí—that's how I used to characterize Barcelona. But now, with all the recent new happenings in this exciting Mediterranean port city, I'd have to amend that to say from medieval to Miró, as well.

In case you haven't been to Barcelona lately, you're in for some fascinating surprises. The art scene, for instance, always lively with the many galleries along Paseo de Gracia and calle del Consejo, has new dimensions.

The new Pablo Picasso Museum has been installed in a thirteenth-century palace—the Berenguer de Aguilar—with Gothic arches and graceful open courtyards with palms and other greenery to counterpoint the Catalan artist's early Blue Period and other works. Occasional courtyard concerts add another element of excitement here.

Wander down the same narrow medieval street—calle Moncada—that the Museum is on, and you'll encounter Galeria Dalí, with the graphics and paintings of Salvador Dalí, a fellow Catalan. Galeria Maeght (#25), with lively graphics exhibits, is in a golden-hued palace of its own. Other galleries and handcraft shops are tucked into ancient buildings all along this short squiggle of a street in the city's old Gothic quarter. Note especially Populart (#33) and 1748 (#2) for amusing offbeat ceramics, papier-mâché objects, hand-blown glass, and folk art.

The hand of another Catalan native son, Joan Miró, can be seen all over Barcelona lately. First, there's *(Continued on page 494)*



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BARCELONA

(Continued from page 493)

the Joan Miró Foundation, nestled into the hillside of Montjuich, the tiny green mountain that overlooks the city. The collection is good, as you'd expect; but the raked concrete building that houses it is also a dazzler. Designed by architect Josep Lluis Sert, it is a brilliant array of cubes, oblongs, skylights, and rounded forms that is especially dramatic viewed against the vivid evergreen cypress and pine backdrop.

You'll also discover Miró's work as you stroll the Ramblas, Barcelona's favorite promenade—in a cobblestone mosaic he designed for the walkway. You'll see it again at the airport in a block-long mosaic mural on the façade—a whimsical signature of abstract forms in greens, blues, reds, yellows, and black.

Culinarily, Barcelona has always been one of Spain's most exciting cities, with its Provence-accented, seafood-rich cuisine. Lately, a cluster of elegant new restaurants makes it even more so.

Top of the list is Jaume de Provença, at 88 calle de Provenza—an understated French-flavored restaurant that's fashionable, has super food (the asparagus mousse, made with tender fresh baby stalks, lingers in the memory—as do the sole in a subtle vermouth sauce, spinach crêpes in Champagne sauce, and just about everything else sampled there). You

If you haven't been to Barcelona lately, you're in for some surprises

may not know the cast of characters—local politicos, socialites, theater people—but neither they nor the wood-paneled rooms and pale-lime linens presume to upstage the marvelous food.

Mirrored, pastel Ama-Lur, at 275 calle Mallorca, is stylish, Basque, with underpinnings of nouvelle cuisine, and the most pampering service in town. Then there's Agut d'Avignon, hard to find in a cul-de-sac at 3 calle Trinidad—exuberantly Catalan, with deliciously robust food—goose with pears, rabbit in red-pepper sauce—served in a sophisticated rustic setting: whitewashed walls, exposed beams, cozy dining rooms at several levels, vibrant arrangements of fresh flowers and little vases of pink sweet peas on every table. Reservations, naturally, are *de rigueur.*

Not everything in Barcelona is new, obviously. In fact, it's the juxtaposition of new, old, and refurbished that gives this most urbane of Spanish cities such a fillip.

You'll want to visit (or revisit as the case may be) the *barrio gótico*—Gothic quarter—that preserved-in-amber section in the heart of this city of 2.5 million people. Skinny cobbled passageways skirt Romanesque and Gothic buildings—many with "embroidered" stone colonnades, grapevine-covered inner courtyards, and moss-patinaed fountains. The magnificent Gothic cathedral is at its most romantic lighted at night and one reason why I gravitate to the comfortable old Hotel Colón

across the street for my Barcelona visits. The other reason is the *sardana*. Every Saturday evening at seven, an orchestra appears on the steps of the cathedral and crowds of local residents gather, don white espadrilles, and join hands to perform the rhythmic, graceful, lilting Catalan dance—with great precision and seriousness. It's not a costumed "spectacle" but a spontaneous local event—and very moving to watch. If you stay at the Colón, be sure to ask for a room on the cathedral side. (Other excellent Barcelona hotels—the Ritz, Diplomatic, Presidente, Avenida Palace, and Sarria Gran Hotel—are handy to the shopping areas of Paseo de Gracia and the Diagonal.)

You may want to make a pilgrimage to see the many works created by the visionary architect Antonio Gaudí in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. If you shop the Paseo de Gracia—Barcelona's Fifth Avenue—you will pass the Casa Battló, #43, and Casa Milá, at the corner of calle de Provenza. Both Gaudí buildings have melting, irregular forms in concrete. In the first, viewed best from across the street, with an undulating, reptilian roof of glittery scale-like tiles, no two windows match, and the street-level arches are held by elongated columns that look like roots. Casa Milá, a huge apartment house, waves and bulges with hints of yellow, lavender, cobalt blue, and apple green, has writhing wrought-iron balconies in the shapes of flowers and leaves.

Gaudí's most serious work is his unfinished church of Sagrada Familia, with textured Gothic towers that sprout "flowers" on top; his most jubilant caprice is Güell Park, a fantasy playland full of walks with tiled dragons, Gaudí's own ice-cream pink Hansel and Gretel house, red stone "grottoes," and tufty stone stalagmites.

Barcelona is a museum-rich city, and many of the mainstays have undergone recent renovations. My favorite, the Catalonian Art Museum, with its riches of Romanesque sculptures and frescoes, many removed intact from tiny Pyrenees chapels, has had a major face-lift in its palatial home at the top of Montjuich. Newly painted white walls and simple, dramatic displays make the primitive works look even more appealing.

Spring, to my mind, is Barcelona at its best—with flower vendors and bird sellers along the Ramblas in radiant array and song; but winter is surprisingly balmy, compared to much of Spain. And in winter, Barcelona's music season is in full swing. Music, like art, is a strong suit here. All October, there's the International Music Festival, and the opera season runs from November through February, with Placido Domingo and Montserrat Caballé, among other notable stars, scheduled to appear. Opera is performed at the Gran Teatro del Liceo, a neo-baroque building, one of the largest opera houses in Europe. Do try to catch a concert at the Palacio de la Musica, a turn-of-century building, wackily eclectic, with pseudo-Arabic motifs and capitals that look like giant mushrooms.

You can't possibly exhaust Barcelona's many fascinations; but, if they exhaust *you*, it's an easy one-hour plane hop to Ibiza, for a spot of sun and sizzle. Laze on one of this tiny Balearic island's silvery beaches or luxuriate on a hilltop—with spectacular sea and mountain views at the luxe La Hacienda Na Xemena, a Relais de Campagne hotel of super comfort and away-from-it-all isolation. It's a do-nothing retreat after a see-everything experience in Barcelona. ▽

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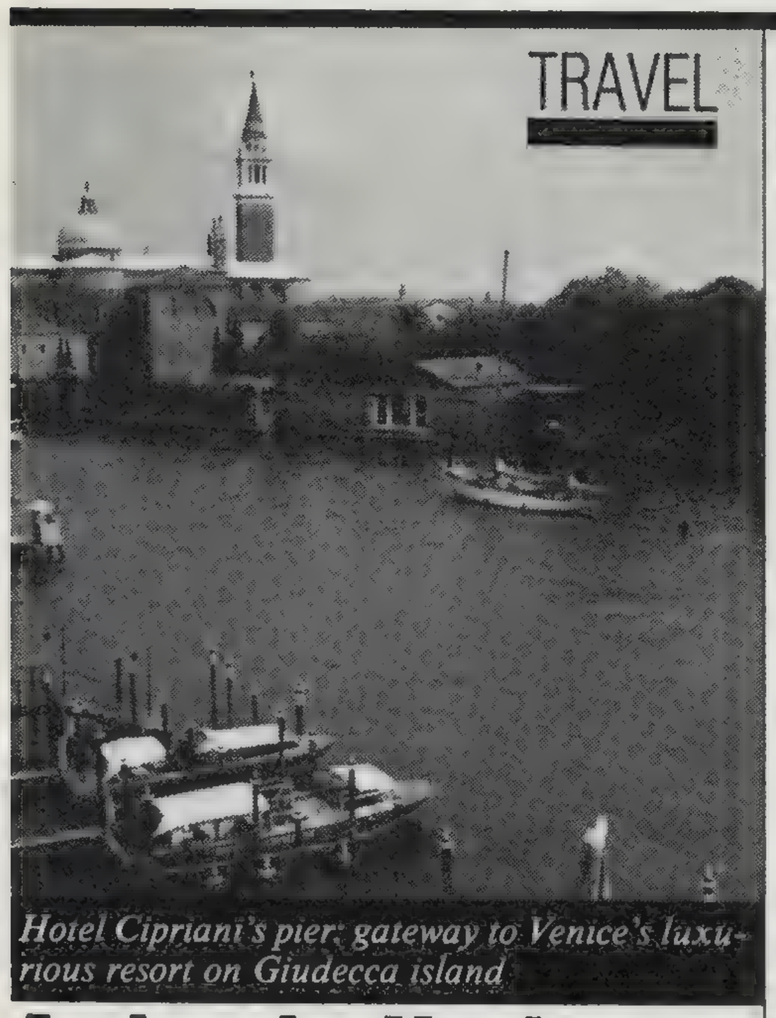

Hotel Cipriani's pier: gateway to Venice's luxurious resort on Giudecca island

A day in Venice: nonstop splendors

Notes on a special interlude in Italy

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

On All Souls Day, November 2, Venice's island cemetery of San Michele crowds with people: young people, old people, couples, tots. On that day, the ferryboats—Venice's version of a bus service—are packed with passengers: S.R.O. and free. Everyone carries bunches of chrysanthemums or daisies wrapped in newspaper and passengers mingle like guests en route to the same party. In a way, they are. They come, en masse, to San Michele to visit the graves of family and old friends.

It is a glorious time of year in the Veneto. On early mornings in autumn, an impenetrable fog often blankets the city. It is mysterious and alarming, rather like an encasing cocoon of cotton wool. Around ten, the fog slowly rises like a theater curtain before a performance. Then, the city, much like a stage set, seems to float between grey layers of water and sky. Campanile towers appear swathed in grey tulle. Young men in bright-painted boats paddle across canals, look airborne in the fog.

Last November, I was in Abano, only an hour from Venice, and when All Souls Day arrived, I decided to observe the day Italian style. I headed to San Michele, to see this island that's wholly a cemetery, to hunt for some of the graves of the many famous people who are buried there, and to pay my respects to a friend—the Greek Princess Aspasia. Many years ago, before her death in 1972, I spent six enchanting weeks with Aspasia at Giardino Eden, her bungalow in a large garden on the Venetian island of Giudecca. Then, her enormous rose and jasmine-filled garden walled by orange trees was one of the marvels of Venice. Today, the house still stands, but the garden is deserted. Overgrown trees hang limply over the cracked walls.

On the ferry that All Souls Day, my first sight of San Michele was black-tipped cypress rising above the pink brick walls that circled the island. Pigeons fluttered from pilings as the boat jerked to a halt at the landing; the pier reverberated with a thundering noise as Italians hurried ashore. Soon the crowd evaporated, lost in the maze of paths and alleys of the cemetery. Even on this holiday, I could feel alone on San Michele.

At an information kiosk, I asked for directions to the Princess's grave. To my amazement, I was given a diagram of the cemetery; a woman there marked the route—much in the way AAA marks roads for its members. It led to the Greek Orthodox sector XIV.

On this special day, flower vendors had set up temporary stalls near the entrance; they gave a stunning burst of color in the now-brilliant sun. Armed with a bunch of daisies, I set off. On my path, I passed mausoleums with elaborate wrought-iron gates, alleys lined with above-ground crypts that had the look of eight-foot white marble filing cabinets—each drawer decorated with a fresh bouquet of flowers in a cone-shaped vase. Some culs-de-sac ended in a splurge of bougainvillaea, some on a green wall of hedges, others on a mausoleum doorway with a pediment and slender columns. Alleys studded with flowers had the beauty of tender Botticelli paintings.

At an intersection, a sign pointed to the grave site of Ezra Pound. Another sign—decorated with roses and marked "Igor Stravinsky"—pointed straight ahead. Faithful to my marked map, *(Continued on page 500)*

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Learn how *Ilona of Hungary* institutes of skin care and professional skin care products can help you to create and maintain a flawless complexion.

By: Janet Spencer

According to the popular television program 60 Minutes, residents of a small Russian village of Abkhasia, live well over a hundred years, with the town's elders being 135 years old. This remote area of the globe puzzles researchers because no scientific explanation has been found for this phenomenon. In a different part of the world, there is another natural wonder but with explainable, scientific facts.

Real beauty begins with a radiantly clean, glowing complexion. With more and more American women (and men) interested in learning how to correctly care for their complexion, the name of Ilona of Hungary is rapidly dominating the skin care world.

THE MIRACLE OF MINERAL WATER.

If you ever have the chance to visit lovely Budapest in Hungary, go. You will be enchanted not only by the charm of the city, but by the astonishing beauty of its women. Hungarian women have always been famous for their beauty. Women in Budapest, even the elderly, seldom develop wrinkles. What is their secret? Have they discovered some magic fountain of beauty whose waters preserve the pristine quality of their wrinkle-free complexion?

In researching possible causes, scientists discovered an unusual combination of minerals in the water in a 20-mile radius around Budapest. More significantly, the water was found to contain the same vital minerals which make up healthy human skin cells. The discovery of the precious, natural mineral-rich water led to its use in a variety of ways. Special bathing houses were erected, Romans and Turks imported this water centuries ago for its therapeutic qualities. (Evidence is documented in Encyclopedias and National Geographics.) Cosmetic manufacturers and skin care experts utilized the water in beauty and skin care products. When Empress Elizabeth of Austria wanted to improve her complexion, she ordered her secretary to import this water and the cosmetics made with it. Reputed to be the most regal beauty of her time, the Empress did not want to miss out on what the Hungarian beauty experts had to offer.

FLAWLESS COMPLEXION.

To find out more about these special beauty preparations, I visited Madame Ilona, a real person and world renowned skin care expert who maintains very busy and successful institutes in New York, Chicago, Houston and Denver. The demand for her services is so great that the opening of other institutes soon will follow in other large cities.

photos by Nicholas DeScoise

ILONA OF HUNGARY Institutes of Skin Care

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Seeing Madame Ilona's ivory-like, flawless complexion made me realize on first sight that she really knows the secret to a radiant skin. According to her, complexion care, or facials as we know them in the United States, originated in Hungary as a special service to Royalties. She does not promise miracles, she delivers results.

Madame Ilona explained:
"Water is the source and the life of every living thing, be it animal, vegetable or human. Our skin contains 70% water, and for the better performance of the human body and of the skin, the quality of the water is extremely important. Nature was extra gracious to us in providing exceptional quality of water in certain regions of the world. Different waters with varying minerals serve various purposes. As far as the human skin cells are concerned, a mineral water should be rich in Magnesium, Sodium and Potassium. The most highly respected quality of mineral water is the one which has been found around Budapest. The enormous importance of this mineral water cannot be measured in the aesthetic and cosmetic field.

When the skin is perfectly hydrated, it is rich in water, it is alive, supple, elastic and toned. On the other hand, if it is deprived of a quality water, it becomes dehydrated, it shivers, wrinkles and ages. The greatest part of the dermis is made of a jelly-like substance which acts as a real water reservoir of the skin. It is here where the cellular metabolism receives its oxygen and water supply.

During our lifetime, our skin progressively loses water and minerals. As the skin ages unaesthetic consequences can be observed. To help eliminate this loss, I import this natural mineral-rich water from Budapest to make all my skin care products. All my cosmetics are manufactured in the United States but with this special, Magnesium and mineral-rich water from Budapest."

SKIN CARE WITH PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

During the past several years, more than one million people have come to Madame Ilona. The many satisfied customers across the country are positive proof that the ILONA OF HUNGARY unique skin care system *really* works. Whether the skin is oily, dry, wrinkled or marked with embarassing blemishes –results are spectacular. Praises and testimonial letters pour in daily. "No one has ever done as much for my complexion as you have. I cannot thank God enough for sending me to you! God bless you and your wonderful work!" one person writes. "My first order has taken at least fifteen years off my face! This is the answer I have been praying for," writes another. One enthusiastic woman expresses her sentiments in one sentence – "Thanks a million for the miracle." The praises continue in a huge pile of letters.

SKIN CARE AT HOME.

For people unable to visit any of her institutes, a special booklet containing Madame Ilona's successful methods for skin care at home is now available by sending $2.00. Full price shall be credited on first order for her cosmetics.

If your present cosmetics don't give you the results you want, the $2.00 for the booklet will be the best investment you ever made for your skin. Just fill out the coupon below and send it to Madame Ilona at her headquarters in Denver.

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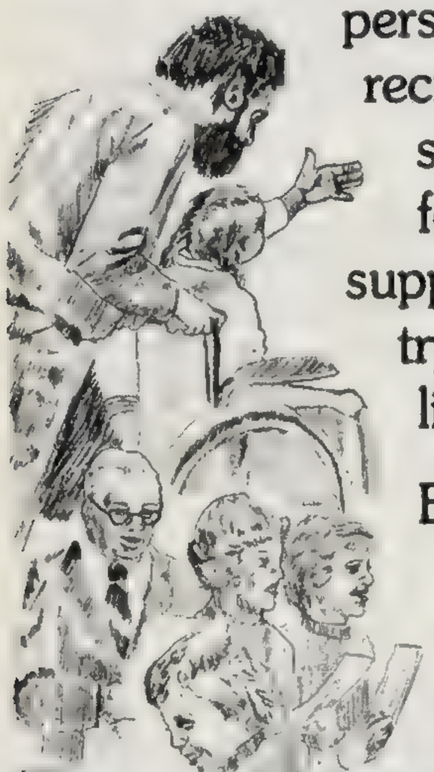

Every Salvation Army officer and soldier pledges his heart to God and proves it by offering his hand to man.

THE SALVATION ARMY

VENICE

(Continued from page 496)

I entered the Greek section. It was cool under the shade of trees, quiet except for the sound of my footsteps on the gravel.

Orthodox Christians—both Greeks and Russians—lie in this sector. Searching for the grave of Aspasia, I went by the white onion-domed monument of Sergei Diaghilev, the genius Russian impresario. At the base of its pedestal lay a single pink and red rose. Red carnations and white daisies were strewn on the white marble grave of Igor Stravinsky. Next to Stravinsky's grave, a white marble tombstone was inscribed: "Aspasia, widow of H.M. Alexander, King of the Hellenes." I set my daisies next to a bunch of red poppies on Aspasia's grave, saving a few to place on the tomb of Stravinsky.

Empty-handed, I retraced my steps to the boat pier, boarded a *vaporetto* for the Piazza San Marco, then headed for the Cipriani pier. Hotel Cipriani is Venice's only resort; it sits on the island of Giudecca. Unconsciously, I was propelled to return to Giudecca where I had stayed with Aspasia so many years before. At that time, the Hotel Cipriani did not exist. I remembered riding back and forth to Venice in Aspasia's handsome polished black gondola steered by the white-uniformed gondolier Romeo and his son. Now, I was a passenger on Cipriani's modern launch—with linen curtains on the windows of the cabin—that ferries guests between Venice and the island resort.

During the five-minute boat ride, the views were so tantalizingly beautiful my head pivoted like a lighthouse beam. There was the glorious symmetrical colonnade of the marble Doge's Palace, the stark silhouette of the Campanile topped by a gilt angel, the Byzantine domes of San Marco's Basilica. Then came close-up views of Venice's three landmark churches: the bulbous dome of Santa Maria della Salute, the noble San Giorgio Maggiore, and, on Giudecca Island, Palladio's masterpiece, Il Redentore.

Cipriani, a haven of quiet green luxury, has a splendor of its own. A brass hook drew the launch alongside a pier with double stairways. Outstretched arms reached down to help me disembark. A walk through pergolas in the garden led to the hotel, its walls colored sun-toasted orange with mascara-black shutters and balconies.

In November, officially off-season, I was surprised by the number of people sipping drinks on the broad sunny terrace. Passing through the elegant indoor restaurant that looked deceptively small—its half-moon banquettes screened off by colossal flower arrangements—I ended up in the alfresco dining room, walled in glass.

It was delicious to feel the hot sun on my back, to look out on the lagoon and catch a green glimpse of a "secret garden" through a small brick archway. Served on gleaming silver, crystal, and flower-patterned Limoges china, lunch was a sparkly affair, the food outstanding.

Tempted by Cipriani's famous homemade pasta, which I'd seen displayed like a still life at the patio entrance, I ordered Tagliolini Gratinati al Prosciutto. While I waited, I nibbled on crusty bread. Service at Cipriani is synchronized: when one course is finished, waiters immediately roll up a cart with the next. In my case: seafood salad followed by pasta, Scaloppine di Vitello with mushrooms, *radicchio* salad, local Solligo cheese, a small scoop of pistachio ice cream.

Wherever you go at Cipriani—in the ramble of terraces and gardens—there is staff to wait on guests. I chose to drink my espresso at the bar terrace overlooking the gigantic heated saltwater pool, the only one in Venice. A mirage of beauty, the pink brick of San Giorgio's Church is mirrored in the pool.

I envied the handful of guests sunning on the lounges covered in brown terry cloth. To coddle swimmers in the autumn coolness, a white heated passageway—similar to a wedding canopy—stretched from pool to hotel.

Wherever I looked in the modern, air-conditioned palazzo, I saw luxury. On a tour of the hotel, I saw guest rooms white as fresh cheese, suites with Fortuny-silk brocaded walls; tinted glass doors opened onto small gardens by the pool. In guest rooms, mirrored tables had push buttons to elevate their concealed color televisions; a single light switch turned off all lamps; white linen sheets and blue flower-sprigged blanket covers outfitted the beds. In rose du portugal marble-tiled bathrooms: double sinks, round tubs, shower stalls with saunas; there were hair-dryers and mirrors lit like those of a Broadway theater dressing room.

The "Nanny" suite—my favorite—had the romantic quality of Rodolfo's studio in the opera *La Bohème*. Its elegant bedroom had sloping attic walls, the cozy sitting room opened onto a minuscule terrace overlooking the glories of Venice. As I stood there, autumn sun was reddening the sky. Mist blurred the skyline, slowly enveloped the city. This remarkable November day had ended, already a memory. ▽

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A sampling of the book's contents:

Nancy Kissinger's *Basque Omelette*

Brooke Astor's *Chicken Suzanne*

Geoffrey Beene's *Creole Gumbo*

Mica Ertegun's *Imam Bayildi*

Cristina Ford's *Spaghetti alla Carbonara*

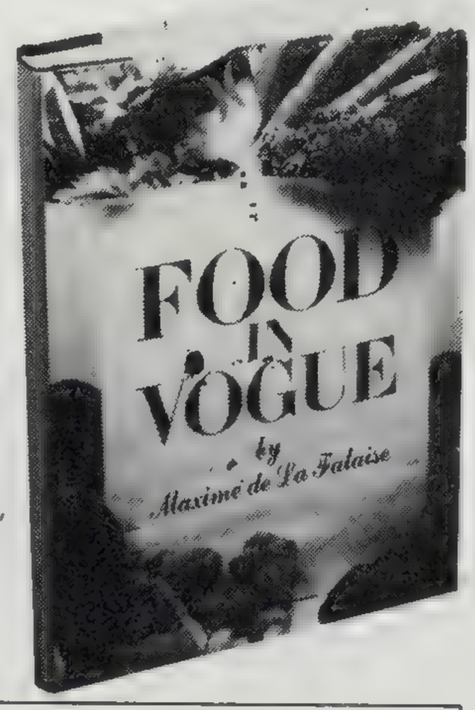
Francesco Scavullo's *Fillets of Haddock*

Clare Boothe Luce's *Consommé à la Duchesse*

Jacqueline Onassis's *Gratinéed Spinach*

Happy Rockefeller's *Flat Apple Pie*

Virgil Thomson's *Tenderloin on Toast*



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VOGUE'S

View

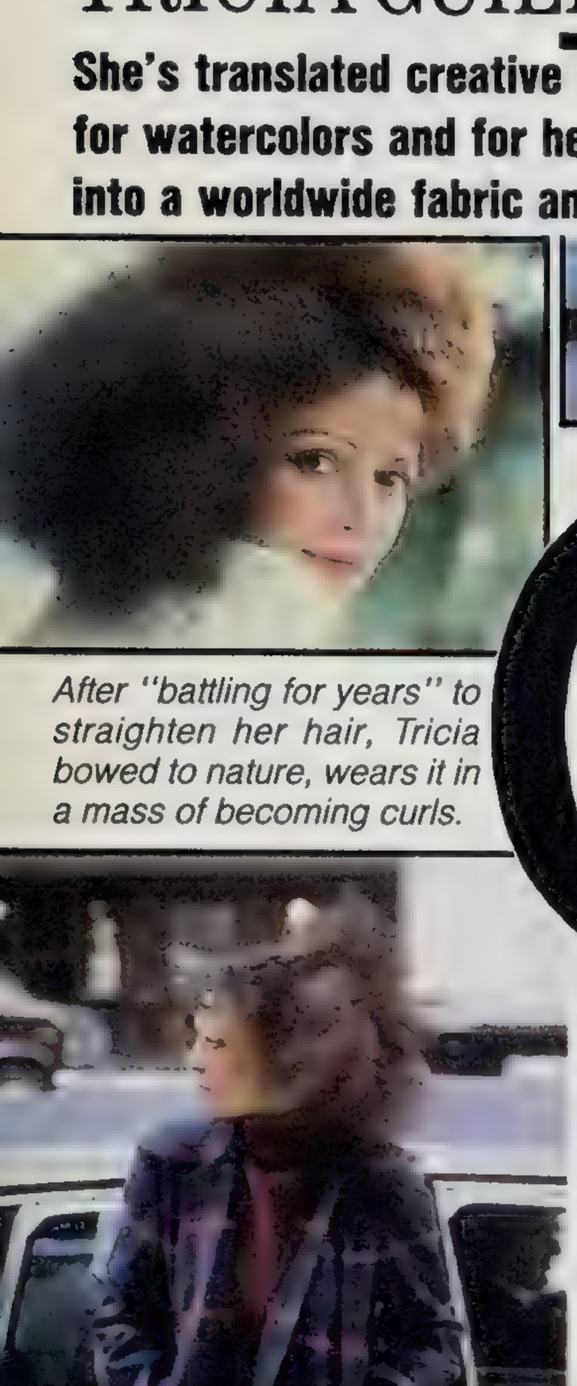
New spare necklines... the menswear surge... fashionable studies

Edited by Mary Russell

The "green thumb" of: TRICIA GUILD

She's translated creative talent plus a passion for watercolors and for her native English flowers into a worldwide fabric and home-furnishings empire

After "battling for years" to straighten her hair, Tricia bowed to nature, wears it in a mass of becoming curls.



Tricia's favorite dressing ranges from romantic antique (she collects old hats) to racy, modern. Above: She wears a Perry Ellis plaid suit, sweater.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN GUILD AND MARY RUSSELL

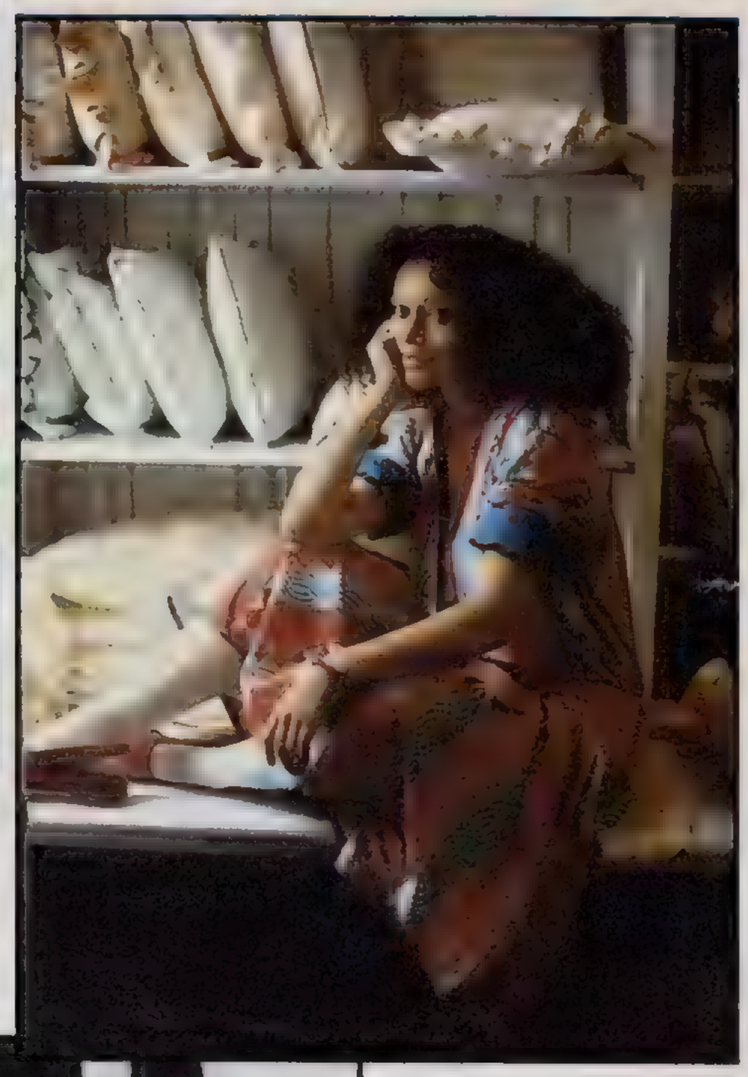
Designers Guild, named for its president and founder, Tricia Guild, started in 1970 with one home-design shop in Kings Road, London. Today, there are twelve shops owned or franchised by Tricia in Europe and the Far East, approximately thirty Tricia Guild soft-furnishings boutiques in department stores all over the United States, and about a dozen licensees manufacturing Tricia Guild fabrics, wallpaper, linens, lamps, and accessories. Tomorrow: She may turn her "green thumb" to ready-to-wear.

The hallmark of everything she creates: a soft watercolor palette with designs based on the flowers, the soft shapes of the English country landscape. Another key characteristic: delicate details, often embroidery, appliqué, sometimes antique lace. And always, everything in a wonderful mélange of colors, of floral and geometric patterns, of elements that contrast but work together. Tricia's basic philosophy, "There are few rules when it comes to mixing colors and patterns."

Tricia believes absolutely in individual choice and that "style is essentially a very personal thing"—a philosophy which carries over to her own life style. She lives with her sixteen-year-old daughter, Lisa, in a charming Victorian townhouse in Chelsea filled with her collections of ceramics, old fabrics, antique cane furniture, contemporary art . . . and, always with flowers, inside and out.

Gardening—no surprise—is one of her all-out favorite pastimes. Dancing is another. And she dresses in a mix of antiques and avant-garde designers (Perry Ellis, Armani, and Kamali are favorites). It's a mix that makes the most of her fragile, model-pretty looks. Behind the fragile look: tremendous energy, professionalism, and what's key to her success, "I'm very lucky . . . I really love what I do." *("View" continued on page 506)*

Tricia, above, on the street in London, her clothes by Kamali. Right: In NYC showroom of Tricia Guild Inc., wearing Armani.



She's mad about flowers! When she isn't using them for inspiration—she's planting them, tending them, arranging them. Below: In the garden of her home in Chelsea. Left: With her dog, Toffee.

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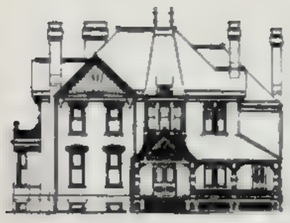

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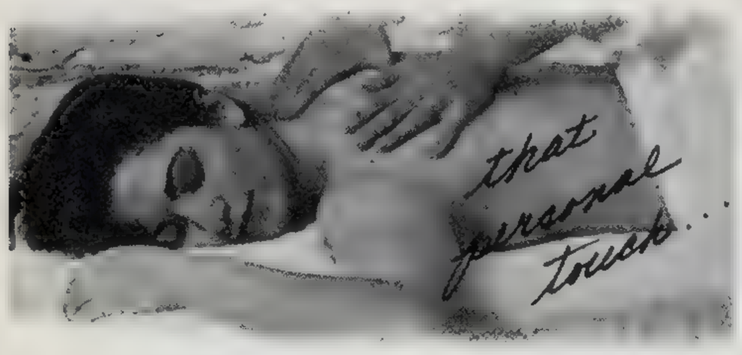

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VOGUE'S

View

NEWS: "CLEAN" NECKLINES

NOW: A NEW OPTION IN NECKLINES—CLEAN, UNCLUTTERED, VERY APPEALING WORTH KEEPING YOUR EYE ON, INVESTING IN

One interesting direction in a season of new directions: a move to spare, collarless necklines. Sometimes "crew"-shaped, sometimes bateau-shaped, but always with a pure, pared-down line. A line that makes the most of your neck, makes it appear long and slender. Designers like Geoffrey Beene and Zoran have always believed in the impact and modernity of these necklines. It's part of their purist, "nothing-extra" philosophy. But this season, the look has taken off in everything from sweaters and blouses to evening clothes, where the simplicity of line has terrific impact against the extravagance of fabric, color, and texture.

("View" continued on page 508)

Right: Ronaldus Shamask's boat-necked black wool dress. *Left:* Halston glitters the boat neck of his white cashmere evening tunic. *Below, left to right:* All in cashmere—Zoran's white boat-neck sweatshirt; white sleeveless boat-neck T-shirt; white, long-sleeved boat-neck T-shirt—each worn under one of his long cardigans.

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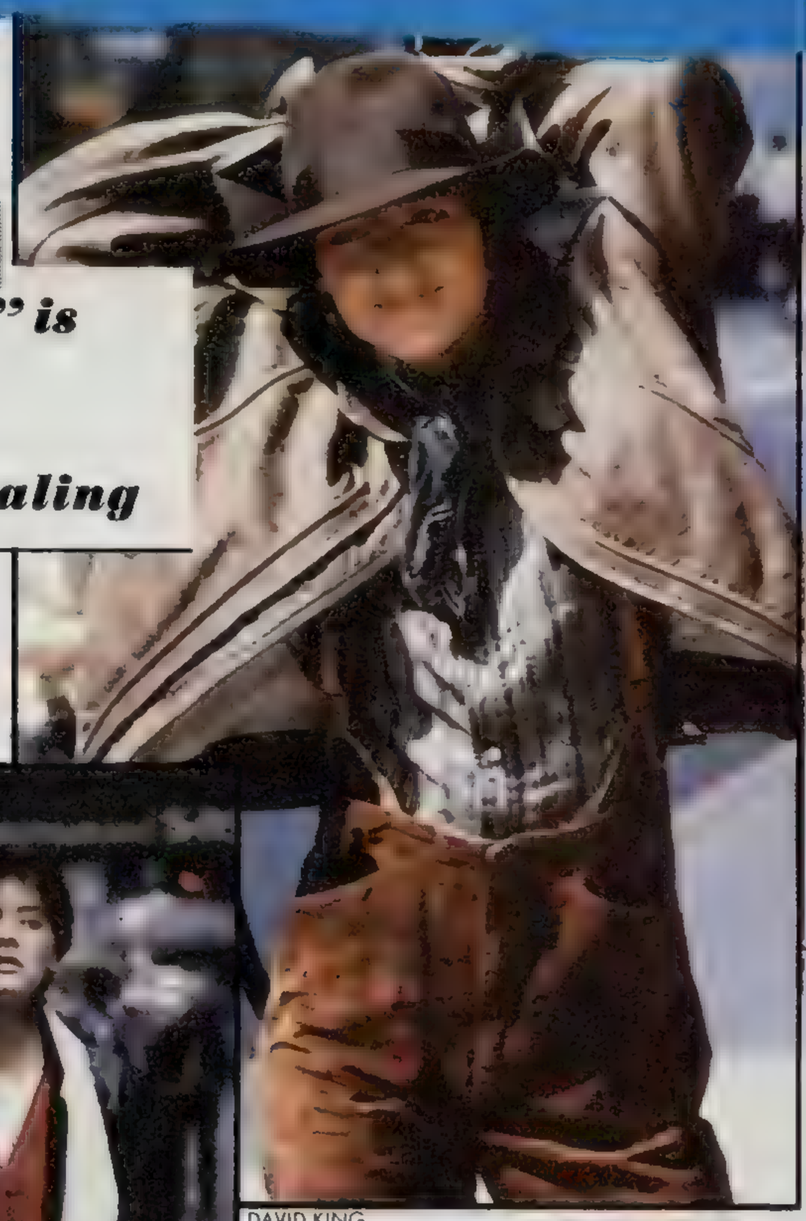
VOGUE'S

View

MENSWEAR DRESSING

In a season where "menswear" is everywhere, for some women, the real thing is the most appealing



Very strong this year: a man's way of dressing . . . delivering a different scale, the very bigness giving a new dash, a more relaxed, casual attitude. For many women, the quickest way to get it—with clothes right off his back. It could be the slouch of an oversized jacket; the snap of a vest; the nonchalance of a fedora; the wit of suspenders. What adds to the attractiveness: the way it's put together—not head-to-toe, but with a few key pieces . . . often, personalized with a feminine touch—a strand of pearls, a lace hankie, a pretty makeup—highlighting the contrast that makes this way of dressing so attractive: the "ruggedness" of a man's clothing enhancing a natural femininity . . . It's a look that epitomizes the best in American style—easy, carefree, very much the trademark of a modern way of dressing . . .

("View" continued on page 510)

DAVID KING

Two women who have made this kind of dressing a personal signature: left, actress Charlotte Rampling in the most casual approach—a man's tweed jacket over basic sweatgear. . . and, below, Lauren Hutton, wearing a man's work shirt and wide-brimmed hat.

Some of the best on-the-street looks in real menswear, *above* . . . It starts, *top,* with the rugged side—his "distressed" leather blouson, and snappy suspenders, felt hat. . . . The attractiveness of a waiter's striped vest, *middle,* black leather jacket and flash of white cashmere muffler . . . and *bottom,* also borrowed from a man: an old tweed Armani jacket and cashmere turtleneck. Details, last pages.

Photo *above left:* DEJEAN-SYGMA. Photo *left:* MAUREEN LAMBRAY-SYGMA

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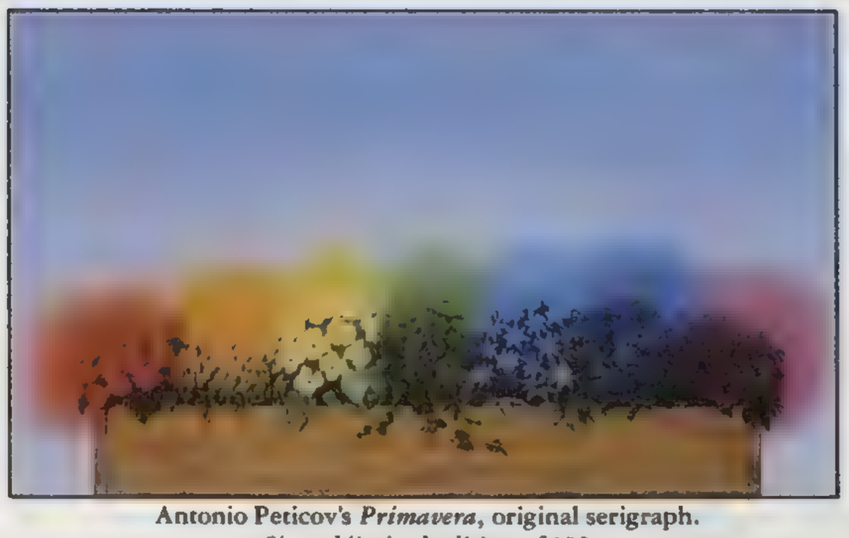
Jack Eaker's *Northeast Harbour Still Life*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 195.



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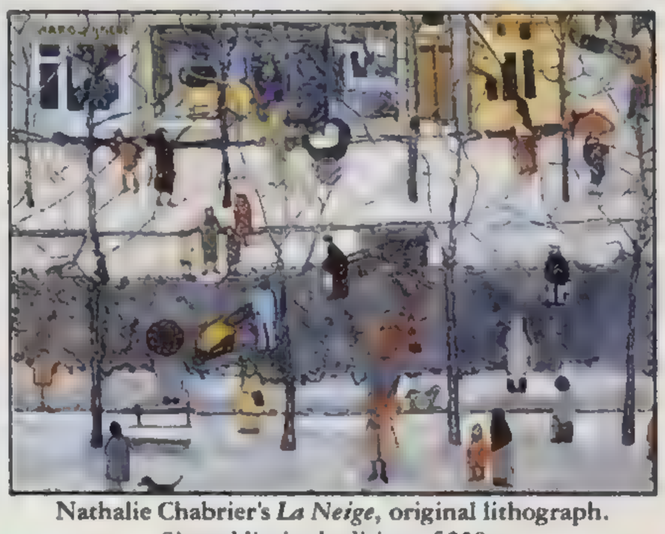

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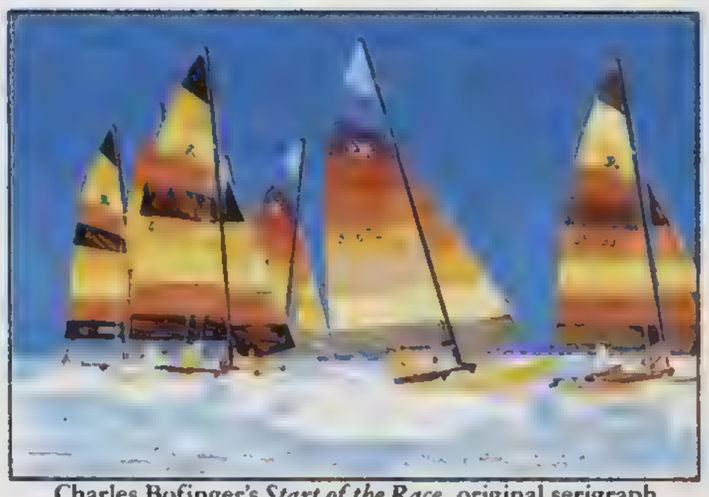

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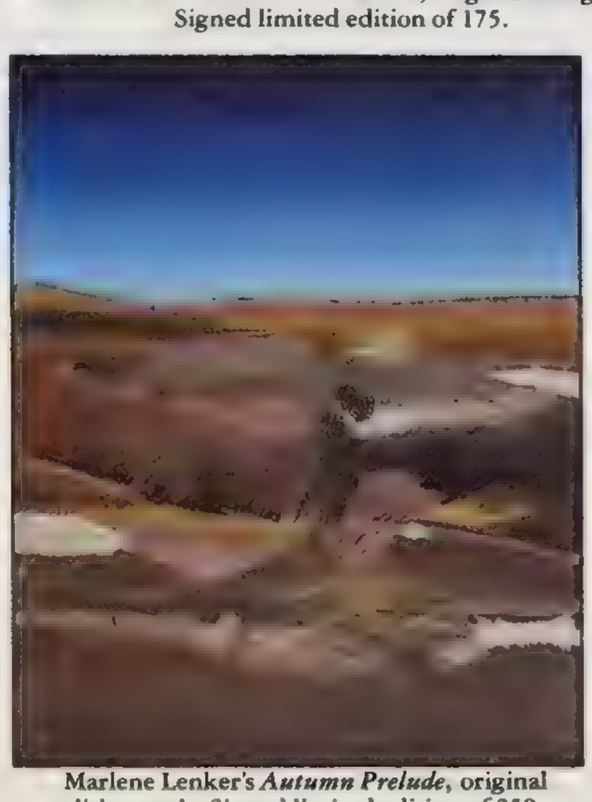

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FASHION:
A new object of study

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt dressed—by Worth—as the "Spirit of Electricity" for an 1883 ball. From the Museum of the City of New York's "The House of Worth: The Gilded Age in New York"

Ferre's architectural jacket—part of MIT's first "fashion show"

MARIA CHANDOHA

Suddenly, universities and museums are taking a new interest in the art of clothes. . .

Body sculpture—to wear—in rattan, by Issey Miyake. Also featured in the MIT exhibit, "Intimate Architecture: Contemporary Clothing Design"

It used to be that the scholarly approach to fashion, whenever expressed, was a backward glance . . . study and presentation of costumes worn by leaders of ancient civilizations and princesses of primitive cultures. No more. Today, the "ivory tower" view of fashion is expanding to include the artfulness of modern design and is inspiring nods of respect and gestures of commitment from unexpected precincts in the museum and education communities. Cases in point: this spring, the Hayden Gallery of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology mounted its first fashion exhibition entitled *Intimate Architecture: Contemporary Clothing Design* with works by innovative designers such as Ronaldus Shamask, Gianfranco Ferre, Issey Miyake, Stephen Manniello, and Yeohlee Teng. According to officials at the gallery, the show was such a success that the catalogue is being reprinted although the exhibit itself ended its run at the end of June.

The Louvre in Paris plans to open its new Musée des Arts de la Mode in 1984. To be housed in the renovated Pavillon de Marsan, the new addition to the expansive Louvre is intended as a teaching laboratory and conservatory of all aspects of fashion—historical and futuristic. A major objective will be to explore lively new ways to present fashion.

By the time the Louvre project is unveiled, a new museum and professional four-year School of Fashion Design and Merchandising will be in operation at Kent State University in Ohio, thanks to the generosity and initiative of Jerry Silverman and Shannon Rodgers. These two former Seventh Avenue professionals have donated their costume collection, thought to be the largest private collection in America, as well as their extensive collections of period paintings and decorative accessories. The designers emeritus and university officials assure that the curriculum will be the most comprehensive in the United States outside New York—covering the history and skills of design through conception, packaging, retailing, and photography of collections—and that the museum collections will include clothing and accessories with historical and contemporary significance. To this end, Halston has already donated several pieces, and Oscar de la Renta donated his entire spring '82 collection. The establishment of these new institutions will be celebrated at a party on October 8 that will bring Britain's Prince and Princess Michael of Kent to Cleveland to toast the university that "bears their name."

Meanwhile in New York City, fashion exhibitions abound this season. Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design, will feature through January 2, *Fashion Prints: 125 Years of Style,* an exhibition of more than two hundred fashion prints drawn mainly from the collection of nine thousand fashion illustrations assembled by Vyvyan Holland, son of Oscar Wilde. On October 19, the Museum of the City of New York will open *The House of Worth: The Gilded Age in New York,* an exhibition of designs by Charles Frederick Worth that will run through May 15, 1983. The Galleries at the Fashion Institute of Technology will follow its successful Givenchy retrospective with *The Undercover Story,* an exhibition of intimate apparel from the 1800s through the advent of man-made fibers. It will move to Tokyo after it closes in New York in May, 1983. And at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a recently established tradition will be continued: Diana Vreeland will mount her eleventh annual exhibition for the Costume Institute. This year: *La Belle Epoque,* a fashionable tour from the era of Proust through the First World War. It opens in December and runs through August 1983. *("View" continued on page 512)*

The "ivory tower" view of fashion expands to the artfulness of modern design

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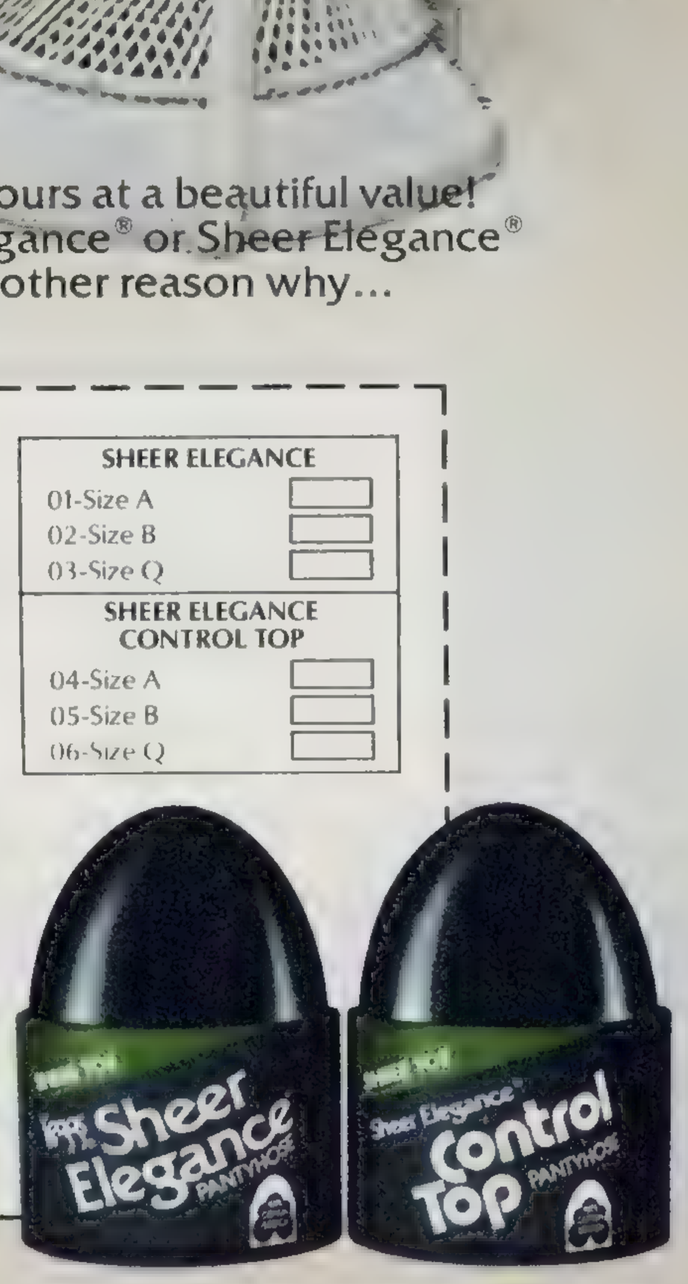

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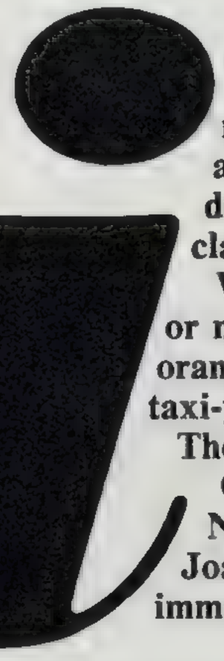
VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

A dress to star in this winter...jewelry with a space-age charm...the good news about denim...finds of the season—with enormous style



It may be the time of year it is . . . or simply all the clothes we've seen in black and deep, dark colors . . . but, suddenly, the best fashion news around is some new brighter colors: when designers show them, you respond to them immediately. Stores, it seems, have been asking for dresses . . . and for some real-color dressing; and designers, in mid-winter/resort collections, are answering with classic—red, royal blue, chrome yellow (sleeper color of the season)—brights.

When color's there, it's used for real impact: a stand-on-your-ears sapphire blue or neon pink organza dress at Oscar de la Renta; purple, turquoise, fuchsia, or orange tops and bottoms with a graph check, to randomly mix, at Bill Haire; a bright taxi-yellow jacket against black pants in Saint Laurent's resort ready-to-wear.

The "little red dress" is turning up everywhere, at every price range: in red damask at Geoffrey Beene . . . matte jersey at Julio . . . as a short easy suede shirt-dress at North Beach Leather . . . or in flame silk-satin, short and flirty, from Kasper for Joan Leslie. That red-dress idea may be the hit of mid-winter: it's something that's immediately appealing in this season of black.

What's coming? There are some interesting changes in bathing suits now . . . and one of the surprises has to do with fabric: you'll find suits, soon, in everything from matte jersey to handwoven silk madras to crêpe de Chine, fabrics that remind you more of traditional dresses than traditional bathing suits. In the new Anne Cole Collection (that's Cole of California), one bandeau bikini has the appearance—and feel—of cashmere, is made of a mixture of angora and silk; another bikini is plaid Thai silk. Gottex of Israel has developed an unusual velveteen with Lycra; Liza Bruce has a maillot in printed silk crêpe de Chine. In all cases, clearly, these aren't suits that you'd race in; but, their makers say, all can go into the water with ease.

When there's talk about jewelry, these days, it often comes with a twenty-first-century sound; metals such as titanium (employed primarily by the space industry and for surgical uses), niobium, and tantalum keep turning up in the jewelry market now. Explains jewelry designer/artist Ted Muehling, "The color's the thing"; these lightweight, extremely strong, and naturally grey metals, when electrically charged in water, take on remarkable colorings: iridescent—oil-slick—pinks/blues/greens. In Ted Muehling's hands, what results may be niobium that's been braided into a necklace or sculpted pod-like earrings in a subtle matte pink/green. Ivy Ross, one of the first U.S. jewelry artists to work with titanium a few years ago, now has gone on to other things: she streaks leather scarves and handbags with niobium, forms chunky niobium and tantalum beads. . . . Now jewelry-maker Mark Pierce is talking about "luminar": aluminum bonded with polyvinyl, then painted and lacquered; his luminar earrings are nearly weightless streaks of color on the ear. . . . After some of these space-age workings, stainless-steel jewelry almost sounds like a "classics" trend. Except steel now is being put to some surprising uses: modern, racy, elegant rings. And that means, from Elsa Peretti for Tiffany, a ring of stainless steel and diamonds . . . from Mark Spirito, a steel ring with semiprecious stones . . . from Carimati, sleek steel with diamonds and 18k gold.

"When designers show clothes with real color, you respond to it. Immediately"

Finds, discoveries: One of last summer's sneaky fashion fads? Double T-shirts. You put a T-shirt with a wide bateau neck over a second bateau or a strappy tank. When you move, the top shirt slides somewhat on your body, and reveals the second shirt—often, a second color—beneath. In winter, you can work it with thin cashmere sweaters or silk tops. . . . Diane Von Furstenberg has come up with a new group of silk rayon-jersey components she calls "liquid assets"; they're plain, uncomplicated pieces—a short skirt, pull-on pants, bandeau-neck T-shirt, tunic, and more—in black and a slew of neon-bright colors, to move around and mix with each other in a variety of ways: the sort of totally simple dressing that first made Diane Von Furstenberg a star. . . . At the end of this month, Tiffany will unveil its new "Tiffany Diamond" watch from Elsa Peretti. Its prominent sterling silver case is faceted like a Tiffany-cut diamond, its face—with no numerals—is silver-toned. Uniquely Peretti, very different from other watches, it comes with a black leather strap and costs about $495 at Tiffany. . . . California's Donald Pliner, newly moved to New York, says his ideal clothes would be ones that somehow combined "the playfulness of California and the sophistication of New York." At the moment, that's translating into some remarkable reversible cashmere-to-silk-jersey knit pieces that he calls his "ultimate luxury" group—a narrow crew-neck dress, easy pants, cap-sleeve vest, and "yachtsman" sweater—in soft, pretty, pale sorts of colors: pistachio, blush, ivory, grey. The clothes are fully reversible, but stores will show them on hangers with the silk-knit side out. Says Pliner: "What could be more luxurious? It's a marvelous feeling to have cashmere by your skin."

Interestingly enough, people are talking about denim again—and what they're talking about is stone-washed. Literally that (fabric that's been pre-washed with lava stones, made a bit used-looking and somewhat softer to the touch), stone-washed denim has been the new hit for those houses—Ralph Lauren Roughwear, Bis, Fiorucci, Liz Claiborne, and Calvin Klein Jeans, among others—that have worked with it; young women are buying up stone-washed jackets, short skirts, and jeans. What that means: come spring, look for more designers working with stone-washing . . . stone-washed canvas in nonstop colors . . . stone-washed pieces of all sorts—some more sophisticated clothes, much more than just jeans-thinking.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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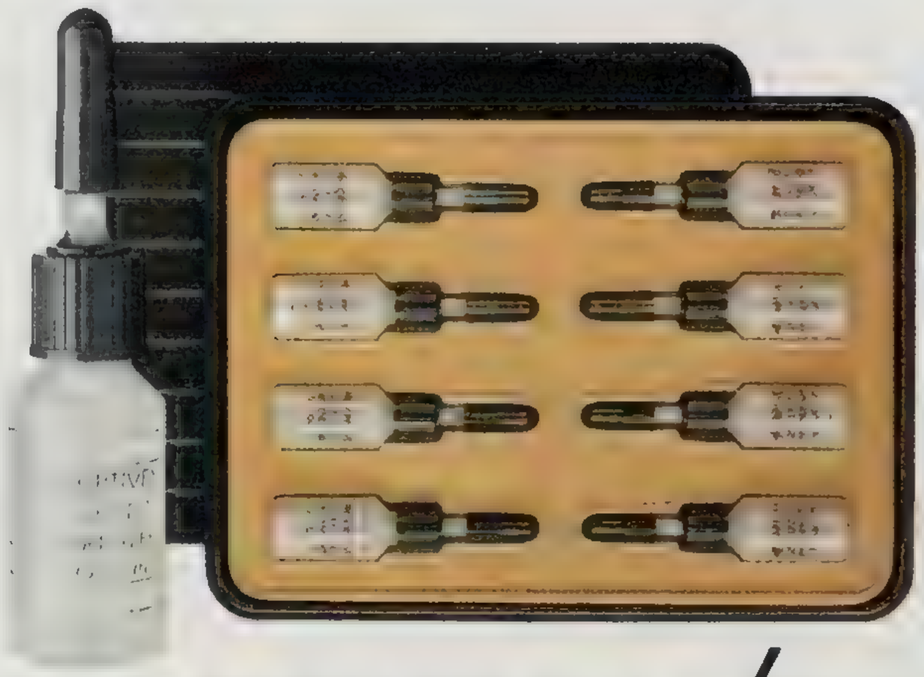

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PRESCRIPTIVES

WHAT STANDS OUT IN A STANDOUT SEASON:

LOOKS THAT PREVAIL — THAT ADD DELIGHT — IN FASHION AND BEAUTY

By October, the last pieces in the season's fashion picture fit neatly into place. The themes that started in the spring with the European ready-to-wear and continued through the New York collections culminated in the most recent couture collections. What's remarkable this year: the way the couture confirmed—very definitely—the "news": there has been a strong consistency of thought from the beginning of the season up to this point. There are certain prevailing truths that apply universally . . . that define the season and signal changes to come (the next "fashion season"—that of resort—is just about to begin). What follows: all the things that prove out this year . . . hold true without exception . . . all the things you'll be seeing throughout this issue.

First, the fact that there is a distinct way of looking for day: an "image" that's always attractive, pulled-together; a precision of dressing that has to do with a new narrowness of line, with a new finish. There are no exaggerations in day dressing at its best—in either length or shape; no extreme options. What you will find—across the board—a new attention paid to all the key "details" of fashion: from the look of makeup and hair to the look of the shoe (and what prevails here is a sleek high-heeled pump). There is a sense of completeness in day dressing everywhere.

The importance of suit dressing has been established in collection after collection; it sets a universal standard for day. What's also confirmed this fall: a particular kind of suit—a suit with a jacket that's longer, sometimes squared in the shoulder, or a newer, slightly shorter and shaped jacket. It's a suit with a skirt that's narrower and a blouse that's prettier—whether in white or in a print, with a high neck or with a spare collarless neckline (something to keep your eye on now).

A new scale for coats has been affirmed—an oversized scale with the dash—and with shapes—borrowed from the world of menswear. Even raincoats and fur coats share this appealing "bigness" and easy attitude. It establishes new guidelines not only on how a coat should look, but on how it should feel—roomier through the shoulder, ample, still narrow-falling (with narrowness maintained underneath). Something else that's always true: the way a coat can "hold" a look—the best new coats become pivotal pieces in a total way of dressing and another way the image is achieved for day.

The irresistible charm of a short dress at night—of seeing legs at night—has proved to be universally attractive. A short dress that lives up to every evening expectation was a star in collection after collection—from the perfect dinner dresses to the most festive big-evening dressing . . . from soft bias-cut black crêpe or black velvet to the dazzle of black lace reembroidered with gold or the liquid shimmer of sequins on a narrow hip-wrapped short dress. In every case: narrowness of line, a smallness, a flirt, and a new all-out focus on legs.

The compelling presence of narrowness for evening is everywhere. The couture—where the emphasis was on dressing at night—only continued an earlier theme—that of long, very narrow dresses that rely on line, along with color and texture, to provide effect. What changed in the couture: in a continuing context of narrowness a more elaborate use of black and black with color . . . of textures—lace and velvet, satin and tulle—and texture combinations. . . . of dazzle—new permutations of gold and silver mixed with black and color . . . of all-out special effects—sometimes, the most extravagant sleeve imaginable . . . sometimes, a whole new back interest . . . always, a new focus on the tops of dresses. The result: a very real sense of fantasy expressed in modern terms.

Unmistakable—and part of the fantasy for evening—a new feeling for adornment. Another universal theme: memorable accessories starting with a new design effort in jewelry—strong, positive pieces in unexpected new textures . . . new rings (where the interest is only beginning) . . . bold, wide bracelets . . . sensuous new drop earrings. And accessories at their most beguiling: in the couture where there is no limit on luxury, on glamour. In every collection—a splurge of feathers—as trim, as "sleeves" on long narrow dresses . . . as an out-of-this-world shock of color coat in hot-pink ostrich that slides over black. And more: a romantic rounded muff of black tulle . . . an astounding variety of gloves—snakeskin, leather, and suede for day; the longest silk gloves at night . . . a dazzle of enchanting hair ornaments and of hats—small, charming, and ultrafeminine.

One of the more memorable accessories this season—makeup—with a very real sense of ornamentation all its own . . . and a very real impact. There are new colors for lips that are shocking (literally) at first glance: violet, magenta, orange, scarlet. But in their advanced textures and in their application, a sophistication, never an exaggeration. There is also the option of iridescence—either built right into the color or added in the sheerest way to lips, eyes, nails.

Another theme that runs through the season: the unexpected turn to soft dressing for casual moments—enough of a difference to set a new standard for relaxed dressing. In soft knitting—spare, minimal shapes along with shapes that are soft in and of themselves: T-shirt, turtleneck, and cowl-neck shapes, and big dolman sleeves on cardigans, tunics, dresses . . . in cashmere and in jerseys. In this whole world of soft-shape dressing, an interesting evolution of both sweaters and dresses—each with a new appeal, as well as a new sophistication.

What's become increasingly true in a universal sense: that certain key differences in the way you look and feel start with changes you make rather than with fashion changes. One of the best examples this season: the difference of shorter hair—hair with more control, with more smoothness. All it takes on your part: a haircut and the immediate difference, the change in the way you look can set up the whole season. . . . Something that is not a new discovery by any means but more to the point now than ever before: the connection of fitness and fashion. A universally appreciated fact: we no longer "get fit" today to wear certain clothes; the fitness priority is one imposed by reasons of health and life style. But as it has become a norm, a "given," designers have taken advantage of the fact. The narrowness, the soft tailoring that exists now could never have worked before . . . could never have been worn with as much confidence and style as it is worn today by women who know the value of a well-conditioned body.

If it is true that the same themes run through all the collections, it is also true that those themes are interpreted differently by different designers: another universal fashion fact of life. Similar themes do not make for a boring season—far from it—even with the internationalization of fashion and its many cross-references—there are telling differences. What makes a strong season even stronger: the choices—the options provided by designers who each follow their own star, their own character in and out of fashion's mainstream. In the end, the choice is always yours . . . and everything you need to make that selection—everything you'll find in this issue . . .

A

A WORLD OF GLORIOUS EVENING DRESSING—WITH CLOTHES THAT ARE INHERENTLY ROMANTIC, UN-
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WORLD

APART

THE PLACE. THE CLOTHES. THE ROMANCE . . . SETTING THE SCENE, THE PEACOCK—AND OSCAR DE LA RENTA'S FANTASY-INSPIRED BRIDE: AN IVORY-COLORED SILK DAMASK SKIRT, SMALL, GOLD-SEQUINNED JACKET, ABOUT $4000. WITH A QUILTED SILK CRÊPE DE CHINE SHAWL EDGED IN SABLE DYED FOX (ABOUT $3200). LATE OCTOBER AT MARTHA. TO ORDER AT BALLIET'S. IN THE SAME ROMANTIC MOOD, OSCAR DE LA RENTA FRAGRANCE. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

Hair these pages, Julien for Harlow, Paris; Makeup, Alberto Fava.

Denis Piel

A WORLD APART...The wonderfully romantic clothes on these pages are the best of their kind: the best evening fashion from designers in New York, Paris, Milan. But what makes this a truly remarkable "collection," in addition to the immediate sense of glamour and real delight these looks provoke—all of these clothes are softer, more romantic, highly ornamental without being ornate, all with an outstanding narrowness, all with "effects" coming from a richness of color, fabric, and texture. These are clothes that work in a fully modern context... that look great anywhere...

BREATHTAKING . . . THE GROUNDS OF ENGLAND'S CASTLE HOWARD, AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ESTATE—HISTORY RICH, STILL OWNED—LIVED IN—BY THE HOWARD FAMILY. HERE, THE SUBTLE BEAUTY OF A WELL-ORDERED LIFE ABOUNDS—A FORMAL BUFFET ON THE LAWNS, THE PLEASURE OF A STRING QUARTET. . . . FASHION WITH ITS OWN SUBTLE BEAUTY: BILL BLASS'S NARROW, SILVERY-MAUVE/BRONZE SEQUINED DRESS, NEAR LEFT, WITH A GENTLE BLOUSON TOP, A "GLITTERED" BRONZE INSET AT THE HIP. ABOUT $4700. ELIZABETH ARDEN SALONS; JOHN BALDWIN; NEIMAN-MARCUS; I. MAGNIN. MORE ON THE SECOND DRESS, ALSO BILL BLASS, ON PAGES 532-533. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

Denis Piel

A WORLD APART...

CASTLE HOWARD'S FAMOUS "ATLAS" FOUNTAIN, OUTRAGEOUSLY BAROQUE, TRUMPETING JET STREAMS. . . . COUNTERPOINT: THE THOROUGHLY MODERN BEAUTY, IN A GOLD-CAST EVENING MAKEUP—NEW, LIGHT-CATCHING METALLICS . . . FROM CHANEL, NEON EYESHADOW AND INGOT HIGHLIGHTER, PINK LIP COLOR SHINED WITH PEWTER. THE NAILS, DEEP MAGENTA. AND, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BLOUSES ANYWHERE, OSCAR DE LA RENTA'S—SILK CHIFFON, WITH A CASCADE OF LACE. ABOUT $500. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE; NEIMAN-MARCUS. RINGS, CARIMATI JEWELERS. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

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CASTLE HOWARD'S TAPESTRY ROOM—WITH ITS PAINTINGS AND PORCELAINS . . . THE TAPESTRIES THEMSELVES NOW ADORN THE CASTLE'S GRAND STAIRCASE. . . . OPPOSITE, "ADORNMENT" OF ANOTHER KIND, IN MARY MCFADDEN'S GLORIOUS VIOLET-BLUE PLEATED, NARROW "COLUMN" OF A DRESS, EDGED IN GOLD THREADS. ABOUT $1550. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE; BALLIET'S. . . . AND LEFT, "ADORNMENT" IN EXQUISITE PYJAMA DRESSING FROM OSCAR DE LA RENTA: A MIX OF EXTRAORDINARY CONTRASTING PRINTS—HIS LONG, JEWEL-COLORED TUNIC IN EMBROIDERED SILK CREPE DE CHINE, OVER NARROWED PYJAMA PANTS. ABOUT $2130. MARTHA; NEIMAN-MARCUS. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

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IN GARDENS ECHOING EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PERFECTION, THE MOST PERFECT—ROMANTIC—EVENING COVERINGS: A GLORIOUS FUR . . . AN EQUALLY GLORIOUS CLOAK. . . . THE FUR, FROM GIANCARLO RIPA, OPPOSITE. A SNOWY-WHITE SHADOW FOX: A COAT WITH EXTRAVAGANT DOLMAN SLEEVES, A WONDERFUL ENVELOPING SHAPE. FOR GOLDIN-FELDMAN. ABOUT $12,500. SAKS-JANDEL; FURS BY WEISS, CLEVELAND OH; I. MAGNIN, CHICAGO; CAROL & MARY, HONOLULU. . . . THE CLOAK, THIS PAGE FROM SHAMASK: HIS COCOON WRAP—A SWEEP OF PURE, DENSE BLACK WOOL. ABOUT $935. BERGDORF GOODMAN; NAN DUSKIN; SAKS-JANDEL; ULTIMO, CHICAGO; NEIMAN-MARCUS; AMEN WARDY, NEWPORT BEACH CA. FASHION, ACCESSORY DETAILS, SEE NEXT TO LAST PAGES.

A WORLD APART...

A WORLD APART...

Denis Piel

IN THE GRAND HALL—ARCHITECT JOHN VANBRUGH'S MASTERPIECE . . . JUST OUT OF CAMERA RANGE, ITS ARCHES, BALCONIES, CARVINGS, FRESCOES. . . . THE FENDI "MASTERPIECE": A DYED MONGOLIAN LAMB GREATCOAT. THE REMARKABLE FENDI COLOR PALETTE: HERE, AN ALMOST "IMPRESSIONISTIC" MELDING OF SILVERY-GREY-ON-GREY. ABOUT $7000. BERGDORF GOODMAN. DETAILS, LAST PAGES. THE MAKEUP PALETTE: SUBTLE, SOFT, FROM CHARLES OF THE RITZ—KOHL-LINED EYES, PLUM FLAMBÉE CHEEKS, BARELY PLUMGOLD LIPS.

A WORLD APART...

INTERIOR VIEWS . . . THE FANTASY OF CASTLE HOWARD'S "DRESSING ROOM," ABOVE. . . AND THE REALITY OF PERFECT EVENING DRESSING: RALPH LAUREN'S SOFTENED "SMOKING"—A PURE, NARROW WHITE WOOL DINNER JACKET OVER CLASSIC SATIN-STRIPED BLACK PANTS (ABOUT $898) AND LINEN HIGH-COLLAR BLOUSE (ABOUT $218)—THE ULTIMATE VERSION IN A SEASON OF "SMOKINGS." SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NYC. . . . OPPOSITE: THE ART-CRAMMED "ANTIQUES PASSAGE," LINED WITH ROMAN MOSAICS, MARBLES. DEMANDING ATTENTION OF ITS OWN—A SWEEPING WHITE CAPE-COAT FROM GIANFRANCO FERRE—FACED IN BLACK, THE VOLUME'S CONTROLLED, THE EFFECT SENSATIONAL. ABOUT $1950. BERGDORF GOODMAN. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

Denis Piel

A WORLD APART...

Denis Piel

THE MOOD CONTINUES . . . LADY GEORGIANA'S BEDROOM, LEFT, STILL VERY MUCH AS THE WIFE OF THE SIXTH EARL ENJOYED IT. TOTALLY CONTEMPORARY: CALVIN KLEIN'S CHARMING BLACK SILK TAFFETA CAPELET BLOUSE (ABOUT $290), BLACK WOOL CRÊPE TULIP-DRAPED SKIRT (ABOUT $240). LORD & TAYLOR; RICH'S. . . . ANOTHER SIDE OF EVENING FROM PERRY ELLIS, ABOVE: THE CASUAL CHARM OF A TEAL-BLUE SHETLAND WOOL SWEATER (ABOUT $210) OVER SOFT BLACK VELVET TROUSERS (ABOUT $130). AVAILABLE LATE OCT. THE "COMPANION": AN UNIDENTIFIED ANTONINOUS . . . ONE OF THE CASTLE'S MYSTERIES. . . . SWEATER AND PANTS AT HENRI BENDEL; BALLIET'S. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

A WORLD APART...

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THE LON THE OCTAGON OF
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E FOR SOME OF
THE CASTLE'S TREASURES—
AND HER FOR A TRULY
STANDOUT EVENING LOOK
. . . PERFECT EXAMPLE OF
THE NEW EMPHASIS ON
SOFTNESS . . . ON NARROW-
NESS . . . ON A DIFFERENT
KIND OF DAZZLE. NEAR
RIGHT, BILL BLASS'S AN-
THRACITE-COLORED COUPE
DE VELOURS TOP, ORNA-
MENTED WITH BUGLE BEADS.
AS COMFORTABLE, AS EASY
AS A LUXURIOUS SWEATER,
WITH A LONG MATCHING
SKIRT, ABOUT $1650. MAR-
THA; BALLIET'S; NEIMAN-
MARCUS . . . THE LOOK, FAR
RIGHT: MORE NARROW-
NESS, SOFT SHIMMER, FROM
GEOFFREY BELNE. DETAILS,
MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.***

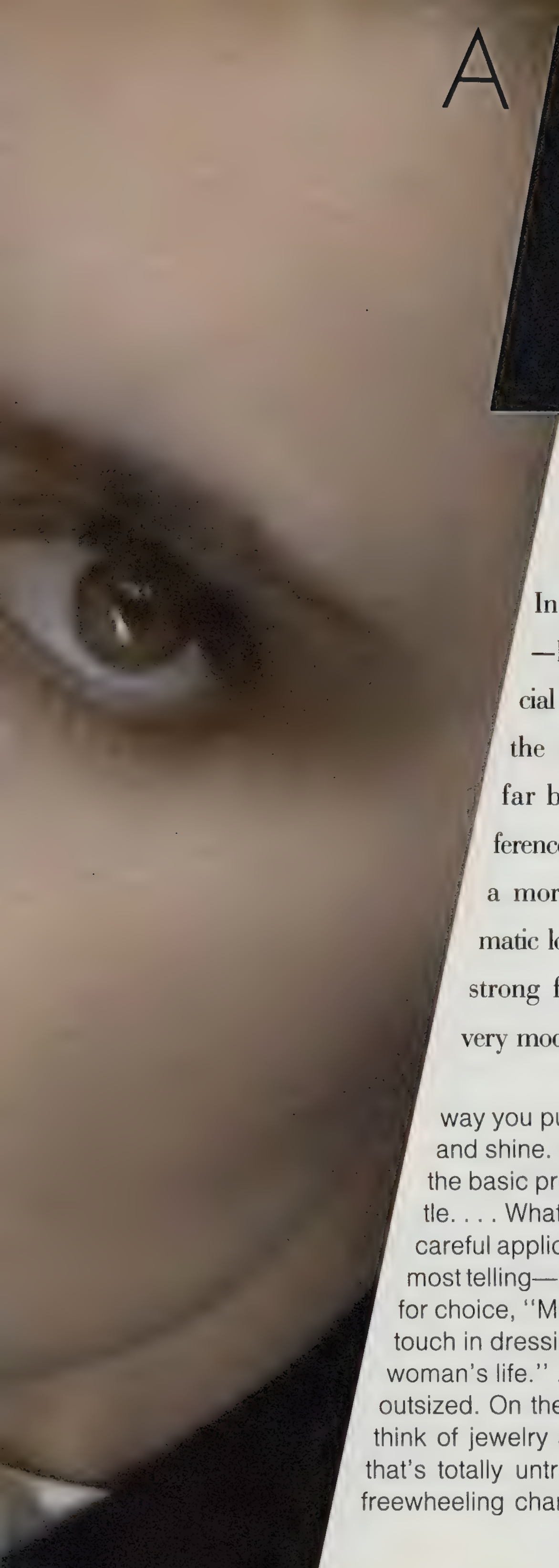
Denis Piel

A WORLD APART...

ONE OF THE ESTATE'S DELIGHTS—ITS FORMAL GARDENS . . . PART OF THE LANDSCAPE—DECORATIVE OUTBUILDINGS, INCLUDING THE DOMED TEMPLE OF THE FOUR WINDS . . . INSIDE THE TEMPLE, RIGHT, A LOOK AT AN EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL MAKEUP. FROM LANCÔME. LIPS LINED IN BERRY, FILLED IN WITH FLORENTINE RED. ON THE EYES, LUMIERE SHADOW, SLATE EYE PENCIL. THE CHEEK COLOR, CEDAROSE. THE SOFT BERET WITH ITS JEWELED VEIL, THE WOOL CARDIGAN (ABOUT $235), AND CREW NECK, (ABOUT $330) SONIA RYKIEL. BARNEY'S, NYC; CREEDS CANADA. RING, CARIMATI JEWELERS. . . . AND OUTSIDE, ABOVE, ANOTHER UNIQUE TAKE ON EVENING FROM GEOFFREY BEENE: HIS NARROWED "DOUBLE" DRESS WITH THE SOFT EASE OF A KIMONO—A GREEN/BURGUNDY ORIENTAL SILK PRINT, UNDERFACED IN A BURGUNDY FLORAL. ABOUT $2990. MID-OCTOBER AT MARTHA, NYC; BALLIET'S. DETAILS, MORE STORES, LAST PAGES.

The unmistakable impact of the new look in makeup, here from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté, available in the United States for the first time this fall. This season's collection—warm, exotic colors inspired by ancient Indian fabrics—is called Kashmir, includes this mouth color—shiny, provocative, red as red can be—known as Shade 35. In contrast, the pale matte cheek: Velvet Complexion Hydro Protective Shade 1 barely blushed with Shade 11 blushing powder. The smoky eyeshadow: Powder Duo Shade 41. Makeup, George Newell; hair, Gerard Bollei at The Galleria, NYC.

Sum-up of the jewelry news. Patricia von Musulin's sterling silver ring—bold, oversized a surrealist sculpture. In a season of rings, it has remarkable presence. About $225. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Most of the jewelry on these six pages available at Bloomingdale's as part of their "America the Beautiful" salute. The photographs were taken at the Tavern on the Green restaurant, in New York City's Central Park, where the lighting is unique, the mood constantly changing. Details, last pages.



A

Positive change

...GO FOR IT!

In makeup and jewelry —both important "special effects" accessories— the current change goes far beyond seasonal differences. It's a real move to a more sophisticated, dramatic look . . . a look with a strong focus, more finish, a very modern point of view . . .

The makeup to go for now: the look of an eye that's rounded, in a smudged, neutral shade; pale pale cheeks; and—the focal point—a strong mouth in red, berry shades, violet, magenta or orange: bright or deep color that can be controlled in the way you put it on. . . . More texture is news: often in a mix of matte and shine. Iridescence is an important option: sometimes built into the basic product, sometimes applied separately—but always subtle. . . . What counts more than ever with this look: good skin care, careful application (details and hints, on these twelve pages), and—most telling—personal choice. Yves Saint Laurent says it for options, for choice, "Makeup is an integral part of the news in fashion, a final touch in dressing . . . but a woman's makeup really depends on the woman's life." . . . **The jewelry to go for:** strong, sculptured, often outsized. On these six pages, from young American designers who think of jewelry as "art to wear," the uncommon appeal of jewelry that's totally untraditional in shape, design, and material . . . has a freewheeling charm that's uniquely American

Jim Varriale

In makeup a new shape option: the rounded eye—younger, appealing—in neutral colors, perfect complement for a strong, pink mouth. The colors on this page: Estée Lauder's Country Manor Collection—Garden-Gate Brown eyeshadow, a Softsmudge Black pencil, and a gold highlighter. Sunflower Pressed Eyelid shadow, brought up over the eyebrow. The lip color, Starlit Pink. Shine option: The merest shimmer of iridescence—on lips and nails. Right: Gold Brick Polished Performance Nail Lacquer and Gold Brick Polished Performance Lipstick, from Estée Lauder's Nights collection. Makeup, Alberto Fava. Nails by Gerri Kyhill for Gerard Bollei at The Galleria, NYC. Hair, John Sahag.

In jewelry the appeal of a dangle earring, this page, the news of its contrasting textures, surprising pink-green color. By Ted Muehling, pioneer in the use of unusual metals and techniques. The metal here, niobium, electrically treated to achieve this, other colors. About $220. Artwear, NYC. All the jewelry you'd need—the dramatic, cleanly sculpted sterling-silver bracelet, right, by Patricia von Musulin, who believes "large scale has psychological impact." About $825. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac.

A positive change

Jim Varriale

A positive change

In makeup *. . . the delight of shine. Opposite: Revlon's Super Frost Mist de Mer eyeshadow underscored with South Forty Iris. On the lips, Gypsy Coral [illegible] to s[illegible]atural mou[illegible] then glossed with Champagne Opal. Makeup: Alberto Fava. Hair: John Sahag. Near left: Part of the new sophistication—a small, sleek head. The pale cheek, Revlon's Creamy Ivory Touch & Glow base barely blushed with Candlelight. The lip color, Gypsy Fire with Starlight gloss. Makeup: George Newell. Hair: Gerard Bollei at The Galleria, NYC.*

In jewelry *. . . the impact of combining unexpected materials, unusual textures. From Arthur Koby, one of the masters of collage, two necklaces, opposite. On top, bronze spun-wire beads with faceted crystals. About $935. Bottom: A hand-cut abalone shell, framed in brass filigree, topped with a '20s pin, on a chain of brass beads and faceted crystals. About $3100. Both, Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. And from Alex and Lee, also masters of texture and collage—the free-form earrings, near left, in gunmetal-finished bronze, with an oval cabochon of black jasper and rock crystal, silvery sparkles. Alex and Lee for Ion. About $235. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Details, last pages.*

PRESCRIPTIVES
DAILY DOSE 3
ENERGIZER
FL OZ / 7 ml

BEAUTY REPORT 1982

Highly concentrated pre-measured skin savers, from left to right: Elancyl's Beauty Solution for the Bust, Milopa Evolution Collagen Derm Ampullen, Prescriptives Daily Dose, Stendhal's Recette Merveilleuse Ampoules, Clarins Biological Skin-Tightening Beauty-Treatment, Orlane's Ampoules de Beauté, Sisley's Phytoconcentrats, René Guinot's Seves Hydratantes. Makeup, Ariella.

a positive change in skin care

BY SHIRLEY LORD

The truth of the matter is simply this: The "biological" age of your skin can be—and often is—quite different from its "calendar" age. Skin "ages," in fact, for two distinctly different reasons: genetic—which is inevitable and spontaneous—and what has come to be known as "premature" aging . . . caused by overexposure to the elements, especially sunlight, and other bad habits. In acknowledging this now undisputed truth, leading cosmetics manufacturers today are working harder than ever to produce products that, appropriately, offer help in more than one way to counteract and minimize "aging" symptoms.

The "energizing" Daily Dose treatment (*see left*) emphasized, for the first time, an improvement in natural cell renewal—a new way for a product to help maintain skin tone and elasticity. But apart from this step forward, Prescriptives Daily Dose was also welcomed because it did away with those well-worn questions: "How much is enough?" "How little do I need?" "When should I apply it?" Simple questions with, you might think, equally simple answers; yet as the most knowledgeable (and honest) people in the industry admit, supplying those answers *accurately* has always been a major problem in selling skin care at the world's beauty counters, despite the continual increase in training programs for beauty consultants.

Now is the time to take treatment products seriously. There have never been so many serious performers that reflect an important truth the cosmetics industry is finally addressing...

No chances are being taken with these highly sophisticated formulas. The manufacturers want you to use them correctly—in the right amount, at the right time—both to receive full benefit of their hard work and to take away any guesswork. Increasingly you will find the more "serious" the skin care, the more "serious" it is going to look . . . packaged in ampoule, vial, or medicine-bottle form (see one important development on page 546), and offering pre-measured "doses" to "take" like a vitamin pill or spoonful of medicine.

The first American "skin energizer" packaged in an ampoule and designed to release an exact amount of product, Daily Dose was introduced in 1979 as part of Prescriptives Treatment and Makeup Systems—products formulated to help different skin types with an analysis going far beyond the usual dry, normal, oily classifications.

As Jack Mausner, Ph.D., vice president of research and development at Chanel, describes it, "When a woman whose skin is covered by makeup seeks help for her skin problems at a cosmetics counter, we have to realize it is often like sending a car in for repair without the mechanic's being able to look under the hood."

The pre-measured "dose" for specific purposes is one way the industry has addressed the problem of right amounts. The fact that it is here to stay is confirmed by such new pre-measured doses as Max Factor's Living Proof Recommended Daily Requirement Skin Nurturing Concentrate, Charles of the Ritz Age Zone Controller, Helena Rubinstein Existence Facteur Energie 2000 . . . and, next month, CHR Bi-Extraits by Ultima II, described by Revlon's *(Continued)*

BEAUTY REPORT '82

(Continued) vice president of medical affairs, Earl W. Brauer, M.D., as "an intensive rehydration program for skin suffering from acute dryness and environmental damage." There are seven one-application ampoules containing collagen protein and a facial primer to be used before every application.

Not only are these products easily understood, and do they ensure that right amounts are used, but they preclude *waste,* a gigantic progressive step when you think about the amount of product you have washed away from your own fingers in the past.

Just as "pre-measured" illustrates the important practical direction skin care is taking in the early 'eighties, so the introduction this month of Discipline, a totally new skin-care line, illustrates another . . . the unequivocal move toward paring down the *number* of products you need to keep your skin in good shape. The makers of Discipline believe you need only four products if your skin's dry, five if it's not.

Two doctors, dermatologist Juan Moragas, M.D., and general pathologist Fernando Aleu, M.D., and a biochemist, Carlos Pelejero, Ph.D., were actively involved in this decision, formulating the key products following three years of study of tissue cultures, autoradiographic profiles, and clinical skin sections.

This intensive research produced a product line, described by Dr. Aleu as being . . . "for busy people tired of 'over-promise,' who want healthy, good-looking skin in a minimum amount of time with the fewest number of complicated maneuvers."

There are five "disciplines" to choose from, covering skin that's extremely dry to the excessively oily. The Only Soap (that's its name) is for cleansing *all* skin types, but surprisingly there *is* a Discipline makeup base. In a line that sets out only to "treat" skin as quickly and as simply as possible, its presence is explained this way by Dr. Aleu, "You can't maintain treatment if you leave out the twelve hours a woman is probably wearing makeup on her face. The Discipline makeups work synergistically with the treatment products." Skin care at its best.

Collagen, an important ingredient in Discipline—as it is in Ultima II's new CHR Bi-Extraits—is one of the most talked about, yet least understood, ingredients in cosmetics. As Dr. Brauer reminisces, "In the early 'seventies, Revlon signed an agreement to obtain the purest and highest quality soluble collagen, similar to that

Richest color merger yet . . . . Far left: gold and silver uniquely blended together in Estée Lauder's new Heirloom Gold for lips (Longline Lip Polisher) and nails (Polished Performance Nail Lacquer) . . . soft, yet glimmering with newly minted shine. Makeup, Ariella; manicure, Lily, of Il-makiage. Rollei camera, Olden Camera, NYC.

Red mascara? Yes, red! Never before used on eyelashes, this shock tactic (lower left) is part of the new and highly innovative Yves Saint Laurent Beauté . . . and works wonders! The sharp color of the Blackcurrant mascara makes the whites of eyes seem whiter, eye color seem brighter. Makeup, Ariella; manicure, Lily, of Il-makiage. Casio watch, Macy's, NYC.

Eye shine—with the first metallic liquid eyeliner, this page. Liquid Eyeliners by Madeleine Mono, in eight glorious metallic shades (here, Lapis Lazuli) . . . and from Lancôme, too (Liner Lumineuse) give a clear, clean edge and great color intensity to eyes . . . can be blended onto lids to take the place of or enhance eyeshadow. Makeup, Way Bandy.

used at the time in medical research for healing wounds . . ." But how much effect does a skin-care product containing collagen really have? The answers to that question often have been exaggerated and distorted.

"Astonishingly strong and tough in the skin, collagen is a critical substance that acts as a kind of 'inner spring' supporting a smooth, firm-looking epidermis," Dr. Brauer explains. "Support is the key word. With genetic aging, collagen becomes less flexible, begins to 'cross-link' as gerontologists describe it . . . the reason for skin's sagging." Although the reason for cross-linking is controversial, no one disagrees that a woman's skin is particularly vulnerable to collagen changes.

Dr. Brauer goes on, "Because of its viscosity and large molecular structure, when soluble collagen is stabilized in skin-care products, it forms an excellent surface barrier, protecting skin from water loss and, more important, has a humectant value binding water to itself. Produced from animal collagen, it also has a natural affinity to human skin, binding with keratin to form yet another barrier, not just to water loss but to damage from the environment as well."

In Christian Dior's new Résultante line, collagen has been combined with another major protein in the skin—elastin. As Jean Pierre Lippman, senior vice president and general manager of Christian Dior Cosmetics and Fragrances, explains, "Résultante's purpose is to help diminish the depth and visibility of wrinkles caused by a progressive loss of elasticity owing to genetic changes in the dermis, changes that are often accelerated by exposure to the environment as well as by the drying effects of washing in hard water."

In technical tests, sophisticated laboratory equipment like the perthometer and perthograph (for measuring wrinkle depth) provided skin prints to show distinct improvement in the skin after the use of Résultante Firming Wrinkle Cream and Eye Care Cream. Mr. Lippman continues, "It is due to technological progress that it is now possible to incorporate elastin in skin-care products with a new technique of solubilization that preserves the protein's optimum quality."

Technological *(Continued)*

Big surprises this season—the unique subtlety of the new metallics for nails, lips, and eyes...the bold difference that frankly red eyelashes can make

BEAUTY REPORT '82

(Continued) advances also are behind the recent introduction of Princess Marcella Borghese's Hydro-Minerali Skin Revitalizing Extract in which nine minerals are combined for the first time to increase the permeability of skin-cell walls to water molecules . . . and so increase the moisture content of tissues.

There are other advanced products on the way, some that have literally been in the pipeline for years awaiting the results of rigorous tests, more often than not imposed by the cosmetics companies themselves.

For instance, three years of testing and development went into Lancôme's Nutribel Extrait, which will be here early in 1983. This extraordinary benefit has been formulated for extra-dry skin in a special greaseless fluid, which is released only one drop at a time. "Like its parent product, Nutribel, Extrait is especially nourishing, giving back to the skin renewed elasticity," says John Penicnak, Ph.D., senior vice president, corporate science for Lancôme. "There is a special portion of the population with very dry skin that needs more. That's why Nutribel Extrait was developed."

With the introduction this year of two major breakthrough skin-care lines, Soothing Care for Sensitive Skin and Extra Control for Problem Skin, as well as expansion of the Visible Difference line to include a two-step "Daily Care" regimen, Elizabeth Arden has nearly completed its scientifically developed skin-care segmentation for virtually every skin type. Millenium (introduced in 1980) is its four-product method for mature skin, based on the principle of cell renewal.

"All of these high-performance products were born out of our extensive, ongoing basic skin-research program," says John A. Cella, Ph.D., Arden's vice president of research and development. "This program continues paving the way for untold developments in the future. The next step is in sight. In February 1983, we plan to introduce a scientific skin-care program that uniquely addresses the problem of dry skin."

All these advances have been achieved through the work of full-fledged scientists now working actively in the *(Continued on page 608)*

Environmental skin damage isn't always immediately apparent. What you see is nothing compared to what overexposure is causing deep down in the dermis. There, cells—years away from reaching skin's surface—are also affected by ultraviolet radiation. They surface years later, "aging" skin before its time.

Now, thanks to current research, nature's "repair" job can be accelerated on damaged skin cells, helping to correct the damage before it's too late. Estée Lauder's patented Night Repair above, right, introduced in Europe earlier this year, is one result of this research.

As the name suggests, Night Repair is meant to be used—one drop at a time from its special dropper dispenser—just before bedtime, so it works while you sleep. "The skin goes through a natural growth at night," says Robert Weiss, M.D., chief resident of dermatology at Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions in Baltimore, Maryland. "Experiments measuring the rate of skin-cell replication have shown that the replication occurs in specific cycles during the night." So "beauty sleep" isn't a misnomer. It means what it says because sleep is a vitally important cog in your skin-making machinery.

Joseph Gubernick, Estée Lauder vice president for research and development, continues, "Skin-cell damage owing to exposure to ultraviolet rays is repaired naturally during sleep. But too much exposure can result in an overtaxing of that natural repair mechanism, leading to the reproduction of damaged cells, seen today in what we call signs of 'premature' skin aging. In effect, Night Repair helps nature to help itself . . . increasing the number of repaired cells for 'accurate' reproducing by as much as 40 percent."

There's more. Overexposure to ultraviolet rays not only damages skin cells, it destroys natural hyaluronic acid, the mucopolysaccharide that binds moisture in our skin.

Mr. Gubernick goes on: "Night Repair replaces skin's own natural hyaluronic acid in its most functional form, helping the skin to retain moisture.

This is a significant finding . . . leading almost certainly to a whole series of "night workers" devised to carry out deep-down repair.

"High tech" cosmetics—to give maximum results with minimum effort—here, this season's standout makeup products—striking, yet subtle, capable of accomplishing myriad effects

King

a positive change in makeup and skin care

Eyebrows can "make or break" a look . . . their shape, size, and color all contribute to the final effect. Now, there's help with brow and makeup colors: Gold Lights and Blue Lights Hair Gleamers by Revlon, (this page, above left)—a breeze to apply with their mascara-wand brushes. These subtle, temporary colors wash out and can be used to "make up" hair, too. Makeup, Rick Gillette.

One of the biggest steps forward in color . . . the incredible gradation of tones that makes possible all-purpose products like Chanel's new luxury powder—Poudre Douce—in five shades (Lumiere Mauve, left). Each can be worn all over the face to give a look of health . . . as a special eyeshadow . . . or as a contour product. Proof that "less is more" . . . Makeup, Way Bandy.

Standout patent-leather red for lips (and nails)—Scarlet Red—from Shiseido, above right . . . to be used as it is, not blotted, for a look of high intensity, particularly at night. This is the reddest red, bright, bold, blatant—the most special "special effect." Makeup, Rick Gillette. Electra Co. Freedom phone, Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC; linen blouse, Ralph Lauren.

living fit:

Edited by Karen Anderegg

It is true, the experts agree: Our own preventive measures—fitness habits, priorities—make a statistical as well as a perceived difference in our long-term health and overall well being. "Living fit" does mean living longer, living better.

We asked seven of these experts, each topnotch in her or his field of health/fitness, to talk with us about our efforts to improve our own lives. We were heartened by their conviction that our potential for fitness and better health is high, that we are pursuing an *attainable* goal.

Here, their advice to sharpen our awareness, encourage our good fitness intentions. The consensus: that simple life-style changes will make real differences, that feeling fit is its own irresistible motivation.

Q: What, in your area of expertise, is the single most important thing we can do for ourselves to maintain and sustain quality of life?

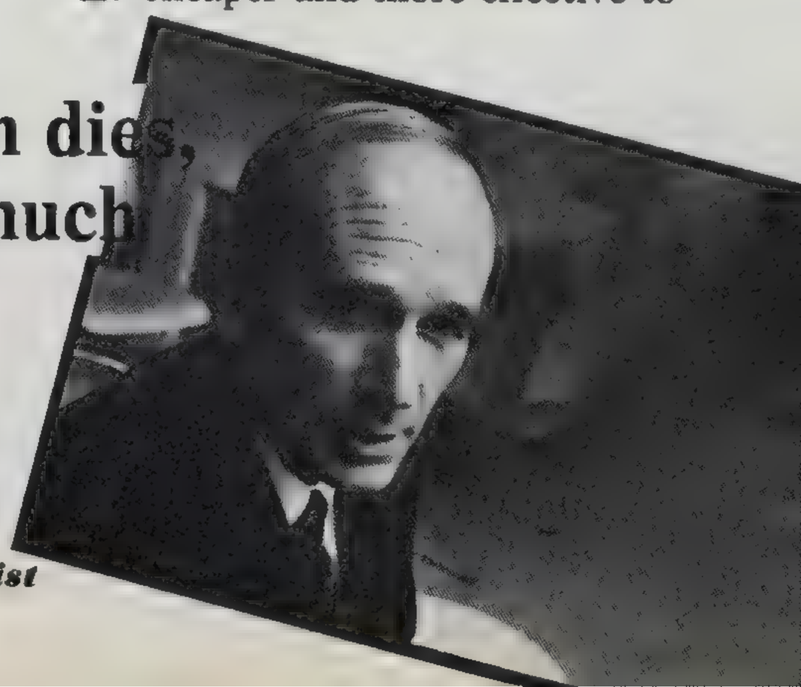
Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., *founder and director, The Aerobics Center, Dallas:* As the author of four and soon to be five books dealing primarily with exercise, I'm probably expected to say that exercise is mandatory to maintain good health and well-being; but I've learned over the years that total well-being requires more than just regular exercise.

I'm convinced that there are at least five building blocks to any wellness, or preventive, medical program which should enable one to prolong both the quality and quantity of life. In no particular order, the important five are . . . One: proper weight, diet, and nutrition; two: proper exercise; three: elimination of tobacco, cigarette smoking in particular; four: controlling alcohol (with cirrhosis of the liver one of the fastest rising causes of death in the U.S. today, we must control alcohol abuse); five: stress management.

At our center in Dallas, our premise is that it's a whole lot cheaper and more effective to

"When a person dies, he dies not so much from his disease as from his entire life"

Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D.,
preventive-medicine specialist



it works

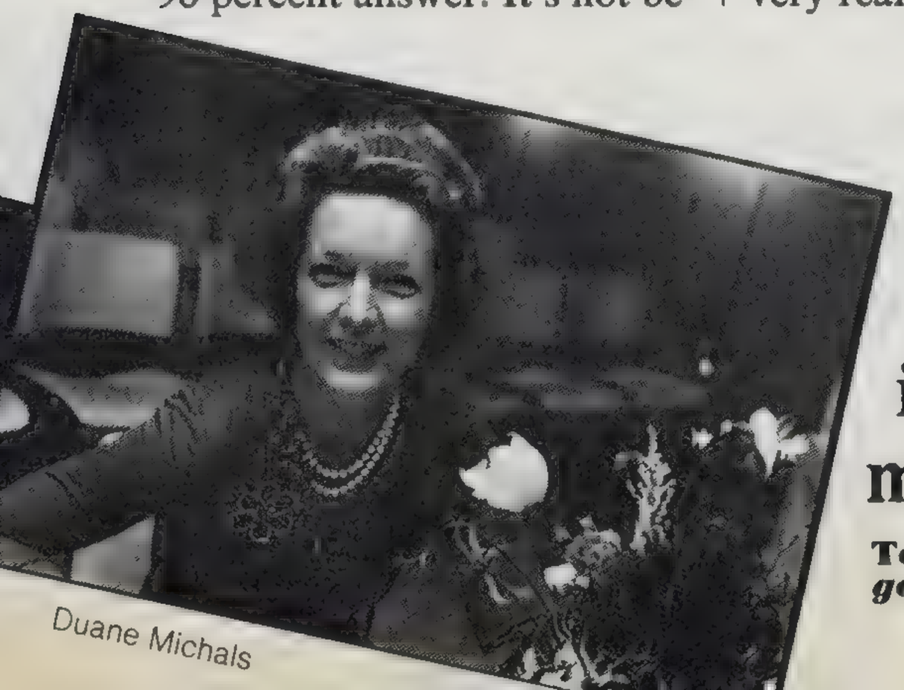
maintain good health than it is to regain it once it's lost. But one of the problems we have is that it is difficult to motivate healthy people who have no symptoms: to get them to quit smoking when they have no signs of lung disease . . . to exercise when they have no fear of heart disease. It's always easier to motivate a sick person than a healthy one.

So our approach in preventive medicine is shifting from warning and fear tactics to the *now* of preventive medicine. I point out, for example, that to slow down the aging process, you must stop smoking *now*, increase your physical activity *now*, and by all means eliminate excess weight.

I tell my patients, if you stop smoking *now*, you'll save about $250 to $500 a year . . . your sense of smell and taste soon will be the best it has been in years . . . and you may avoid causing or at least aggravating lung disease among family members, particularly young children. And furthermore, if you start exercising *now*, soon you'll feel the best you ever felt in your life.

When I ask people what motivates them to continue with their exercise program, almost 90 percent answer: It's not because it may prolong my life, it's not because it may protect me from coronary heart disease, it's because when I exercise I feel good and when I don't, I feel bad. It's the quality of life, the enhancement of well-being . . . that's the "now" of preventive medicine. **Tenley E. Albright, M.D.,** *general surgeon, New England Baptist Hospital, Boston; medical consultant to the President's Council on Physical Fitness; member of the U.S. Olympic Committee Sports Medicine Council; and former Olympic skating champion:* Most important is to have an awareness of well-being, and to appreciate and recognize that feeling of well-being—a centered feeling of having everything within the body in harmony. It very often is first recognized when one is involved with something, perhaps a sport, that has as a side effect the feeling of fitness.

The first time I was aware of that feeling was in the middle of a spin in skating. I was conscious that there was no resistance; everything was working with every other part so well. Once you recognize that feeling of well-being, you know you can have it—this ideal but very real state. *(Continued)*



Duane Michals

"A taste of what it's like to feel good is the best motivation"

Tenley E. Albright, M.D.,
general surgeon

FITNESS PAYS

Today's twenty-five-year-old can expect to live to age 75.4 (for a woman, 78.9, a man, 71.9), compared to 72.7 for the twenty-five-year-old of twenty years ago; and today's fifty-year-old, to age 77.6, compared to 75.2 twenty years ago, according to the National Center for Health Statistics. And mounting evidence suggests that personal health practices contribute to physical health status and longevity, confirms the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services *Health United States 1980, 1981.*

While heart disease continues to be the leading cause of death in the United States, mortality has declined significantly. Suggested explanations include:

***1.** Decreased smoking
***2.** Decreased intake of saturated fats
***3.** More widespread physical activity
4. Improved control of hypertension
5. Improved emergency services
6. Wider use and increased efficacy of coronary care units

Note that the first three (*) of the six explanations are largely self-determined (that is, each of us decides for herself whether or not we smoke or exercise, how we eat) and that the fourth—improving hypertension—is partly under our control, in that restricting sodium intake tends to decrease blood pressure.

Cancer follows heart disease as a leading cause of death for those twenty-five to sixty-four years of age. While the causes of most cancers are unknown, contributing factors are:

***1.** Smoking
***2.** Alcohol
***3.** Diet
***4.** Radiation (X-ray and sunlight)
5. Chemical exposures at the workplace, in the water and air
6. Heredity

Here, the first four (*) of the six factors are largely matters of personal choice.

And we're starting to get the message. The majority of American adults twenty to sixty-four years of age are now engaging in positive health practices:

1. Seven to eight hours' sleep
2. Favorable weight for height
3. Never smoked cigarettes
4. Limited alcohol consumption
5. Physically active

The data indicate that "good" health practices are related to years of education; more women than men, at every level of education, reported four or five favorable health practices; that those who exercise regularly are almost equally divided between women and men.

No single measure would lengthen the life or improve the health of Americans more than eliminating smoking.—K.A.

(Continued) It's something that we should expect, not just strive for once in a while.

Right now in medicine, we're realizing that maybe what we take as our health averages are average for sedentary unfit people. Why don't we use a fit person as our norm, and expect ourselves to be at that point?

Right now, too, instead of thinking that 85 percent healthy is all right, we are beginning to be concerned with every additional 1 percent.

We are in a sense taking responsibility for the first time. We really are conscious of the fact that what we do and how we live, can affect our lives, how we feel and the way we function every single day.

George L. Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., *associate professor of surgery, Harvard Medical School; director of the Nutrition Support Service, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston; chief of the Nutrition Metabolism Laboratory, Cancer Research Institute; and lecturer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:* I'd like to assert that knowing your body from a metabolic and endocrine viewpoint is quite helpful in choosing a program that's right for you. A very low-cost screening process can be carried out by a variety of knowledgeable wellness-oriented physicians armed with a few biochemical and physiologic tests. Individuals certainly are not all the same, but if you know what your risks and opportunities are from a metabolic viewpoint, this will allow you to follow the right diet for you.

Various health resources have come up with a concensus of what the optimal American diet should look like. [See *Eat for Health*, page 551.] Rather than concentrating on what we should stop doing, we should concentrate on what we should do, and what we should do is to eat more complex carbohydrates; we can get them in fruits and vege tables, whole-grain breads and cereals, potatoes, beans, rice, pastas.

What's beautiful about a high complex-carbohydrate diet is that it fills you up, it ensures fiber intake, it's got quite a few nutrients (what it doesn't have you can supplement), and it's not calorie-dense. Start with a vegetable/starch dish as your entree, then have meat, fish, and fowl in no more than four-ounce portions (red meat no more than three to five days per week); use low-fat milk products. We can get into a controversy about cholesterol; but I think that, if you do these positive things, there won't be any place for a whole lot of cholesterol intake.

What I would like to advocate: First, know your body, know that every one of us is different, find out what each of us needs to do—lose weight, change your cholesterol, your complex-carbohydrate food use—then adopt an optimum diet. Don't try to change overnight—that's how we get a lot of burnout. Take it a day at a time, and before you know it, you won't be able to leave your new habits behind.

Robert N. Beck, *speaking as IBM director, Benefits and Personnel Services, instrumental in starting the Health Care Program for IBM, which includes a health education program called "A Plan for Life," recognized as one of the best corporate programs in America (at present, executive vice president—personnel, Bank of America):* The reason IBM as a corporation got into how life styles affect health is that we saw our health-care costs escalating at a very rapid rate. We started looking at the illnesses and found that a high percentage were life-style oriented. Even though there is some debate, life style does have a big effect on health. Looking at our own employees, we found a high percentage thought they were healthy but had a medical condition that they didn't know about: they were obese, diabetic, hypertensive.

We decided to help people help themselves and put together "A Plan for Life" program using community resources for health education courses—like stress management, exercise, weight management—for employees and their families. We did it before and after work, to test whether people really wanted to learn.

Our first full year, forty-two thousand people voluntarily enrolled, and over twenty-five thousand ordered smoking-cessation manuals. Now they have formed clubs to keep programs going. And we've gotten very exciting feedback: "I feel better, I have a greater capacity to work, my company cares about my health, and it's up to me to do something about it."

Helen A. De Rosis, M.D., *practicing psychiatrist; associate clinical professor in psychiatry at the New York University Medical Center; training analyst at the Karen Horney Psychoanalytic Center; and author of "Women and Anxiety" (Delta):* As a psychiatrist, I listen and think isn't that wonderful that we should try to get other people to be fit! But I have found, working with the public as well as patients, that people have great resistance to change. It can take people months, sometimes years to start a physical fitness program that really works. My message is to take time to make these changes.

As to how to maintain the quality of life . . . I can answer it with one word and the word is *movement*. If you move your body, you will be able to achieve a better sense of well-being physically, emotionally, and intellectually. It's all one.

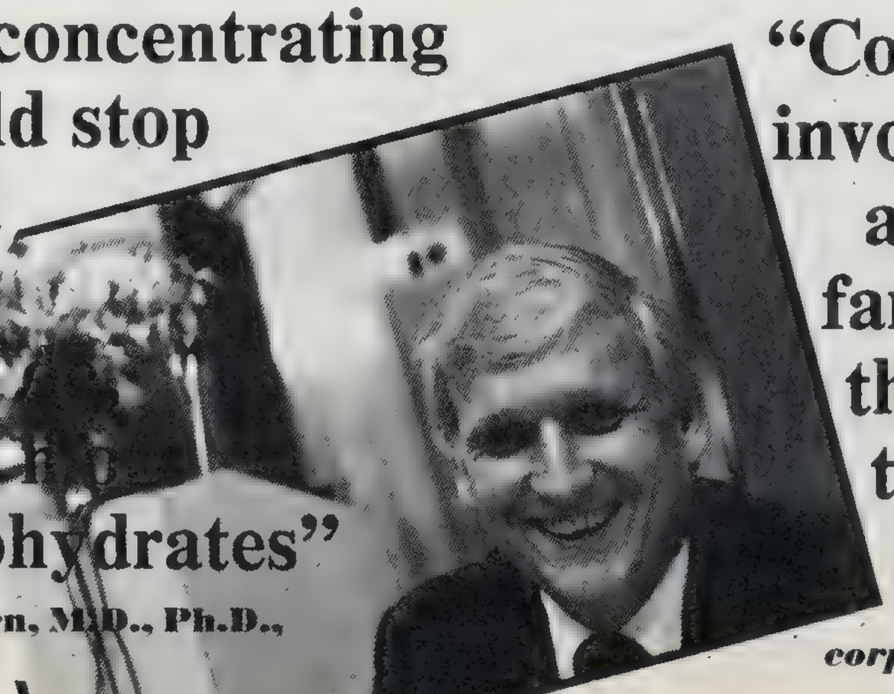
When I talk about movement, I don't mean running, swimming, aerobic dancing, even though they are marvelous. I mean any kind of movement that a person can undertake that is convenient for him or her, comfortable and realistic at any given time.

My goal is success, because I know that if I can give people the experience of success, they will follow through. What I try to establish is a habit, a life habit. If you're patient and encouraging, that life habit can be established and developed.

I recognized a long time ago that, if I could get my depressed patients moving in some way, I could help them much more than I could with psychotherapy, because it's

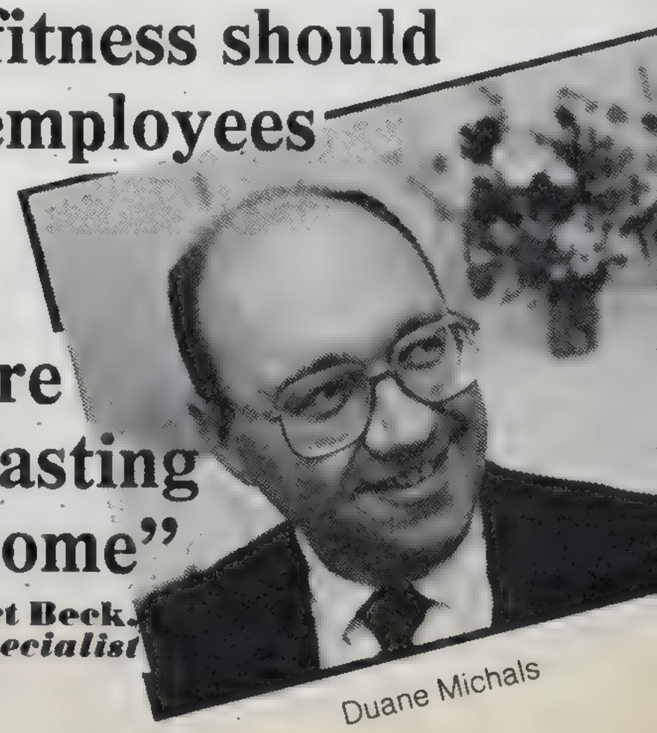
"Rather than concentrating on what we should stop doing, we should concentrate on what we should do, and that is eat more complex carbohydrates"

George L. Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., ***nutrition specialist***



"Corporate fitness should involve the employees and their families— that's where the long-lasting results come"

Robert Beck, ***corporate fitness specialist***



Duane Michals

been a known fact among analysts that traditional analytic methods do not cure depression. Movement is the natural anti-depressant. And it doesn't introduce anything foreign, any chemical, into the body.

Ernst L. Wynder, M.D., *president and founder of the American Health Foundation, a non-profit organization dedicated solely to preventive medicine; editor-in-chief of "Preventive Medicine," a scientific journal; and author and co-author of many publications in the area of epidemiology of cancer and prevention of disease:* I would like us to reflect that man no doubt came into the world essentially vegetarian, and our problem today is that we are not metabolically prepared for the kind of life we lead. If the good Lord had predicted that, he would have given us much more of a lung system to handle all the tobacco, a liver four times as large, and a better way to metabolize all the fat we consume.

Knowing all we know, why then don't we do something? We think illness will never happen to us; we are apathetic towards preventive medicine. Most doctors are not in the forefront of preventive medicine, our insurance companies, our hospitals are not for it—and the Gross National Product is suffering. Today, nearly 10 percent of our GNP is money spent for disease care, and I didn't mention health care.

A slogan we teach children as part of our "Know Your Body" system is, "Nobody takes better care of you than you." [See *Fit for Life*, page 553.] We Americans are always looking for the easy solution. There is no easy solution, and that is the dilemma. It requires much less work when we begin the proper life style as children. And we *must* begin as children. About one-third of the children in New York City have, at the age of fourteen, a risk factor that we know leads to heart attack. So when we talk about what is good for us, we must also say what's good for our children.

One important point: increasingly, in this country, lung cancer and coronary-arterial disease, diseases related to life style, will become diseases of the lower income groups, so what we are talking about doesn't apply only to the upper socio-economic levels but to everybody.

My favorite quotation is: "It should be the function of medicine to help people die young as late in life as possible."

Donna de Varona, *NBC-TV sportscaster; member, President's Council on Physical Fitness; a founding member and president of the Women's Sports Foundation; and former two-time Olympic gold medalist in swimming:* First of all, you have to find a way to put yourself in a positive state of mind. To be open to creative and new ideas about diet and fitness. To realize that the only machine that enables us to get around every day is our body, and each of us is built differently.

Not all of us can look like beautiful thin models. I call this the "size six syndrome." Women have to readdress this stereotype and convince themselves that if they are healthy and feel good mentally and physically, *(Continued)*

"How to maintain the quality of life? I can answer with one word: movement!"

Helen A. De Rosis, M.D., ***psychiatrist***

EAT FOR HEALTH

High in salt, sugar, fat, cholesterol, the typical American diet presents serious health risks, as evidence mounts suggesting that some foods can be a significant factor in causing disease.

One finding of the recently released National Academy of Sciences' report on the relationship between diet and cancer: *almost 60 percent of cancer in women is diet-related.* The Academy's new guidelines parallel the 1977 U.S. Dietary Goals, which recommended altering our diets to consume *less* salt, sugar, fat (saturated and cholesterol), and alcohol, *more* complex carbohydrates.

Current diet	Optimum diet
12% protein	12% protein
42% fat	30% fat
46% carbohydrates	58% carbohydrates

According to the National Academy of Sciences' report, evidence suggests that "some types of diets and some foods—*e.g.*, high-fat diets or frequent consumption of salt-cured, salt-pickled, and smoked foods—tend to increase the risk of cancer, whereas others—*e.g.*, low-fat diets or the frequent consumption of certain fruits and vegetables—tend to decrease it." The committee stresses the importance of including more complex carbohydrates—fruits, vegetables, whole-grain cereal products—in the daily diet, emphasizing that evidence indicates "there is an inverse relationship between the risk of cancer and the consumption of foods that contain vitamin A (*e.g.*, liver) or its precursors (*e.g.*, the carotenoids in green and yellow vegetables)," and suggesting "that the consumption of vitamin-C-containing foods is associated with a lower risk of certain cancers."

More guidelines . . .

- **Control fat.** Reductions in both saturated and unsaturated fat and cholesterol—along with weight maintenance and controlling dietary sodium intake—is the American Heart Association's recommendation to reduce risk of heart disease.
- **Eat less red-meat animal protein.** Over-consumption may be responsible for certain diseases.
- **Don't add salt.** Read labels. But unless you have a health problem, you don't need to buy low-salt prepared foods.
- **Control alcohol.** Okay if not used in excess or every day. A guideline: Two highball equivalents three to five times a week.
- **Don't megadose on vitamins.** The Academy report specifically cites avoiding high-dose vitamin and nutrient supplements. (Women, however, must be sure to get adequate calcium, iron; and may need supplementation on a reducing diet.)—DOROTHY SCHEFER

HOW TO START

Have a thorough medical exam with properly administered stress test, which evaluates heart/cardiovascular fitness. Stress-testing—especially important between ages thirty and forty, absolutely essential over forty—has come into increasing use in recent years and is a subject of controversy among doctors. See page 598.

Determine "target heart rate." To get maximum cardiovascular benefits from aerobics, it's necessary to maintain a sufficiently high heart rate during exercise *and* to know how to monitor it. To determine what the rate should be for you—at your fitness level—consult a doctor or fitness professional.

Choose an aerobic exercise that allows you to get to your target heart rate for a period of *at least twenty to thirty minutes at a time.* Best are:

- Cross-county skiing
- Swimming
- Jogging (more than 9 minutes per mile) or running (less than 9 minutes per mile)
- Outdoor cycling
- Walking. It can be done *anywhere* by *anyone* with healthy legs, regardless of age (about 45 minutes needed).

Embark on a full exercise program that includes these essentials:

1. *Warm-up* (2 to 3 minutes) to stretch leg, arm muscles; reduce muscle, joint problems; slightly accelerate heart rate as you move into . . .
2. *Aerobics* . . . the "core" of your program, it should be done at least 20 minutes a day, four days a week. Optimum: 30 minutes to an hour, three to four days a week.
3. *Cool-down* (5 minutes) . . . moving at a slow pace in order to let heart rate decline gradually, prevents blood's "pooling" in lower limbs.
4. *Calisthenics or weight training* (10 minutes): Strengthening and flexibility exercises make you less injury-prone, also help you to firm up.

This four-step program can be done on the same day, but not every day. Even on a five-day schedule, alternate hard with easy days. It's not wise to push yourself to your maximum performance every day; if you do, you may suffer from cumulative fatigue and also be prone to injury.

Last thought: If you worry about not having time to exercise, think about it: You can get by on *less than forty minutes a session* for a *complete workout* . . . a minimum of three, preferably four, times a week. That can add up to as little as two hours. Total.

Adapted from "The Aerobics Program for Total Well-Being" by Kenneth H. Cooper M.D Copyright © 1982 by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D. Reprinted by permission of M. Evans & Co. Inc., NYC 10017

(Continued) they are beautiful, too. Some of these stereotyped images fortunately are changing. Having muscles is something that we can be proud of these days. Every now and then, I have felt frustrated because I have well-developed muscles and I haven't been able to fit into a size six; but I realized that my healthy body has taken me all over the world both as a competitor and as a sportscaster. When NBC looks for someone to climb Mount Whitney for a special profile or travel to New Zealand for a series, they send me because they know I'm strong, I can handle the assignment!

Q: What do we really mean by health versus fitness?

Dr. Blackburn: We have a tendency to stratify people as those who are sick and non-sick. I think that most of the 85 percent of people whom we talk about as being not sick are not well; they are just not sick! I think it's wonderful that we have tens if not hundreds of thousands of people not dying or having heart attacks this year, but what about the million who are?

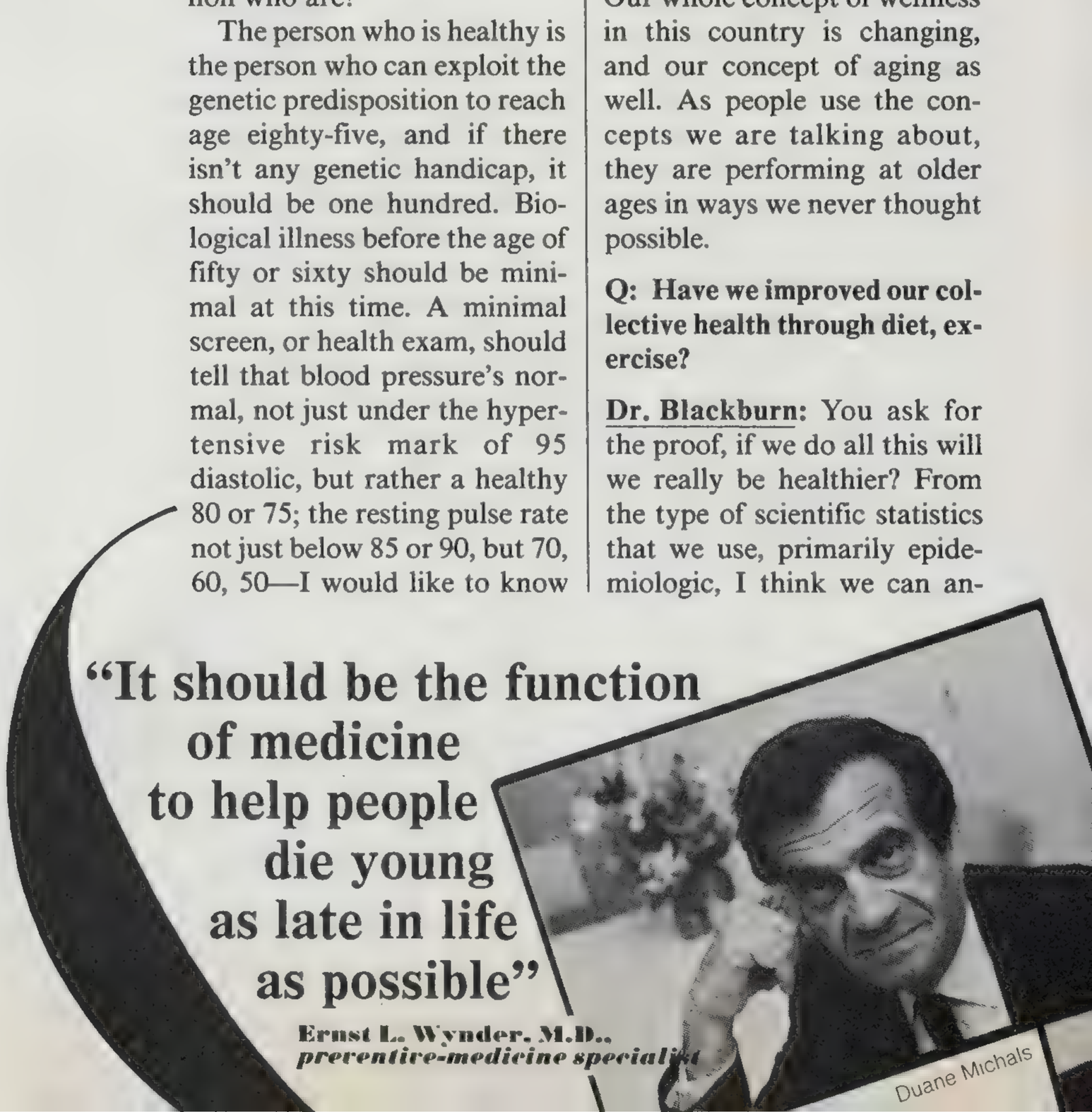
The person who is healthy is the person who can exploit the genetic predisposition to reach age eighty-five, and if there isn't any genetic handicap, it should be one hundred. Biological illness before the age of fifty or sixty should be minimal at this time. A minimal screen, or health exam, should tell that blood pressure's normal, not just under the hypertensive risk mark of 95 diastolic, but rather a healthy 80 or 75; the resting pulse rate not just below 85 or 90, but 70, 60, 50—I would like to know what Ken Cooper's is! Cholesterol levels not just under 220, the American average, but in the 170 healthy normal range; triglycerides should be under 100. Blood sugar should be in the 80, 70 range. Then you can do an aerobic stress test [see *How to Start*, at *left*], and in literally 15 minutes I can tell whether you are healthy or sick, fit or unfit. Depending on the laboratory and exercise tests, a person could appear free of disease; but that is still not being optimally healthy.

Dr. Cooper: Many physicians do tend to classify a patient as physically fit if he's free from disease, but the diseases that are wiping us out are diseases of the circulatory and pulmonary systems, particulary the cardiovascular system. And you know the most common first symptom of severe heart disease is sudden death.

I don't believe that a person is physically fit unless he has adequate cardiovascular pulmonary fitness. And in conjunction with that, the strength and endurance to do safely what he wants to do, even up to advanced years. Our whole concept of wellness in this country is changing, and our concept of aging as well. As people use the concepts we are talking about, they are performing at older ages in ways we never thought possible.

Q: Have we improved our collective health through diet, exercise?

Dr. Blackburn: You ask for the proof, if we do all this will we really be healthier? From the type of scientific statistics that we use, primarily epidemiologic, I think we can an-



swer yes, there is more than enough data to get started. [See *Fitness Pays*, page 549.]

Dr. Wynder: While the dramatic increase in longevity—nearly three years—in the last decade is due mainly to reduction in infant mortality, it is also true that in the last ten years, there's much less smoking, cholesterol levels have dropped up to 5 percent due to diet, physical activity may have helped to decrease cardiovascular disease. We are all born with similar kinds of bodies, but what we do with our bodies, to the extent we will not die from man-made risk factors, is really up to us.

Dr. Cooper: I think the statistics prove that people are beginning to listen attentively to what they can do for themselves and recognizing that when they die, they die not so much from the disease they have as from their entire life.

Q: Are there things each of us can do to increase our energy level? What is the role of stress as related to energy?

Dr. Blackburn: It's important to realize that from a cellular function of the body, whether you feel you have energy or not doesn't have anything to do with your biochemistry. You have the necessary reserves unless you're simply not eating—so don't waste your time trying to spike yourself with some fancy diet or use this excuse to prime yourself with sugar. Special diets satisfy appetites, but have no effect on energy levels. I would leave it to our psychiatrist to explain that having energy or not is more a perception in your brain than in your body metabolism.

Dr. De Rosis: I would agree, yes. Stress is essentially a reaction to unresolved emotional conflict, often unconscious. Conflict simply means that we cannot make a decision about which way to go. The result is a feeling of anxiety; this is the stress that most people talk about. Successful people can be very anxious; but it has always been my position that if they were not anxious they would produce more, be more creative. I'm one of the few people I know who do not think that stress is enhancing.

Dr. Cooper: Stress is not always bad, it's the way that you control stress. It can kill, it can make you successful. At our center, the majority of men and women exercise between 4:30 and 7:00 at night, because they have learned that the way to control stress in their keyed-up lives is to use exercise as nature's best tranquilizer. Ask "Why do you exercise at the end of the day?" and many answer "So I can sleep at night."

If we can use exercise in its role of controlling the harmful effects of stress, whether on the heart, stomach, bowel, all the target organs of stress, we might be saving a person's life as well as enhancing his well-being.

Dr. Albright: When we think of someone who is energetic, we picture somebody on the move, alert, really going every minute; but usually, if we observe more closely, we can see that there is an activity, then a relaxation phase. Very often, a person is more energetic if there is an up and down cycle.

When I say rest, I don't mean lie down. Variety is one way of rest. If we are studying *(Continued on page 601)*

LIVING FIT

FIT FOR LIFE

Most of us assume that as we get older, we become less fit. Not true. Some changes that come with age are beyond our control (the need for reading glasses, for example); but most of the physical changes in older people—and who and what we consider "older" is changing now—are attributed to aging when in fact they're caused by being in poor shape.

Today, proper conditioning—i.e., eating properly, exercising regularly—is making chronological age irrelevant. We're living longer, fitter, *stronger* lives. And it's at what level of fitness that makes all the difference. (If you don't think there's any truth to that, consider our President, for one, who was able to bounce back—and so quickly—after injury . . . and tennis pro Billie Jean King—beating a woman half her age in the quarter finals at Wimbledon.)

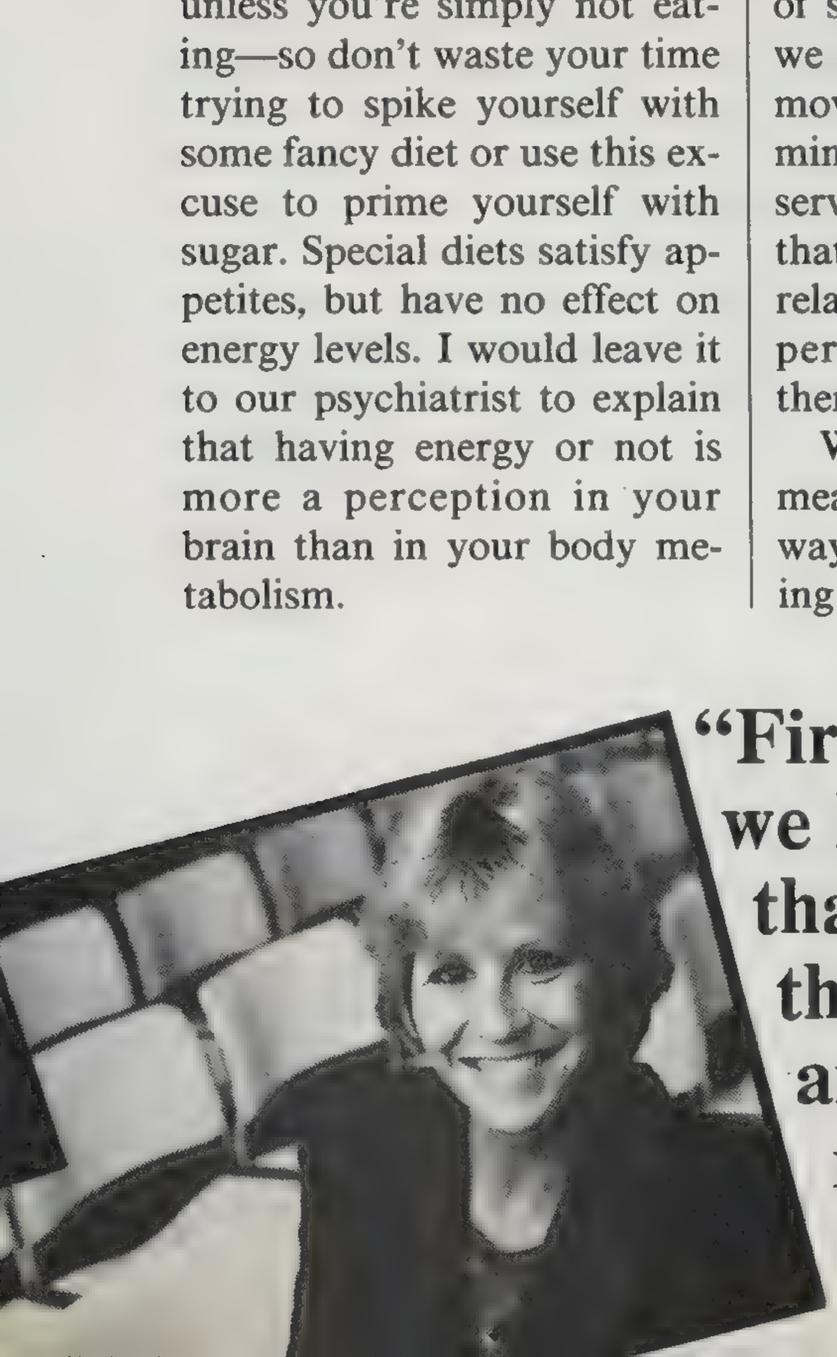
Fitness for life. It's a habit to be developed early: by age ten, 30 percent of all children exhibit one risk factor for cancer, heart disease, or stroke.

How exercise improves fitness level—at every age—has been documented over the past few years. Among the findings:

- Exercise helps to control weight. Because we are less active as we get older and our metabolisms slow down, most Americans tend to gain a pound a year after age twenty-five—though we continue to eat the same number of calories.
- Cardiopulmonary efficiency is improved. Women who exercise have better circulation, less frequent attacks of coronary-artery disease, less intense heart attacks if they occur. The risk of death from cardiovascular disease is two to three times greater for those who are inactive than for those who *move.*
- Exercise increases red blood cells, "upping" oxygen—and energy—levels.
- Exercise helps to prevent osteoporosis (later-life bone weakening occurring more frequently in women than in men) by making bones stronger, upping their calcium absorption.

Other exercise benefits: decreased blood pressure, blood cholesterol, and triglyceride levels; increased high-density lipoproteins, also associated with reduced incidence of coronary-artery disease; plus reduced risk of diabetes, a decrease in insomnia and backache problems.

Particularly encouraging: the rapidity of improvement you see when you begin to exercise—whatever your age or fitness level. Even though you may start slowly and work up gradually, it's not unusual for older women to achieve levels of fitness close to those of women in their twenties and thirties. So start moving. It's never too late!—D.S.



"First of all, we have to realize that the machine that enables us to get around every day is our body"

Donna de Varona.
TV sportscaster

BEAUTY REPORT '82

a positive change in hair

BY ALLISON LEOPOLD

The first change that strikes you about hair now: a real change in length . . . the unmistakable move to shorter hair. Unquestionably, it's what looks consistently fresher, newsier, livelier. The second change: that this season, there's a difference in what we mean by shorter hair. The days of geometric caps of short hair are gone; ditto, hair that's cropped boy-short, unworkable, unvariable. Today, short hair is, well, longer . . . full, luxuriant, abundant—qualities previously associated with longer hair only. And, understanding what it means to have short hair today—what it looks like, feels like, can do—is the starting point for this season's positive changes . . .

The best—and most forward-looking—cuts are not *very* short, but they are *shorter*, often with a little interest, a little volume on top. Effective and flattering: those layered about two inches above the shoulder line (although lengths can go as short as chin-length to just brushing the earlobe). And, always apparent: the strong, overall sense of polish . . . the real control in shorter hair (and, because not everyone is going to want or look good in *much* shorter hair, in long-*(Continued on page 609)*

Fresher, livelier now: shorter hair... hair color that enriches natural tones...

The new "longer" short hair, cut and styled by John Sahag. The version near right, was shaped to add texture, movement to straight hair, with back, sides tapering to maintain "line." Far right: Wavy hair, slightly longer. Sahag cut away hair "bulk," working with natural texture to bring out body, curl. Sides are straight, the top remains wavy. Key with shorter hair, the effect—impact—of jewelry with a certain scale. Here, outsized sculpted earrings . . . both by Patricia von Musulin. Near right, in sterling silver; far right, 18k-gold vermeil; both, about $240 at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. The impact makeup by Elizabeth Arden, near right: Twilight Shadows, Stormy Blush/ Highlighter on cheeks, Stormy Rose on lips. Makeup, Linda Mason.

Hiro

A computer-generated image from *Tron*—a fundamentally mindless movie, but visually stunning, more exciting than a Disney ride

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The new appeal—the escape from gravity, the plunge into the infinity of imagination where nightmares and dreams are rendered fantastic, exhilarating, by techniques in themselves breathtaking. Here—three provocative views on the state of the surreal art

***Blade Runner* is messy—it looks like a sleazy penny arcade—but it is a movie for adults not children, a grab bag of "in" jokes**

Deep space—and visual thrills: "These fantasy films have little to do with science but a lot to do with art. An unpretentious, wish-fulfilling genuinely popular art form..."

BY BARBARA ROSE

Science fiction is a venerable film genre recently revolutionized by new electronic technology that permits the transformation of both visual imagery and cinematic space. Oddly, during the futuristic 'sixties, as if the times were fantastic enough, no important "Sci-Fi" films were made. Then, in 1968, Stanley Kubrick released his astonishing masterpiece, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. The closing sequence of the movie, seen by millions including countless artists, announced a new era in film fantasy: as the buoyant spaceship that served as the set for most of the film hurtled through the rings of Saturn, optical "special effects" gave the viewer the sensation of actually traveling through outer space.

As film critic Annette Michelson first remarked, *2001* created a new kind of cinematic space. Ending in a climactic tour de force of increasingly spectacular special effects, *2001* became the model for the current genre of extra-terrestrial Sci-Fi film, in which the infinity of outer space has replaced the mundane lab of the mad scientist. These filmic voyages, a fresh type of adventure fantasy with great popular appeal, depend on a variety of technical means including inserts, models, mattes, rear-screen projections, animation, and computers to transform images as if by magic. This magical quality, which the original film of *The Wizard of Oz* had and the dull literalist remake lacked, was lost to movies in recent years when film directors began taking themselves seriously as intellectuals, thus threatening movies as a popular art form with extinction.

Impressed by the French film critics who invented the *auteur* theory, which elevated the director to a new status as the real if not the sole creator of a film, the eminences of Hollywood turned from the "low" genres like Sci-Fi to the grandeur of the high art of literature as inspiration. The results, nearly without exception, were boring disasters. One need only compare the deadness of Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, a pretentious movie, which followed *2001* based on an English novel, laid in the eighteenth century, with the vitality and inventiveness of his space odyssey to feel the loss, and to wonder what hubris or intellectual inferiority complex causes Hollywood directors to imagine that they are painters, novelists, or English squires.

The great genius of Stephen Spielberg, the director of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and *E.T.–The Extra-Terrestrial*, is his rejection of intellectual and literary pretension. His talent has little to do with innovation—he is a conventional if not banal director. It has to do with his realization that movies are a form of popular entertainment based on collective wish fulfillment and the gratification of childhood desires—one definition of happiness.

Although Spielberg is perhaps the best-known director of current science-fiction films, his adventures all take place on Earth, not in outer space. His films are coherent in style and *(Continued)*

(Continued) narration, which may be why they have been so well received critically. However, they are in essence updates of *The Wizard of Oz,* not the successors of *2001.* Spielberg's movies are as optimistic as the 1939 World's Fair, which celebrated, among other things, "better living through chemistry."

In contrast to the well-made quality of a Spielberg film, which has the clean, efficient predictability of a suburban shopping mall, a messy movie like *Blade Runner* looks like a sleazy, run-down penny arcade. It is also a movie for adults, not children. A grab-bag of "in" jokes, *Blade Runner* might be the *Beat the Devil* of Sci-Fi films. It combines Ken Russell's freakiness and visual imaginativeness with Truman Capote's high camp, and, in passing, makes references to almost any kind of high or low art ever done. In one deadpan scene, for example, the hero, with mock profundity, asks, "Where did we come from? What are we? Where are we going?" without dropping a hint that the phrase is the title of Gauguin's greatest painting.

Blade Runner is no Gauguin painting, nor does it pretend to be, but it is visually exciting and very funny. It also talks about death, the one subject that is virtually taboo in Sci-Fi films, the way genitals used to be in *Bugs Bunny* or *Mickey Mouse.* In *Tron,* for example, people are "derezzed" only to be resurrected as quickly as the characters in a Tom and Jerry cartoon spring back to life after being flattened.

Blade Runner, of course, is not really a Sci-Fi film, for all that its special effects, like the nightmarish flights in the infinitely depressing canyons of gigantic Mayan-style skyscrapers decorated with monstrous electronic billboards, are astonishing. What distinguishes *Blade Runner* from mainstream Sci-Fi is its negative, critical attitude toward the very technology that has brought it into existence, and its allusions to psychological content—two modernist modes of thinking rejected by current Sci-Fi films.

In movies like *Star Wars, Star Trek, Tron,* and above all, Spielberg's films, there is no critical or psychological dimension. They are pure adventures. The decline in the importance of acting and the general irrelevance of plot and characterization in these films is offset by the greater store they set by visual effects and magic—the illusionistic, as opposed to the documentary qualities of film.

The special effects created for these films are the result of teamwork rather than of individual efforts. Like medieval art, they are created in communal workshops, as more or less anonymous collaborations, carried out by many working under the general supervision of a designer who conceptualizes the allover "look" or style, rather than the product of the mind of an individual "genius" or *auteur.* The mosaic-like structure of films such as *Blade Runner* and *Tron* is a result of the way in which the imagery or style of the film is assembled from fragments manufactured in different places at different times. This presents a problem of continuity for some film critics, particularly when actors interact with the bits of optical phenomena.

Unlike the generally consistent style of monster movies or disaster movies—the two other categories of film that depend on special effects—Sci-Fi juxtaposes two distinct realities. The "normal" world of real actors in real locations has a factual, documentary quality. When this world of fact is abruptly switched to a "paranormal" world of fantasy, the sequence of gradual transformations that turns men into subhuman werewolves, vampires, or even body-snatched "pods" is eliminated. The result is a jarring rupture, a radical stylistic discontinuity.

To look, as critics have, for plot, *(Continued on page 605)*

The feminization of Sci-Fi—"We live in an increasingly science-fiction world: it's what we expect...want to read..."

BY ISAAC ASIMOV

There is no question about the boom in science-fiction movies. From *Star Wars* to *E.T.–The Extra-Terrestrial,* they have been the hottest things on the screen.

That, however, is the point. They are on the *screen,* and what has made them screaming successes are the technological advances that have made stunning special effects possible. What effect, however, has this success had on the older field of printed science fiction?

It has not (unfortunately) made instant millionaires out of those who write science fiction for magazines and books because the tens of millions who scramble to the movie houses to see those special effects do not run with equal eagerness to read mere words.

But some do!

A small percentage do and that has made an enormous difference. Let me explain.

Magazine science fiction had its beginnings in 1926, and for a third of a century—a full generation—it was a strongly masculine field. The readers were almost all young men, and, to a large extent, rather withdrawn young men who either had not yet come to be at ease with members of the opposite sex or were actively afraid of them.

This is not to say that young women did not read science fiction. A few did. So few, however, that their visibility was low to the point of nonrecognition. The result was that the stories that were written demonstrated a purely masculine point of view. If female characters were included at all, they were stereotypical nonentities—physically attractive ciphers—whose role was to get in the way of the hero and to require rescue at inconvenient moments. (Dale Arden in the *Flash Gordon* comic strip is exactly what I mean.) And even that interruption was tolerated rather impatiently by the average reader.

There were a few women writers of science fiction, but they used initials, or pseudonyms, or first names of ambiguous gender in order to hide the fact. And they carefully wrote very much the kind of stories that men did. There were even a few women editors—who carefully bought the same kind of stories that men editors did. They weren't traitors to the cause of feminism. *(Continued on page 608)*

Isaac Asimov, Ph.D., *has written 260 books dealing with science and science fiction.*

The Modern Museum of Art Film Stills Archive

2001—the movie in which audiences took their first breaths in outer space—still the measure of Sci-Fi cinema at its best

dancing in space—where the real and the unreal, human and nonhuman, meet and sway to the rhythm of the cosmos and the whirring of cameras

BY VERONICA GENG

Movies can stir all kinds of physical empathy, and many need it to make sense. In some, the meaning comes when you breathe the camera movements, or let your body take the images like the flow of light through an X-ray. In some, it's the acting: Richard Pryor's imaginative leaps into his own body parts invite you to inhabit him right down to the flickering intuitions in his long, mobile hands. The sensuous collaboration between movie and audience is touchingly dramatized, and multiplied, when Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters dance with the screen figures of Fred and Ginger, in *Pennies from Heaven.* But there's still only one movie that makes me physically yearn to get up there and be in it—as a flight stewardess in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey.*

A woman with no identity beyond a white Courrèges-style pants suit and beehive helmet: on a Boeing 747, she'd be a mere functionary. In the almost deserted cabins of *Orion* and *Aries,* the spaceships in *2001*'s "Blue Danube Waltz" sequences, her little zero-gravity variations on routine moves like walking, reaching, and carrying a tray of food are a minimalist dance of information. Her walk—in Velcro-soled slippers that grip the Velcro carpet to keep her from floating—is essence of walk: a slow, fully articulated flex and placement of the foot, a babyish flat-footed pause to hug the floor between steps, a shift of weight forward at the knees, and an occasional endearing upper-body wobble. The tugging hesitations in the three-quarter-time music feel like her resistance to weightlessness. All this is a simple, lovely extrapolation from ordinary movement, informative about what we take for granted, yet also new.

The stewardesses (played by Edwina Carroll and Penny Brahms) aren't personalized, but they have movement character: a freshly minted physicality, a hovering between self-consciousness and instinct. They've been working in zero gravity long enough to do it easily, but not so long that it's stopped being fun. One of them carries a tray into a circular archway, walks up the side (suddenly that ugly chin strap securing her helmet is perfect), and exits upside down. She's a major figure in the revolving patterns of this glorious "Blue Danube Waltz," with its turning planets and satellites, and her face is set in the "I do this all the time" deadpan of the cosmically stagestruck.

Watching, I forget that I know how her human-fly act is faked (with a treadmill and a combination of fixed and rotating sets). I'm moving in concert with the skies. To be partnered by the Earth and Moon—that's stardom.

Movies have a special power to flesh out—literally—the concepts dear to science-fiction writers. And this year's Sci-Fi movies speak to—and with—the human body. Knee-jerk critical moralizing about *homo sapiens* upstaged by hardware and computerized effects is more than ever off the point.

The fleshiest is *Blade Runner.* (Even the title slices at your skin and muscles.) It's set in Physique City—Los Angeles—in 2019, when the healthy elite have moved *(Continued)*

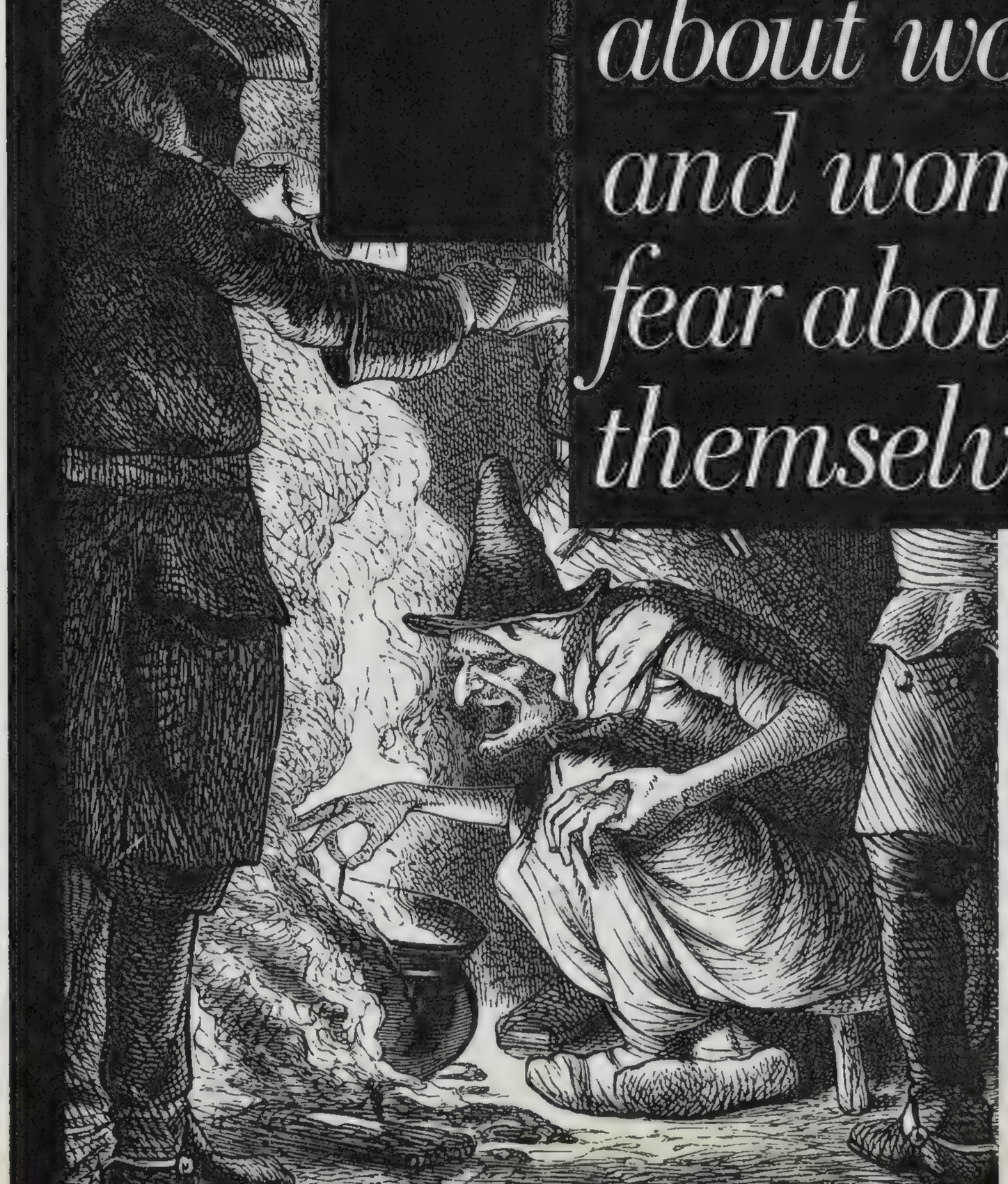
Veronica Geng *is on the staff of "The New Yorker" and writes on film for "The New York Review of Books."*

(Continued) to Off-World colonies serviced by man-made slaves called replicants or, insultingly, "skin jobs," physically identical to humans. At the feet of glittering mile-high towers, in a perpetually mournful rainy dark, individual bodies bear their own street lights—neon umbrella handles—through a steaming crush of sushi stands, garbage, and a polyglot mass of the old, sick, ethnically inferior, parasitic, and played out. The "blade runner" (Harrison Ford) is a loner recruited to hunt and kill four rebel replicants (played by live men and women) who have returned to Earth.

The story is from a 1968 novel by the late Philip K. Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* Its themes—how does a being know what it is? do we define as "inhuman" whatever we want to enslave?—are expressed in Ridley Scott's movie by the intensely observed textures of the actor's physicality. Only in a movie can you hear a character called "it" while your eyes so intimately confront a pulsing personal presence, an idiosyncratic him or her.

Full muscular lips that match a powerful jaw and thighs; a drooping decorative mustache on a pock-marked Oriental face; brunette coils framing fragile bones and the moist pink inside edges of lower eyelids; an unexpected little ratty pigtail above glamorous tan, spangled shoulders; a moderately hairy barrel chest without much muscular definition; pores in a yellowed skin prematurely aged by Methuselah's disease; stubbly jowls raw as the flesh in an Eakins medical-school painting; even the layered tones of complexions powdered to velvet or painted white: which are human? Lighted by the talented cinematographer Jordan Cronenweth, each of these parts is clinically clear, as if your eyes were doing the piecework manufacture of human beings, yet the actors are vibrantly whole. *(Continued on page 606)*

The Witch is everything men fear about women—and women fear about themselves



"Like all primal symbols, the witch partakes of a terrifying duality—in some fairy tales she is young and alluring; in others, hag-like and old. These are the two faces of Mother as children see her"

The Bettmann Archive

BY ERICA JONG

ature has given women so much power that the law wisely gives her little," said Samuel Johnson, unconsciously summing up the male fear of women that has led the female sex to be denounced, despised, and legally disabled throughout the centuries. The witch is an emblem of this disabling of women, the visible symbol of men's fear of what women know, their fear of women's reproductive power, psychic gifts, and their connection with the dark side of the unconscious.

If one views the human race with the detachment of a Martian or Venutian, one wonders whether it was inevitable that the sex that bears the race's young be viewed in this manner. Probably not. If we are guided by logic, there is every reason to believe that women should have been honored for their reproductive powers rather than denounced. In fact, we find much evidence to prove that a much more positive view of the female prevailed in earlier historical periods. But as men began to seek hegemony over women's reproduction, and to require that the babies born to them *belong* to them, and be given their names, women's power came to be viewed as dangerous, and women's sexuality as the snare that led the human race into sin.

The witch is our main symbol of the denigration of women that pervades our culture. And the witch is a powerful symbol because she enshrines so many archetypes at once. She expresses the fear of women's youth and ripe sexuality as well as the fear of women's old age. She represents female freedom, female power, female sexuality; but her torture and burning also represent the fierce retribution that women fear will follow immediately upon their exercise of freedom, power, and sexuality. She represents male fantasies of unbridled female passion, but she also represents the ferocious punishment women have generally endured for that passion. In a world where both sexes are taught to fear and despise women's autonomy and assertion, the witch becomes a perfect symbol of female crime and punishment—a symbol that is equally potent for women and men.

When we think of the witch, we usually think of the old crone in "Hansel and Gretel:" woman as ancient harridan, her sexual magic having festered into spells and hexes, her beauty having corroded into wens, warts, and wrinkles. Children love this old witch—who, according to psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, represents the Bad Mother who threatens to devour her children. It seems comforting to the young child to have her inmost fears and fantasies embodied in a specific figure. Like all primal symbols, the witch partakes of a terrifying duality—in some fairy tales she is young and alluring (the queen in "Sleeping Beauty") and in others hag-like and old (the witch in "Hansel and Gretel"). These are the two faces of Mother as all children see her.

The history of witchcraft is similarly ambivalent where witches are concerned. "Women have been burnt as witches simply because they were beautiful," Simone de Beauvoir has written in *The Second Sex;* and, indeed, the era of the witch hunts (the so-called witch-craze of the fourteenth to seventeenth centuries) shows us many examples of women burned for no other reason than that they were young and sexually attractive, therefore "bewitching" to men. Other women were burned for being old and horrible-looking. Others for having the insufferable presumption to be healers. Others simply because they were midwives and dared to take such politically important processes as birth (and abortion) into their own hands.

There has always been a faint suspicion clinging to the midwife, perhaps because she was privy to the mysteries of birth and death. In a world of polarized sex roles, a world where all things female and feminine came under jaundiced scrutiny, birth and the processes associated with it were seen as suspect. This is, in fact, a total reversal of the view of the female deity—from whom the witch is clearly descended—that prevailed in the pre-Christian era. There, women's life-giving powers, psychic and healing gifts, were seen as magical in a positive rather than a negative way. For, if we trace the ancestry of the witch back to its roots, it is clear that the witch is a debased and deformed descendant of the ancient Mother Goddess of the Near East—Isis-Astarte-Ishtar-Inanna-Aphrodite—who was originally more than just "Goddess of Love," the very Queen of Heaven, *the* major deity in the polytheistic pantheon.

We do not know exactly when this powerful matriarchal figure succumbed to the domination of a male god. But we do know that there was an intermediary stage when the Queen of Heaven was accompanied by a male consort, a sort of Adonis-figure, and that he gradually came to usurp her powers while she was demoted to "merely" Goddess of Love. Since religion always reflects social structures, we may assume that this transformation mirrored the transformation of society from matriarchal to patriarchal. Yet even under patriarchy, people felt great nostalgia for the myth of the Mother-Goddess—an inevitable nostalgia, since we are all born of woman. Whether we choose to denigrate the powerful Mother or revere her, we cannot be free of the notion of female power even if society dictates that men are economically and politically in control. The powerful Mother is enshrined in the human unconscious. We may choose to see her as good witch in one historical epoch and bad witch in another, but the underlying assumption of woman's power cannot be changed (until perhaps Huxley's Brave New World dawns and we are all hatched at the Central Hatchery, sans mother, sans uterus, sans umbilicus, sans blood).

Even during the most patriarchal of historical epochs, poets and artists have paid homage to the myth of the Mother Goddess. We find her throughout the history of poetry and we find her anatomized in Robert Graves' description of the White Goddess:

The test of a poet's vision, one might say, is accuracy of his portrayal of the White Goddess and of the island over which she rules. The reason why the hair stands on end, the eyes water, the throat is constricted, the skin crawls and a shiver runs down the spine when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fright, and lust—the female spider or the queen-bee whose embrace is death.

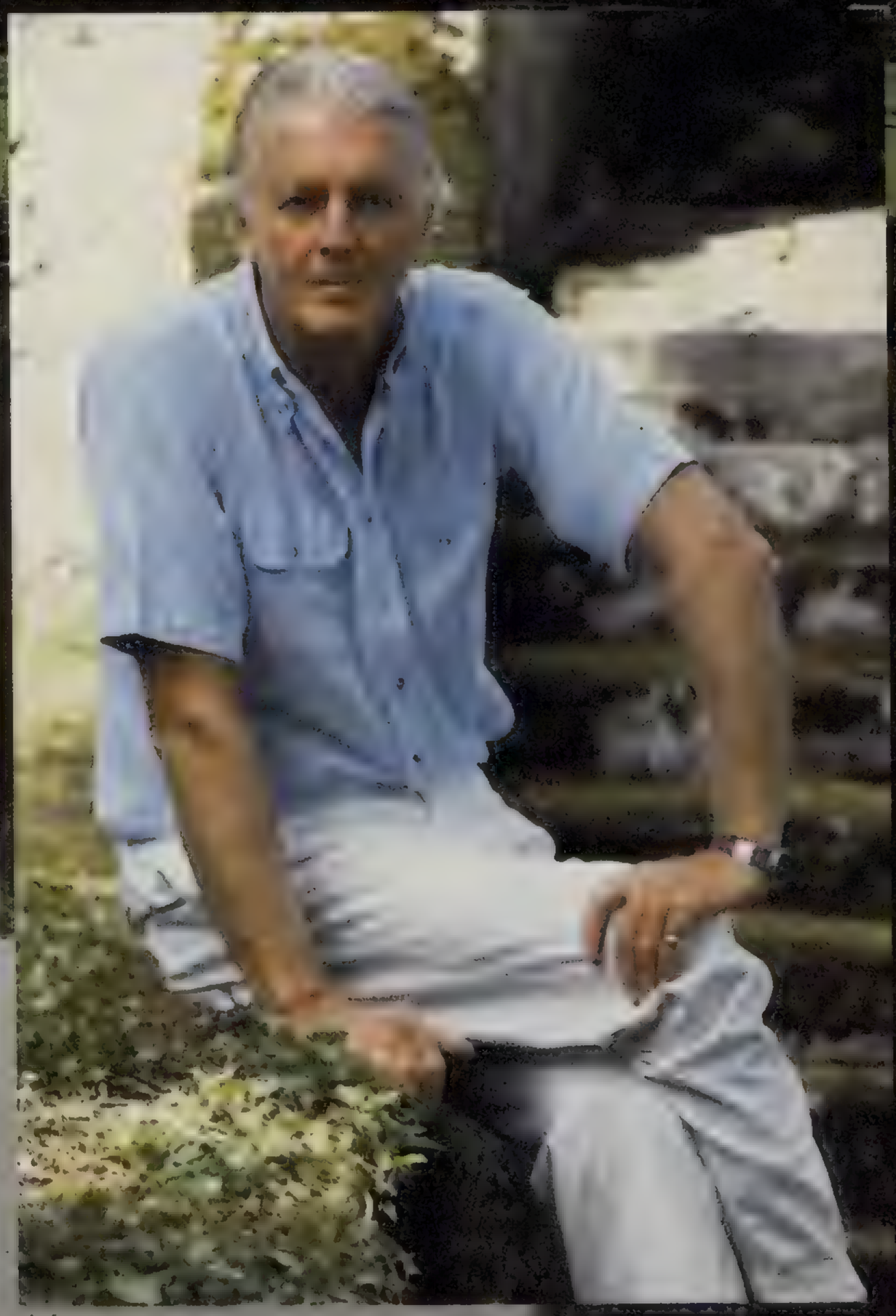
She is the fairy child-woman in Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and she is also the modern *(Continued on page 603)*

M. GIVENCHY FINDS HIS DREAM HOUSE

For Hubert de Givenchy, one of the great masters of French haute couture, a perfect country house—the sixteenth-century Manoir du Jonchet that he acquired in 1976, will be lovingly restoring for a lifetime. "For me," says Givenchy, "this epitomizes La Belle France"

"I DREAMED ABOUT THIS HOUSE FOR A YEAR; IT HAS SUCH STRENGTH, SUCH NOBILITY—IT REPRESENTS A PARADISE, BUT ON A SCALE FOR LIVING"

Reflections of a dream: Manoir du Jonchet's flawless symmetry, grace, harmony, mirrored in the serene waters of the pond that lies just beyond the impeccable green lawn. Below: Hubert de Givenchy



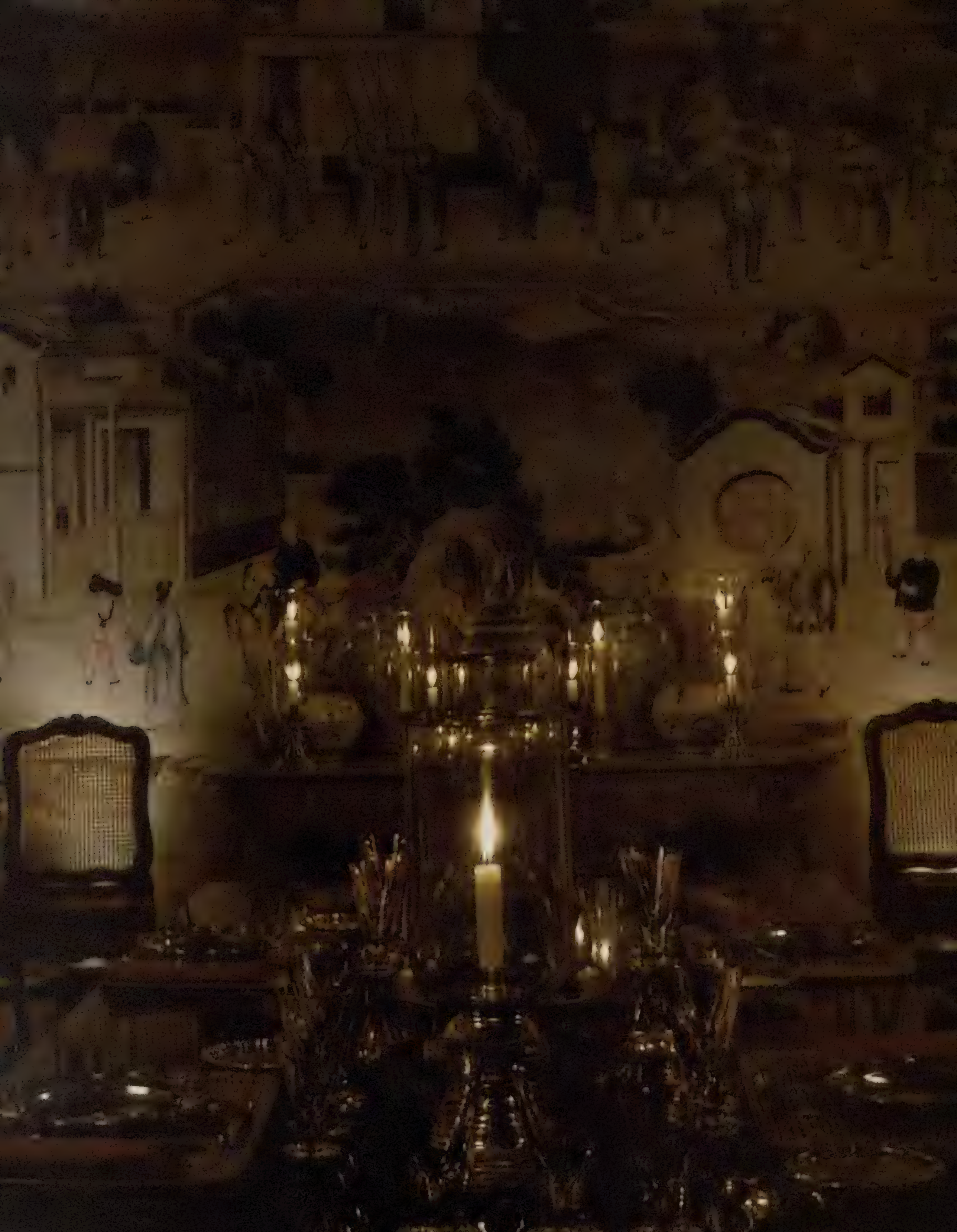
Karen Radkai

"I'M SO IN LOVE WITH THIS PLACE. IF I CAN RESTORE IT OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, MAYBE SOMEONE AFTER ME WILL HELP IT TO LIVE ON"

A magnificent Miró dominates the still-unfinished studio, above, that one day will be filled with more of Givenchy's favorite paintings. . . . Right: A magical room, the dining room, its golden-hued eighteenth-century Chinese wallpaper depicting "The Mandarin's Marriage," glowing in candlelight. The cuisine: simple, fresh, with home-grown vegetables, and the temptations of wonderful gâteaux for dessert.

GIVENCHY'S DREAM HOUSE

Karen Radkai



Givenchy directed the redesigning of the garden. As part of the new plan, curlicues of boxwood, still in its infancy, swirl across the lawn, opposite page. . . . Beyond the hedge lies the pool and its "pavilion," a very private little paradise on its own (detail, upper right). A small river, home for two white swans, encloses the pavilion on two sides; from the pool, one sees only rooftops, trees, sky. . . . The inside of the pavilion (two views, below): its stone floor, once in a convent, stone sink from Aix, old stone armoire

"I AM A PISCES, I LOVE WATER. IT'S A PHYSICAL THING WITH ME. BEING IN THIS PAVILION IS LIKE BEING ON A LITTLE ISLAND"

with new wooden doors and shelves that Givenchy had built in the nearby village, blond-wood farm table. Even the bath towels are in a favorite Givenchy color: stone. Cabbage drawing over the Louis XV-style fireplace is by Sophie Grandval; Diego Giacometti designed the window hinges. Every day, lunch is brought over here in large baskets from the manoir, eaten from the pavilion's own set of blue-and-white Italian plates.

GIVENCHY'S DREAM HOUSE

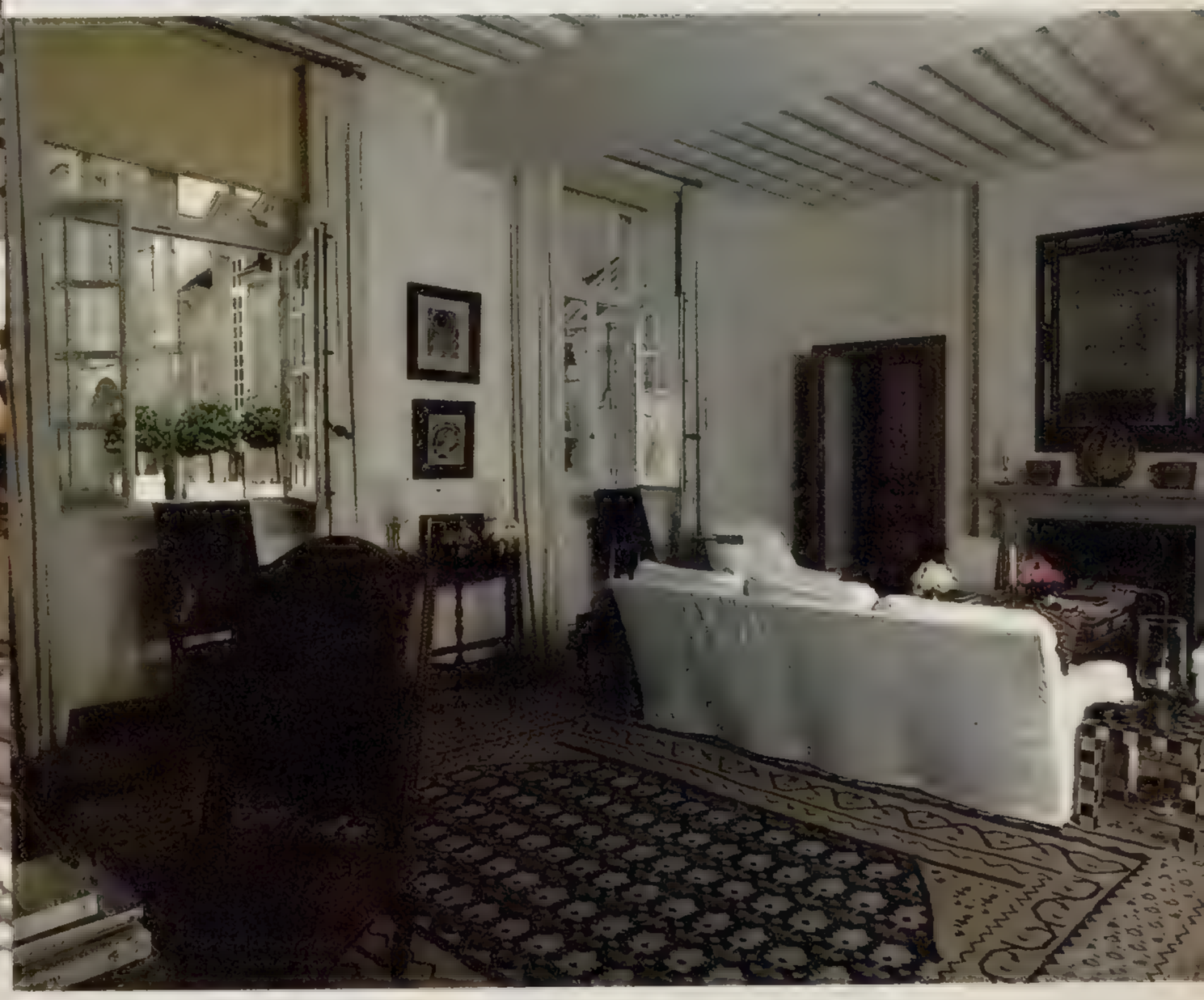
Karen Radkai

Karen Radkai

Givenchy's vision for both guest rooms was inspired by his mother's house, where bolts of one pretty fabric were splashed throughout a room. Above: Printed linen was adapted from material created for one of Givenchy's collections. . . . Left: "Tree of Life" cotton print is lavished on the bed à la polonaise, Louis XV fauteuils, settee, and walls. . . . The moat, right, rings château on three sides. . . . Below: The cozy, easygoing

"I LIKE TO PARE DOWN TO THE MINIMUM: COLORS, LINES, SIMPLE FLOWERS, COTTONS, FRESH THINGS"

sitting room, where guests gather for pre-dinner drinks, after-dinner liqueurs and lively conversation. Rare seventeenth-century Spanish rug was convent-made.



A

ROBERT WALSER
WONDERFUL, HEARTBREAKING WRITER— REDISCOVERED

HOW IS A MAJOR WRITER LOST—AND FOUND AGAIN? ROBERT WALSER, WHO FASCINATED AND INFLUENCED KAFKA, WHOM HERMANN HESSE CALLED "THE MOST ENDEARING SWISS POET OF MY GENERATION," GAVE VOICE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AT THE SAME TIME STRAVINSKY WAS GIVING IT SOUND, AND PICASSO, SIGHT. BORN IN 1878, WALSER WROTE OVER A THOUSAND SHORT STORIES—INTENSE, DETACHED, THEY HAVE THE IMPACT OF BRIEF IMPLACABLE DREAMS—AS WELL AS NOVELS, POEMS. LOST—BECAUSE HIS WORK BAFFLED, BECAUSE HE HIMSELF WAS A SOLITARY, WANDERING IN POVERTY, STRINGING ALONG ON ODD JOBS, ENDING IN THE LONG SILENCE—HIS LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—OF A MENTAL ASYLUM. FOUND—BECAUSE OF THE PERSISTENCE OF, FIRST, A GERMAN MAN OF LETTERS WHO KEPT THE WORK ALIVE IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE; AND, SECOND, BRITISH POET AND TRANSLATOR CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON, WHO HAS BEEN BRINGING WALSER INTO ENGLISH SINCE THE 'FIFTIES. THIS MONTH, FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX PUBLISHES HIS "SELECTED STORIES." HERE, FROM THE BOOK, AN INTRODUCTION TO ROBERT WALSER BY SUSAN SONTAG, AND TWO OF HIS MINIATURE FICTIONS. . . .

Nervous

I AM a little worn out, raddled, squashed, downtrodden, shot full of holes. Mortars have mortared me to bits. I am a little crumbly, decaying, yes, yes. I am sinking and drying up a little. I am a bit scalded and scorched, yes, yes. That's what it does to you. That's life. I am not old, not in the least, certainly I am not eighty, by no means, but I am not sixteen any more either. Quite definitely I am a bit old and used up. That's what it does to you. I am decaying a little, and I am crumbling, peeling a little. That's life. Am I a little bit over the hill? Hmm! Maybe. But that doesn't make me eighty, not by a long way. I am very tough, I can vouch for that. I am no longer young, but I am not old yet, definitely not. I am aging, fading a little, but that doesn't matter; I am not yet altogether old, though I am probably a little nervous and over the hill. It's natural that one should crumble a bit with the passage of time, but that doesn't matter. I am not very nervous, to be sure, I just have a few grouches. Sometimes I am a bit weird and grouchy, but that doesn't mean I am altogether lost, I hope. I don't propose to hope that I am lost, for I repeat, I am uncommonly hard and tough. I am holding out and holding on. I am fairly fearless. But nervous I am, a little, undoubtedly I am, very probably I am, possibly I am a little nervous. I hope that I am a little nervous. No, I don't hope so, one doesn't hope for such things, but I am afraid so, yes, afraid so. Fear is more appropriate here than hope, no doubt about it. But I certainly am not fear-stricken, that I might be nervous, quite definitely not. I have grouches, but I am not afraid of the grouches. They inspire me with no fear at all. "You are nervous," someone might tell me, and I would reply cold-bloodedly, "My dear sir, I know that quite well, I know that I am a little worn out and nervous." And I would smile, very nobly and coolly, while saying this, which would perhaps annoy the other person a little. A person who refrains from getting annoyed is not yet lost. If I do not get annoyed about my nerves, then undoubtedly I still have good nerves, it's clear as daylight, and *(Continued on page 600)*

BY SUSAN SONTAG

Robert Walser is one of the important German-language writers of this century—a major writer, both for his four novels that have survived (my favorite is the third, written in 1908, *Jakob von Gunten*) and for his short prose, where the musicality and free fall of his writing are less impeded by plot. This selection of Walser's short prose was made (and mostly translated) by the admirable Christopher Middleton, who has labored for years to make Walser known to English-language readers, and draws from work done between 1907 and 1929.

Anyone seeking to bring Walser to a public that has yet to discover him has at hand a whole arsenal of glorious comparisons. A Paul Klee in prose—as delicate, as sly, as haunted. A cross between Stevie Smith and Beckett: a good-humored, sweet Beckett. And, as literature's present inevitably remakes its past, so we cannot help but see Walser as the missing link between Kleist and Kafka, who admired him greatly. (At the time, it was more likely to be Kafka who was seen through the prism of Walser. Robert Musil, another admirer among Walser's contemporaries, when he first read Kafka pronounced the latter "a peculiar case of the Walser type.") I get a similar rush of pleasure from Walser's single-voiced short prose as I do from Leopardi's dialogues and playlets, that great writer's triumphant short prose form. And the variety of mental weather in Walser's stories and sketches, their elegance and their unpredictable lengths remind me of the free, first-person forms that abound in classical Japanese literature: pillow book, poetic diary, "essays in idleness." But any true lover of Walser will want to disregard the net of comparisons that one can throw over his work.

In long as in short prose Walser is a miniaturist, promulgating the claims of the anti-heroic, the limited, the humble, the small—as if in response to his acute feeling for the interminable. Walser's life illustrates the restlessness of one kind of depressive temperament: he had the depressive's fascination with stasis, and with the way time distends, is consumed; and spent much of his life obsessively turning time into space: his walks. His work plays with the depressive's appalled vision of endlessness: it is all voice—musing, conversing, rambling, running on. The important is redeemed as a species of the unimportant *(Continued on page 600)*

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"A PAUL KLEE IN PROSE . . . A CROSS BETWEEN STEVIE SMITH AND BECKETT: A GOOD-HUMORED, SWEET BECKETT"

A Sort Of Speech

THIS deputy, how he pursued in metropolitan suburbs his irresponsibilities garnished all in green, afterwards casting deeply troubled glances at the ceiling, a consolation.

Certainly he'll have been a splendid father. We are the last who doubt the opulence of his somewhat pear-mellow noble intentions.

In the days of his youth he nodded with casual patience at the poets when they were introduced to him in his opera box.

As for his wife, her first mistake was to follow him zealously on the paths of his trespasses, thereby inviting him, deviously, to believe that he was very much loved by her.

Second, she was too involved with her brother, who could never be satisfied, on his solitary climbings, as morning breezes lisped around him, with mere medium heights.

So she was more of a sister than a wife and almost an egoist rather than a performer of her really very lovely duties. Above all, she was a beauty and never as long as she lived got over the idea.

Now to the sons, who carried jewelry caskets through woodlands by night, as if that were essential to them and their world.

One of them dreamed only of disappearing entirely from sight. Often he must have read exciting stories. As a person, he was, in addition, nothing to speak of. So we shall dismiss him.

The second settled, as a recluse, in a villa which enshrouding ivy had rendered almost invisible.

The beard of this country-house dweller grew longer by the hour, until it extended out of the window, whereat he saw his life's task completed—a belief we gladly allow him.

The third found reason to become inconceivably incautious on account of a soprano, all naturally behind the wonderfully shaped back of his mother, who had a way of saying: "My sons displease me."

They made her suffer, she made them suffer, and the patriarch suffered from his spouse, and the *(Continued on page 600)*

Here, Valentino's
knockout way with
a "smoking": a long,
lean jacket
of satin-back crêpe
with a single black
ribbed satin lapel
(single and asymmetric
lapels were a hallmark);
over very skinny
black silk charmeuse
trousers. Fabric
by Taroni. On these
six pages: hair, Julien
for Harlow, Paris.
Makeup, Ariella.
Details, last pages.

THE WHOLE WORLD CHEERED . . . NOT ONLY THE CHAMPIONSHIP SOCCER WIN (N.B. : THE MEN HERE, ROLE PLAYING.). . . BUT THE EXUBERANT, BRAVURA ITALIAN SPIRIT. IT'S THE SAME SPIRIT YOU SEE IN THEIR APPROACH TO COUTURE. DESIGNERS WORLD-WIDE BELIEVED IN, SHOWED: SHORT DRESSES AT NIGHT—VERY ORNAMENTAL, VERY FETCHING. . . AND SHORT OR LONG—A NEW NARROW NARROW LINE. BUT IN ITALY, THEY DID IT . . . CON BRIO!

King

VIVA ITALIA!

King

Dynamite! Valentino's
dinner suit,
opposite page: short,
narrow, all jet
and silver sequins;
the jacket
pinstriped like a man's
over a sliver of leggy
skirt. Underneath,
his sleeveless signature
T-shirt. Fabric,
silk satin crêpe. . . .
And when he turned his
hand to long evening
dresses, *this page:*
the slinkiest,
bias-cut
black silk jersey;
shaped to the body;
glittered with
a sunburst of sequins;
slit for a real show
of legs. Fabric,
Taroni. Fashion
details, last pages.
Another extravagant
Valentino collection,
the book *Valentino,*
by André Leon Talley,
covering twenty-two
years of the designer's
life and work,
is in U.S.
bookstores now.

Another of Valentino's small, dazzling dinner suits, *right:* this one in wine, gold and copper sequins on silk charmeuse with a slim wrap skirt, a "jewel" on the pleated cummerbund . . . enough impact and excitement for the biggest evening.

From André Laug, *far right,* the snake charmer—skin-close, sequined in a snake pattern . . . riveting!

Fabric, polyester/Lycra by Schläpfer.

Fashion details, next to last pages.

VIVA ITALIA!

A strong theme in fur this year: menswear shapes...often, with a weather-gear purpose; always, with a more casual attitude...

The fur that makes the point, fast, *far right:* Ralph Lauren's storm coat—wool gabardine lined with natural sheared nutria, with a natural beaver collar . . . and the exact shape of a man's trench coat—big, double-breasted, belted, terrific! About $3800. By Ralph Lauren Furs. Mid-October at Henri Bendel; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Chicago; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Kansas City MO; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix; I Magnin. These six pages: Hair, Anthony DeMay for Garren, New York; makeup, Richard Adams. Details, last pages.

FUR: RACER,

A knockout pea jacket, *left:* man-styled, cut a little longer for more dash . . . in white sheared beaver for all-out luxury. By Yves Saint Laurent for Alixandre. About $5000. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Kreeger's, New Orlean's; Marshall Field's.

Marco Glaviano

RUGGED, MORE ELEMENTAL

FUR: RACIER, RUGGED, MORE ELEMENTAL

Marco Glaviano

A different scale, a gutsier spirit that comes from a man's kind of dressing...

Now: furs that can take on the elements—with an unexpected feeling of luxury. It starts *far left*, with the ultimate take on a fur-lined raincoat: a straight, full-length sweep of natural Canadian fisher, topped with a taupe silk faille rain vest! By Saks-Jandel, Washington, DC. About $29,000. . . . *Below*: One of the gutsiest coats going—Claude Montana's oversized black leather trench coat lined with black dyed sheared rabbit. For Birger-Christensen. About $3500. I. Magnin, San Francisco; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Fashion details, men's clothes, last pages.

A new menswear attitude—easy, relaxed, full of dash...

All the ease, the swagger, of a man's dressing gown, *below,* to wrap, belt, ease-up at the sleeves . . . in natural ranch Blackglama mink. By Jean-Paul Avizou for Revillon. About $10,000. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . *Right:* A move into the world of weather dressing—a pelisse/storm coat of silk poplin, lined and collared in sheared dyed nutria. By Grosvenor Canada. About $6000. Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; I. Magnin, Chicago; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills; Roberts Furs, San Francisco; Eaton's, Canada. Manicure, Cecilia Chan. Details, men's clothes, last pages.

FUR: RACIER, RUGGED, MORE ELEMENTAL

Marco Glaviano

The softest side of dressing . . . it starts, *near right,* with Gianfranco Ferre's smashing oversized mohair and silk charmeuse tunic, with full dolman sleeves and a "signature" Ferre diagonally buttoned neckline. About $520. Barney's, NYC; Added Touch, Pittsburgh; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. . . .

Beauty Note: The soft side of makeup, from Max Factor—Porcelain Pink blusher and Nude Orchid lipstick. . . .

Far right: All-out softness—all-out impact! Norma Kamali's voluminous white sweatshirt dress—dolman-sleeved, padded at the shoulders, snapped open or shut at the sides. Of cotton/acrylic, about $78. Mid-October at Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker; Burdines; Hudson's; Ultimo, Chicago; Bullock's. Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren, New York. Manicure, Ruth Tennen for Xavier, N.Y. Interior by Morsa Architecture and Design. Fashion details, last pages.

he

new-shape dressing

Now: two sides to the story. One direction: soft, full, rounded shapes, often with dolman sleeves...The other: minimal, uncluttered, classic. What they share: an attractiveness, a casual quality, and, very often, an ease that comes from knitting...in a season of tailoring, it's a whole other way of thinking about clothes!

Andrea Blanch

Softness you can see at once: Angelo Tarlazzi's huge, knockout striped dolman-sleeved lamb's wool cardigan—buttoned once at the waist, over a low-dipped silk satin blouse and a simple straight black skirt to keep the look controlled, narrow—a new attitude in casual dressing. Cardigan, about $295; blouse, about $345; matching skirt, about $183. Angelo Tarlazzi, NYC; Claire Pearone, Troy MI. These two pages: Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren, New York. Interior, Morsa Architecture and Design. Details, last pages.

the new-shape dressing

This page: Minimal dressing—Zoran's trademark . . . here, his white cashmere dolman-sleeved T-shirt (about $360) under his black cashmere T-shirt dress, about $240. Bergdorf Goodman; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis; Goldwaters, Scottsdale AZ; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Details, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

The other side: looks that are classic, clean, uncomplicated—the unmistakable appeal in Bill Blass's longer wool cabled pullover with the ease of raglan sleeves (about $198), and perfect cuffed trousers in black-and-white Prince of Wales Persian wool, about $170. Both for Blassport. Fabric by Kenneth Berman. Lord & Taylor; Halle's; Marshall Field's, Houston; I. Magnin. Watch, Patek Philippe at Tiffany. ... *Beauty Note:* In makeup—from Orlane, the appeal of a pale Bougainvillier mouth, pale Mauve cheeks. These two pages: Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Fashion details, see last pages.

The uncomplicated side of dressing continues . . . often, with new takes on sweaters . . . always, with a nonstop softness, nonstop appeal. *This page, top left:* The most classic—most desirable: Ralph Lauren's grey lamb's wool/cashmere cuffed trousers (about $378) and navy cashmere boatneck sweater, about $298. Barney's, NYC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Tampa FL; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Fort Lauderdale; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Seattle. *Top right:* A longer, leaner take on a classic look—a ski sweater (about $500), and grey wool flannel wrap skirt (merino extra-fine wool by Anglo), about $190. By Donna Karan and Louis Dell 'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Bergdorf Goodman; Balliet's; Tootsies, Houston; Nordstrom, Seattle. *Bottom left:* The softest vest around—a pastel-dyed mink-and-raw-silk knit, about $1000. By Paula Lishman. Henri Bendel; Jacques Ferber, Philadelphia; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. To order at Balliet's. With Zoran's cashmere sweater and Izabel Lam's wool gabardine trousers. *Bottom right:* Classics with a difference—a "squarer" shape for a tweedy wool knit pullover (about $185); soft shirring on a narrow black skirt, of rayon/polyester, about $125. By Matsuda. Turnout at Matsuda, NYC; Macy's, San Francisco. Skirt only at Maxfield, Los Angeles. Interior by Michael LaRocca. Details, stores, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

VOGUE PATTERN 8503
VOGUE PATTERN 1029

VOGUE PATTERNS

To sew: More of the classic clothes, the minimal shapes, that deliver the attractiveness and wearability everyone wants. It could be as simple as a tan wool gabardine jacket, *left*, eased with tapered kimono sleeves, one button at the neck, and matching trousers. Jacket, Vogue Pattern #8503. Pants, Vogue Designer Yves Saint Laurent Pattern #1029. Both, Fabrics. Or, right: a lean, modern look in a cream cashmere knit, with a detachable cowl. Butterick Pattern #4621. Amicale Fabrics. Hair and makeup. Rick Gaeste. Car, left, courtesy of Sport Mercedes Benz and BMW, Southampton, N.Y. Interior by Michael La-Rocca. Details, sewing information, next to last pages.

BUTTERICK PATTERN 4621

the new shape dressing

VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: If it's a short dress for a "black-tie" night . . . or a coat with the ease of a man's topcoat, a sweater with a new soft shape . . . or simple, beautiful tricks now with makeup

What works? As much as people talk about narrowness, tailoring, and proper suits this fall, there's also something quite different—and appealing—happening now . . . and you see it in this issue. **The news has to do with softness: the sort of ease and fluid shape you get in a tunic, a sweater, or a dress in a soft fabric such as cashmere or matte jersey.** Many of these pieces have soft details—a cowl neck, turtleneck, or dolman sleeves; but the best, you'll find, aren't just big square shapes. These dresses and tops fit well at some point on your body; they're close at the waist, narrow at the hips or fanny.

In this season of dolman shapes, not every woman is going to want the same sort of dolman. By definition, dolmans are deep roomy sleeves, they've enormous ease; most aren't as vast as those on the white "sweat" dress, *below,* from Norma Kamali. One handy rule? In general, the deeper a dolman is, the more height you need to look good in it. If you're less than tall, you'll choose a sleeve scaled down to your smaller proportions; you well may like the look better in a short dress . . . or in a top worn with a short narrow skirt that will give you the look of more leanness.

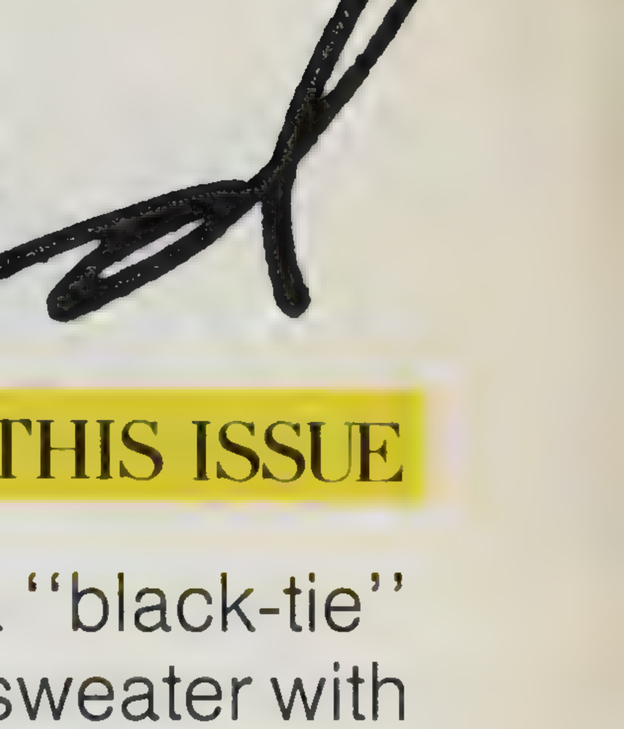
And if you think of dolman sleeves in terms of Joan Crawford satins and 'forties-style movie dressing, look again: When a long dress comes with dolman sleeves now it's apt to come—like that Norma Kamali—in cotton "sweats" or sweatery cashmere, something to wear at home with ease and a bit of humor.

When an invitation said "black tie," traditionally, that meant "long"; this fall, not necessarily. There are dresses this season that aren't big in volume—look at the Bill Blass short sequinned dress, *below left*—but they're big in impact. The idea? Not something on a modest scale; you look for a short "black-tie" dress that has all-out dazzle. Then, you add the sort of detail that you'd put with a long dress: It might be jeweled earrings or rings, an evening change in makeup or hair; this season, some glittery new evening stockings come with real shimmer. The appeal of short dresses is their leggy look . . . and they take shoes with real heels: You'll want, with this short dress, some delicate pumps or high strappy sandals.

Almost every coat in this issue—be it wool, black leather, or mink—has enough ease and big scale to go over a suit; but the reality of these big coats is that they look best—more modern—over something that's narrow, something as lean as the black turtleneck and skirt, with the white coat, *above.*

What makes the other picture, *above?* One—very simple—piece: a long cashmere scarf, doubled over and looped in a knot. What's under it, and that big coat, is no more complicated than a short leather skirt and white sweater.

White, in a coat, is something you see this season; it can have great style . . . but it's a highly noticeable piece of clothing. What works? In reality, something under it that's black or white; if you wear real color, you'll like that color better in a top—as no more than a slice of color at your neckline. In a season of long coats, that Saint Laurent white beaver coat, *left,* is a good example of an interesting other choice: it's 3/4 length, shaped like a peacoat, with the squared shoulders and of roomy ease that a longer coat has. It's a length you can put over a short skirt, pants, or a long skirt and boots. The key? Keeping that bottom piece narrow.



When clothes are dark—and they are in abundance this fall—suddenly you think about makeup in some very specific terms: How do you bring a face forward out of all that darkness? Look at the photograph of Isabella Rossellini, *above:* there are two ploys at work here. One has to do with color: A real—patent-leather—red on her lips . . . but very little additional color elsewhere. Her face is pale; makeup artist George Newell added little color at her cheeks or eyes. What makes it effective is shaping: a very clean—noticeable—shape to the lips, the kind you get from using a lip brush or outlining your lips with a lip pencil. To keep that line, one trick that works: Powder lips before using lipstick; blot, then powder again. There's good news, too, **this fall: with new technology, you'll find lipsticks made to last longer.**

There are changes in jewelry now: new materials—such as titanium; unusual shadings of gold; matte blacks and white metals—new options to stones and glitter. This fall—if you've layered a high collar with a muffler or tie—you may not want other jewelry. But when you're in dressing that's lean and totally pared down, when it's a top with a new spare neck, drop earrings—like Ted Muehling's *right*—can be an effective accessory. **The difference? They're modern, light on your ear: beautiful sculpture.** ▽

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VOGUE'S

HEALTH *style*

Improving your speech . . . facts about getting a stress test . . . changing your eating habits . . . keeping fit

DIET

asta . . . bread . . . potatoes. These are *not* the foods to eliminate from your diet, but—along with fresh fruits and vegetables—to eat more of, more often for increased energy, better health (more on this, page 548).

Contrary to what most people think, starchy (complex-carbohydrate) foods are *not* fattening; it's what is put on *top* of them that is. For example: half of a medium-sized baked potato has just 45 calories, no fat; add two tablespoons of sour cream and you've almost *tripled* the number of calories, added 16 milligrams of cholesterol; a teaspoon of butter almost *doubles* the calorie count and adds almost as much fat. Two tablespoons of low-fat yogurt, however, adds only 16 calories, 2 milligrams cholesterol.

Other good diet habits: Opt for whole-grain versions of cereals, breads, pasta. You'll get the same calories ounce-per-ounce as in the processed versions, with more fiber, vitamins, minerals. Good examples, *below,* are all available, plentiful in winter. . . . Poach, broil, and steam foods rather than frying. . . . Eat less red meat, more "white" meat—skinned poultry, veal, and fish for protein. Choose fresh vegetables when possible, frozen over canned, which are high in salt.

Keep in mind: you only need a *four-ounce serving* (not eight) of protein at each meal. Look for "light" foods, beverages (two, new Chicken of the Sea tuna with half the salt of regular brands and Diet Coke).

For inspiration: cookbooks that count calories, fat, and salt levels temptingly—"The Canyon Ranch Cookbook," with recipes for the low-calorie, healthful dishes served at the exclusive spa [$9.50 ($7.80, Arizona residents) from Canyon Ranch Boutique, 8600 E. Rockcliff Rd., Tucson, Arizona 85715] . . . "Light Style: The New American Cuisine" (Dosti, Kidushim & Wolke; Harper & Row) . . . "Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet" (Claiborne & Franey; Times Books) . . . "The Family Health Cookbook" (White; McKay).

On the scientific horizon:

"no-fat" fat for use in food preparation.

Tests reveal that it tastes as good as the real thing, may actually *lower* body cholesterol levels.

Still ahead: FDA approval.

Natural low-fat, high-protein food: kidney beans

Bread, truly the staff of life, provides carbohydrate, protein, iron, trace minerals

Potato: great source of complex carbohydrates, better for you baked/boiled than deep-fried

Whole-wheat bread tops white in protein, fiber, is lower in fat

Most healthful pasta: lightly cooked whole-wheat/spinach, topped with a medley of steamed vegetables and melted skim-milk cheese

BETH BAPTISTE

Calorie-dense almonds (170 per ounce) are high in protein, fiber, vitamins B_2, E

One reason lentils figure prominently in "ethnic" foods: combined with rice or corn, they add up to an excellent "complete" protein

Opt for brown rice over white (more fiber, nutrients); combine with cheese, tomatoes for nutritious stuffing

Women may have a healthy head start over men when it comes to food preferences, indicate studies conducted by the U.S. Army Natick Research & Development Laboratories. Enlisted women gave high scores to vegetables, salads, fruits, and potatoes, while their male counterparts preferred eggs, meat, beer, pies. One area where the women could benefit from emulating their male counterparts: milk consumption, vital for continued bone health and repair.

WOULD LOOKING YOUNGER MAKE YOU FEEL MORE confident at work?

You know you're good at your job. Running a household and raising a family gave you the inventiveness and organizational expertise that are necessary in the business world. You're already preparing for the next step, going to adult education classes or maybe a company training program to acquire additional skills. But sometimes, when they hire a new co-worker fresh out of school, with a bright young face and bright ideas, you wonder if you're moving ahead as rapidly as you should. That's when looking younger could well give your confidence a welcome boost.

Join the younger-looking women around the world who have discovered the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid. This beauty fluid, which can help you look younger too, is known in the United States as Oil of Olay®.

The skin-cherishing blend of tropical oil and emollients is similar to the fluids so abundant in younger skin. Oil of Olay quickly penetrates deep into your skin, working with nature to help replenish those vital fluids. You'll actually see a fresh radiance return as Oil of Olay softens, silkens and eases dryness. And, remarkably soon those give-away little lines virtually begin to fade from sight.

Other people will be able to notice the difference you see in your mirror. That young woman recently hired in your department may be too tactful to mention the change in your appearance. She might simply say, "You look very nice today" or "New dress? It's a pretty color on you."

Younger-looking women around the world include Oil of Olay as an essential part of their daily beauty ritual. When will you choose to experience the unique beauty fluid? Surely in the morning, after washing or cleansing, to help replenish the vital fluids cleansing can take away and as a superb makeup base. Oil of Olay penetrates so quickly, without looking or feeling greasy, that cosmetics smooth on easily and evenly in seconds. They remain fresher-looking longer too. And Oil of Olay, all by itself, leaves your face so dewy-fresh and glowy that some days you may decide not to wear makeup at all.

When else might you choose to gentle on the light, silky fluid? Any time your face feels dry or taut...perhaps from exposure to sun, harsh weather or air conditioning...let Oil of Olay help maintain your skin's rich reservoir of fluids. And last thing at night, so your skin can sleep for hours in its own luxuriously moist climate.

If looking younger would make you feel more confident on the job, wouldn't it be a good idea for you and Oil of Olay to go to work together?

beauty secret

● With both of you working, dinnertime can be a bit hectic. Tonight, while the children are setting the table, take ten minutes all to yourself... a brisk shower, Oil of Olay® Beauty Fluid on your face and throat, and fresh makeup. What a pleasant way to face the second part of your day.

ADVERTISEMENT

KEEPING FIT

Latest computerized fitness equipment, the U.S. Olympic Committee Mobile Sports Medicine Laboratory (above). Used to test Olympic hopefuls, it sets out on a cross-country tour this month, hitting New York City, Lake Placid, Washington, D.C. For how to "sponsor" a van visit to your town, write: Kenneth Clarke, Olympic Committee, 1750 East Boulder Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80909. . . . WINNING WOMEN Vogue's editors believe in fitness, talk about the benefits of regular exercise every month. Proof we also practice what we preach: the Condé Nast Publications' women's team was winner over 177 others in July's NYC Corporate Challenge—a 3.5 mile run open to men's/women's/co-ed teams, sponsored by Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company.

STRESS TESTS: *style*
The facts

Who needs a stress test—and when—is a subject of controversy, even among doctors, who also question some tests' accuracy. Here, what you should know . . .

"While stress tests that check for heart trouble as part of a general physical exam are not usually given to women until the age of forty or forty-five, any previously sedentary woman starting a strenuous exercise program should have an exercise stress test beforehand to determine her fitness level, no matter what her age," says Lenore R. Zohman, M.D., director, exercise lab/cardiac rehabilitation program, Montefiore Hospital.

Today, most stress tests are done on a treadmill, but can also be given on a stationary bicycle or set of steps. Whichever type of test you are given, it should begin slowly, with a warm-up period, bring you up to a level of maximum exertion, then finish with a cool-down period. One of the most sensitive indicators of whether or not there is underlying disease is the *time* that a person can stay on a treadmill. While standards differ, the average middle-aged patient should be able to walk about ten minutes or longer on the treadmill.

To be an adequate—as well as safe—measure of cardiovascular fitness, a stress test should include the use of electrodes attached to your chest and be supervised by a medical doctor, preferably a cardiologist. "A test given in a health club may be a fitness test, but it is not a true stress test," says Dr. Zohman.

Not everyone is a candidate for a stress test. Anyone with continuing chest pain or any uncontrolled medical illness should never consent to a stress test. If you feel chest pain during the test, tell the physician immediately.

Properly done, stress tests are one of the best measures of fitness level . . .

One point that all physicians agree on is that the test should be performed by a doctor experienced with stress testing, as one criticism of stress tests is that they can sometimes indicate a heart problem where none exists, particularly in young women, although the reason is not understood. Self testing is *not* a good idea.

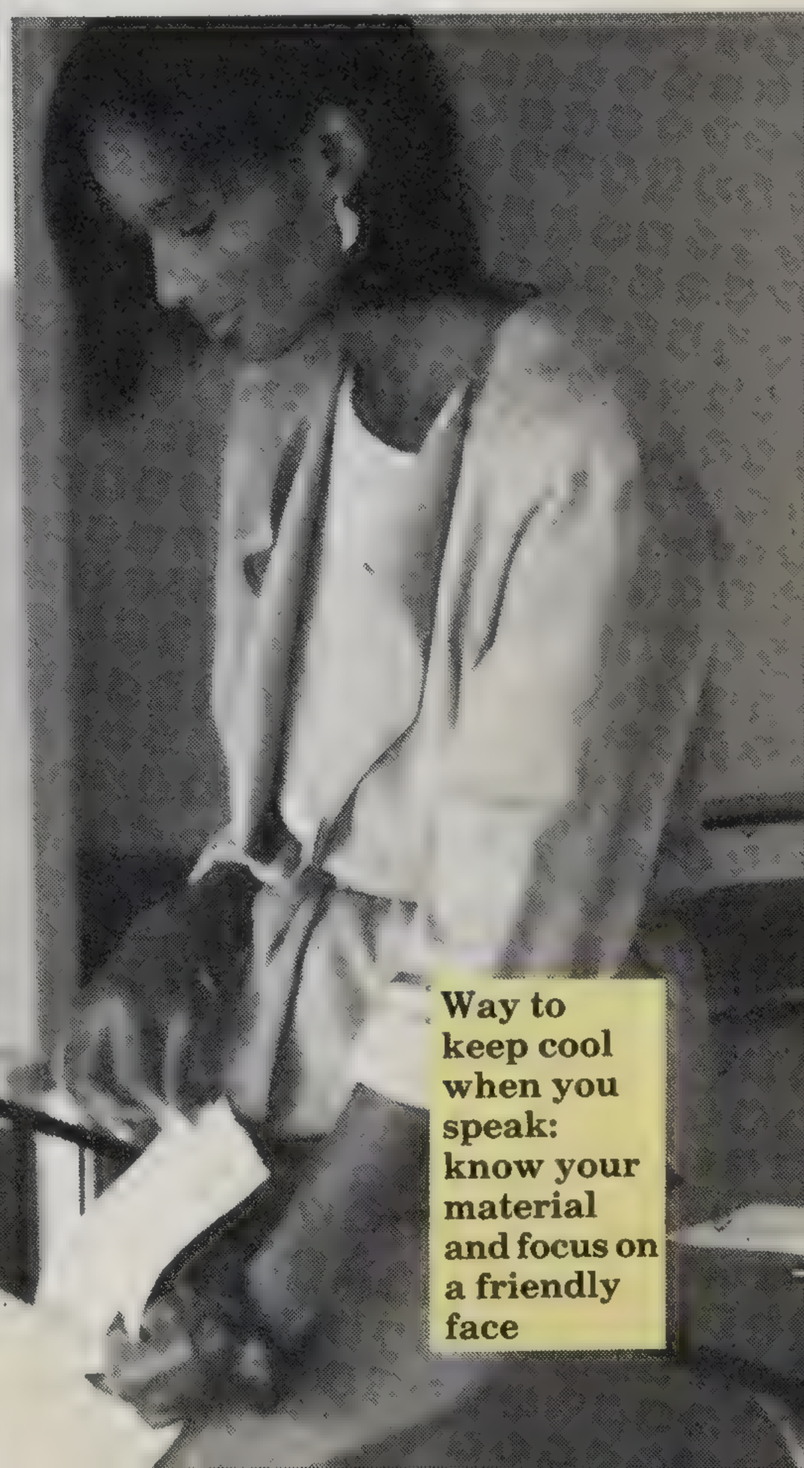
The interval before the test needs to be repeated depends on an individual's age and health and ranges from one to five years. A woman beginning an exercise program might want to repeat the test more frequently to measure the improvement in her fitness level.

"First" for women at the 1984 Olympics: long-distance and marathon races of our own

stage fright . . .

HOW YOU SPEAK IS AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT YOU SAY. PEOPLE RESPOND TO TONE, ACCENT, INFLECTION . . . WHICH ARE ALL PART OF YOUR IMPACT

can affect any woman who has to speak to a group—large or small. How to deal with it: "Rehearse. Ask a friend or family member to listen to you and to give you *honest* feedback," says Sandra Samaniego, Ph.D., staff psychologist, Lenox Hill Hospital. "Before your 'performance,' get a good night's sleep. It will help you to stay alert, deal with questions more easily." If you're speaking in an unfamiliar room, arrive early to adjust to the surroundings, do a few detensing stretches. As you talk, remember to breathe between sentences. And don't panic if you slur a word or stutter slightly—common reactions when you're tense and under pressure. If those (or any other speech problem) recur, seek help from a certified speech-language pathologist. To find one, call the National Association for Hearing and Speech Action (NAHSA) collect, (301) 897-8682, or, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to NAHSA, Dept V, 10801 Rockville Pike, Rockville MD 20852.



Way to keep cool when you speak: know your material and focus on a friendly face

Hair, John Sahag; makeup, George Newell

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QUITTING:

A SMOKER'S STORY

By Gloria Emerson

If you are about to smoke a cigarette, put off lighting it for ten minutes. Get a glass of water and drink it slowly. Take a short walk at a rapid pace. Breathe in deeply and exhale slowly through pursed lips. Remember, the intensity of the urge to smoke will never last more than a few minutes. Tell yourself that thirty million Americans have stopped smoking. No one is so addicted and dependent that abstinence is impossible.

For many years, smoking two packs of cigarettes a day, I believed I was the only one being damaged. But at lunch one day with two young, wonderful nieces, I watched in horror as both of them smoked cigarette after cigarette in a perfect imitation of the way I used to smoke.

More women are smoking. Women are now a top target for cigarette ads. And adolescent girls have become the largest new group of smokers.

There is the widespread view that smokers are simply selfish, undisciplined people with little willpower and infantile fixations. Most experts disagree. One psychiatrist who runs an addiction-control unit calls cigarette smoking "probably the most addictive and dependence-producing form of . . . self-administered gratification known to man." In my case, it was the fear of how I might feel not smoking that kept me smoking.

No one method of quitting works for everyone. For me, the answer was the five-day program at the American Health Foundation, 320 East 43rd Street, New York City. I soon learned it wasn't just a question of willpower—there are techniques to change your behavior, to change your allegiance to nicotine. Most important was the realization that others in my group were just as addicted; I wasn't considered hopeless.

Avoid H.A.L.T., we were advised: being Hungry, Angry, Lonely, Tired. You can't avoid the four for a lifetime, only as you begin this new life of not smoking.

We learned that you must change old habits when you stop smoking. I stood up when on the telephone; I did not linger over the morning cup of coffee; every day, I ate six small meals but never a large one, drank a dozen glasses of water with lemon. I cut down on coffee, meat, spicy food, wine, liquor. I looked at smokers, heard their smokers' voices and their smokers' coughs. When the wish to smoke was most dangerous, I stopped everything and rapidly walked up and down wherever I could, breathing deeply.

Twice I began smoking again. The cigarettes made me dizzy and my legs tingled. Each time I stopped again, more confident now of how to do it. I looked on these lapses not as a disgrace or proof that I would never succeed but as a useful experience and a reminder that it was not possible to smoke "just one cigarette." The Surgeon General's office, in its February 1982 report, found that the success of quitting increased with the number of efforts a smoker made.

Certainly, the effort was disagreeable. In the first week, I felt unaccountably sad, as if suffering some unidentified loss, and I needed to sleep more. Certainly you, too, will be irritable or less efficient. But there was no wrenching pain, simply symptoms that proved less harrowing than those of a severe cold or the flu. No one ever died by quitting cigarettes—but to continue to smoke is another matter. ▽

THE GOOD NEWS

To stop smoking is to make a long-term difference in your health. Each year after you've quit, you reduce your chances of developing lung cancer. ● Women who stop smoking early in pregnancy have a risk of giving birth to underweight or premature babies similar to that of those who never smoked. ● Of the 1.8 million adults who quit between 1978 and 1980, 61 percent were women—and the more educated and well off you are, the more likely you were to be a part of this group. ● And if *you* don't smoke, your children are less likely to take up the habit. ▽

Q&A

Reassessing fat . . . evaluating a health club

I exercise and keep my weight down but still feel a layer of fat when I pinch my skin. What *more* can I do?

Nothing. "Some body fat is natural and necessary," says Gerald Bernstein, M.D., associate clinical professor of medicine, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, NYC. "Without enough body fat, you can become lethargic, weak, more vulnerable to medical problems.

"Fat insulates the body and keeps body temperature stable. It cushions and protects your muscles, bones from stress." And, most experts agree that it's better to weigh a little over than under ideal weight, as body fat provides reserve energy in the event of long-term illness.

"In women, body fat acts to regulate hormone levels, one reason men lack the layer of fat that gives a woman's body its smoothness," says Dr. Bernstein. "When a woman's body-fat percentage falls below about 18 percent (20 to 25 percent is normal), her hormone level may drop to a preadolescent stage, interrupting menstruation until body-fat percent elevates."

For these reasons, a *moderate* amount of body fat can keep you healthy, energetic, free from injury.

There are so many fitness clubs and exercise studios to choose from, how do I know what's a *good* one, that it's safe, that its teachers are qualified?

Whether you're considering joining a full-service health club or small dance studio, the most important factors to examine are staff and facilities.

The New York Heart Association Committee on Exercise recommends choosing a facility in which the instructors are required to hold degrees in physical education or exercise physiology, and in which there is ample space to get regular *aerobic* exercise, not just to stretch and lift weights. Be wary of any place that promises instant results; getting into shape is a *gradual* process.

"Before signing up, ask for complimentary passes to participate in programs at various studios that interest you. Go at the time of day when you would usually attend to judge how crowded it is, how much attention you receive. Even an experienced athlete requires supervision," says fitness consultant John Dietrich, president, American International Health Industries.

"Other questions to ask: Do you need a fitness evaluation before you join? Do instructors receive continuing education seminars, CPR and first-aid training? Are they planning to participate in the new American College of Sports Medicine fitness instructor certification program? Does your membership fee include the use of *all* the facilities—or are there 'add-on costs' for such activities as playing racquetball or squash or getting a massage? Can you 'freeze' your membership while out of town? Or does the facility have a reciprocal membership agreement with similar clubs in other cities? Is there a special price for couples or families who join the club together?

"Most important, do you like the look of the club, its cleanliness (including storage/dressing facilities), and its other members enough to make it your fitness home-away-from-home at least three times a week? If not, look elsewhere." ▽

it's time we took arthritis seriously

It's a myth that arthritis is just the minor aches and pains of old age. It's a major crippler that attacks. Anybody. Anytime. 31 million Americans have it. There are almost a million new cases a year. And six out of ten are under 60. Symptoms can come and go for years. So if you don't know the warning signals, find out. If you'd like information that could help you—or you'd like to help us—write to the Arthritis Foundation, Box 19000, Atlanta, GA 30326.

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"A SORT OF SPEECH"

(Continued from page 571)

products suffered because of the producers.

This family, to which many families looked up without reluctance, displayed a pompous falling short.

No pen can describe the sighs they heaved together.

Folly upon folly was committed.

What use is the most dazzling scenery?

The father knew no peace till he could say: "One darn thing after another!"

All the members of the family longed to be constantly wept over; the daughters found their language instructor bewitching.

Meanwhile, a book had been through many too many editions, a book which had the virtue of being nicely written. The book had melody.

The family we are speaking of had melody too.

There was a Mediterranean island in it, where the best opportunities for perceiving realities were dreamed away.

Still to this day it lies there, witness of a disinclination to wash oneself spiritually, in the proper way.

But they all wore fitting clothes and were virtuosos of dissatisfaction.

And then she who bore the responsibility might step forward and say to her son: "I command you to suffer!"

He laughed at her.

She says: "Get out of my sight!"—but wishes inwardly for him not to obey, she wrestles laboriously with her composure.

She feels guilty and innocent.

She blames the times.

"Tell me all! Vindicate yourself!"

He quietly replies: "All this longing to cast off the shackles, to despise what the surrounding world imposes upon you, isn't this what you're injecting into me? What you prohibit me from doing you should also deny yourself," and softly he adds: "Unbridled woman!"

Whereupon she has a scene with her husband.

If I felt talkative I'd repeat the reproaches she brought against him.

Her words slapped his face.

She says: "Get out of my sight!"—but wishes inwardly for him not to obey, she wrestles laboriously with her composure

He thought it was very imposing to listen to her respectfully.

But his graciousness was for her a martyrdom.

Perhaps one can say that tact is the point from which powerlessness spreads more and more into the male world.

Defense to the last gasp seems to be not shrewd. If a man is shrewd, if he is conciliatory, relenting, submissive, the bonds are not torn, of course, but they still hang from him, more like threads, I mean as far as order is concerned, and women have won nothing, if one lets them win, although they tell themselves otherwise.

So he always eluded her, politely.

A reckless answer would have hurt her.

Together, by their fleeing from one another, they poisoned the atmosphere.

What kind of people am I thinking of, as I say this?

Of me, of you, of all our theatrical little dominations, of the freedoms that are none, of the unfreedoms that are not taken seriously, of these destroyers who never pass up a chance for a joke, of the people who are desolate?

Well, I could go around from person to person, letting each say some new thing, new but also old.

For they constantly repeated themselves. Each had his own sort of *idée fixe.*

And, in the theaters, plays were being performed that wearied the spectators' souls, made them rebellious and perverse, cringing, and eager for war.

Should one speak out or be silent?

[1925]

"NERVOUS"

(Continued from page 570)

illuminating. It dawns on me that I have grouches, that I am a little nervous, but it dawns on me in equal measure that I am cold-blooded, which makes me uncommonly glad, and that I am blithe in spirit, although I am aging a little, crumbling and fading, which is quite natural and something I therefore understand very well. "You are nervous," someone might come up to me and say. "Yes, I am uncommonly nervous," would be my reply, and secretly I would laugh at the big lie. "We are all a little nervous," I would perhaps say, and laugh at the big truth. If a person can still laugh, he is not yet entirely nervous; if a person can accept a truth, he is not yet entirely nervous; anyone who can keep calm when he hears of some distress is not yet entirely nervous. Or if someone came up to me and said: "Oh, you are totally nervous," then quite simply I would reply in nice polite terms: "Oh, I am totally nervous, I know I am." And the matter would be closed. Grouches, grouches, one must have them, and one must have the courage to live with them. That's the nicest way to live. Nobody should be afraid of his little bit of weirdness. Fear is altogether foolish. "You are very nervous!"

"Yes, come by all means and calmly tell me so! Thank you!"

That, or something like it, is what I'd say, having my gentle and courteous bit of fun. Let man be courteous, warm and kind, and if someone tells him he's totally nervous, still there's no need at all for him to believe it. [1916]

ROBERT WALSER

(Continued from page 571)

wisdom as a kind of shy, valiant loquacity.

The moral core of Walser's art is the refusal of power; of domination. I'm ordinary—that is, nobody—declares the characteristic Walser persona. In "Flower Days" (1911), Walser evokes the race of "odd people, who lack character," who don't want to do anything. The recurrent "I" of Walser's prose is the opposite of the egotist's: it is that of someone "drowning in obedience." One knows about the repugnance Walser felt for success—the prodigious spread of failure that was his life. In "Kienast" (1917), Walser describes "a man who wanted nothing to do with anything." This non-doer was, of course, a proud, stupendously productive writer, who secreted work, much of it written in his astonishing micro-script, without pause. What Walser says about inaction, renunciation of effort, effortlessness is a program, an anti-romantic one, of the artist's activity. In "A Little Ramble" (1914), he observes: "We don't need to see anything out of the ordinary. We already see so much."

Walser often writes from the point of view of a casualty, of the romantic visionary imagination. "Kleist in Thun" (1913), both self-portrait and authoritative tour of the mental landscape of suicide-destined romantic genius, depicts the precipice on the edge of which Walser lived. The last paragraph, with its excruciating modulations, seals an account of mental ruin as grand as anything I know in literature. But most of his stories and sketches bring consciousness back from the brink. He is just having his "gentle and courteous bit of fun," Walser can assure us, in "Nervous" (1916), speaking in the first person. "Grouches, grouches, one must have them, and one must have the courage to live with them. That's the nicest way to live. Nobody should be afraid of his little bit of weirdness." The longest of the stories, "The Walk" (1917), identifies walking with a lyrical mobility and detachment of temperament, with the "raptures of freedom"; darkness arrives only at the end.

Walser's art assumes depression and terror, in order (mostly) to accept it—ironize over it, lighten it. These are gleeful as well as rueful soliloquies about the relation to gravity, in both senses, physical and characterological, of that word: anti-gravity writing, in praise of movement and sloughing off, weightlessness; portraits of consciousness walking about in the world, enjoying its "morsel of life," radiant with despair.

In Walser's fictions one is (as in so much of modern art) always inside a head, but this universe—and this despair—is anything but solipsistic. It is charged with compassion: awareness of the creatureliness of life, of the fellowship of sadness. "What kind of people am I thinking of?" Walser's voice asks in "A Sort of Speech" (1925). "Of me, of you, of all our theatrical little dominations, of the freedoms that are none, of the unfreedoms that are not taken seriously, of these destroyers who never pass up a chance for a joke, of the people who are desolate?" That question mark at the end of the answer is a typical Walser courtesy. Walser's virtues are those of the most mature, most civilized art. He is a truly wonderful, heartbreaking writer. ▽

LIVING FIT: IT WORKS

(Continued from page 553)

intently and using a lot of energy, we may be unconscious of the fact that we are not taking time to take a deep breath, as simple a thing as that.

Whether it's mental or physical, we forget to stop to give ourselves a little rest space. The body has to have time to recover and will function better if we have that.

Dr. Cooper: It's very important that we don't play down the role of rest in well-being. We've mentioned five things so far—we should include a sixth, which is the periodic health examination—and a seventh, proper rest. Unless you are getting seven to eight hours of sleep a night, you are not getting enough rest.

In an attempt to have more energy, you can run a good thing into the ground. We are beginning to see people who think that "I have to get my miles in, I've got to get my exercise in, even though I got in at 3 o'clock in the morning" . . . "If I can lose ten pounds, twenty pounds is going to be better." And these people start breaking down. It's even reached a point where some are succumbing to what is called a "nutritional arrhythmia," the end product of too much dieting and exercise.

This fitness attitude can become an obsession that does you much more harm than good. For example, if you run more than three miles five days a week, or do the non-running equivalent, you are running for something other than fitness.

Mr. Beck: One stress we don't even realize is physical stress in the workplace. Glare from video display units causes people stress. Chairs that aren't designed for humans but are designed to stack. Stresses that may not cause serious harm but, added up, make people less productive because they don't feel as good as they should.

Q: How do we fit fitness into our busy lives?

Ms. De Varona: What we really have to do, and it's easy to say and hard to do, is to decide to do it. We must decide to get up at seven in the morning three times a week and get our exercise in. If you have a hard time doing it on your own, sign up for a class, join an aquatic program, participate in an aerobic dancing class, or choose something else that's fun for you. I know once I sign up for an exercise class and start it, I then say to myself, "Why haven't I done this all week?" but sometimes we are victims of old habits. We have to find ways to trick ourselves out of them to establish a new rhythm and an exercise pattern.

I think motivation is a question of really believing that if you do start to exercise, you are going to start to feel different about yourself.

Dr. De Rosis: How to fit fitness in is a particular problem for women. It's only been the last ten years or so that women have become conscious of the need for physical fitness. The reason that women don't get to it as much as they might is that they don't schedule exercise the way the men have always scheduled it. Like anything else, fitness has to be given time. For women who are married, who have children, there's always something that has to be done for somebody else. And you all know how difficult it is for women to put themselves first. I think we have to urge women to schedule time around physical fitness programming.

Dr. Wynder: I don't want women to feel that everybody has to be an Olympic champion in order to get results from exercise. For every jogger I see from my window, there are fifty-thousand New Yorkers who are still lying in the sack thinking about jogging. And we as a nation are not a very exercising lot.

I once went for a walk on the beach in autumn and encountered five people, all sitting; the only ones running were two dogs chasing one another—no wonder dogs don't get heart attacks. But the point is that everybody can do brisk walking. If you walk briskly, you can get an aerobic response, spend calories, lose weight. Ken, could you comment on the value of brisk walking?

Dr. Cooper: Walking, without question, is one of the primary progressive exercise programs, because it is something almost any person can do safely and effectively. The only disadvantage: it takes about three times as long to get the same aerobic benefits from walking as from running. [See *How to Start*, page 552.]

Q: We keep hearing that ideal weight is being revised upward: how do we determine what's our ideal weight?

Dr. Blackburn: It is true that we are going to have about 7 percent increase in ideal weights in the new Metropolitan Life Insurance table. The point is that there isn't a single weight per height for all of us to achieve—there is a lot of flexibility: a minimum of ten pounds over ideal weight is not a health risk, and most of us believe there's twenty pounds leeway above that. To go *under* ideal weight, particularly in excess of 10 percent, will seriously jeopardize your health, and any non-volitional ten-pound weight loss requires medical evaluation.

We definitely want to get off this "size-six" mentality and realize that a little fat reserve is desirable and is okay if your weight is slightly above "ideal." But beyond twenty pounds overweight, we blow the whistle, because then suddenly you are what we start calling obese. And obesity is a disease, a terrible health hazard. If you have to have elective surgery, you can triple the risk; there's increased frequency of cancer, of heart disease.

There is a safe range of weight for each of us. Let's allow people to get up to "size ten," and not worry too much when they get to "twelve."

Dr. Wynder: The key thing about weight is not so much the weight itself but the kind of calories that makes this weight happen, so that obesity in women who have high fat intake puts them more at risk for disease than those who eat carbohydrates.

I think other risk factors under our control are more important than weight. We come back to smoking and drinking because so many women in this country today oversmoke, and there is an increasing number of alcoholics in our female population.

Dr. Cooper: I think we'll one day reach a point in this country where we will be able to give all of our patients their ideal weight based on percentage of body fat. From the percentage of body fat, we can give people guidelines as to

(Continued on page 602)

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LIVING FIT: IT WORKS

(Continued from page 601)

whether they should lose or gain weight.

Q: Receiving so much medical news from so many sources, how can we protect ourselves from misinformation? How do we know what to believe and from whom?

Dr. Blackburn: We are going to have to be more intelligent about where we get our information. I make a plea for credibility based on science and scientific licensing.

Dr. Cooper: The key to successful preventive medicine must consist of proper evaluation, proper education, and proper motivation. But the individual has the responsibility himself to become properly educated in this field.

Q: What will provide the motivation to do all these things that we should be doing?

Dr. Albright: There is nothing like feeling good to make us feel good.

As a surgeon, it alarms me sometimes when I realize that so much of what we see is preventable, and I think that's something that people in medicine are just realizing now, are willing to say is scientifically proved, is that happiness and laughter are the best medicines, that they do affect how our bodies work, how healthy we are.

Again and again I have seen patients who recognize that something has to give, that sickness is what forces them to stop and build back their reserves, that they must go at their own health in a different way. But very often they don't, and you can almost predict when they're going to be sick again.

Now that we are conscious of the fact that we can prevent this cycle, we can find a way to break it. Motivation is one of the hardest things; but a taste of what it's like to feel good, I think, is the best motivation.

Dr. Cooper: Don't try to bite off too much at once. I've learned over the years that if I tell a patient in one counseling session, "I want you to stop drinking, stop smoking, lose weight, and start exercising," I'll never see him again. So I say, "You've got multiple problems, we are going to take them one at a time." If you overwhelm people, you won't achieve success. I've had hundreds of letters from people telling me that they couldn't break the cigarette habit or control alcohol until *they started exercising*. So start slowly. And remember, the older you are the longer it takes to get fit, and the faster you lose it . . . [More on fitness and age in *Fit for Life*, page 553.]

Dr. Blackburn: I think you have to be competitive, that's the nature of Americans, whether it's with yourself, or someone else. If you truly want to move from the awareness of fitness to making it successful, and you want your motivation to be effective, then you are going to have to put pen to paper, and keep a written record of what you are doing—monitor your objective accomplishments of better fitness, *e.g.*, lowering cholesterol or blood pressure. Motivation teaching has a meaningful objective goal. Our motto is one day at a time. All I ask you to do is to get started.

Mr. Beck: First of all, avoid a single prescription for everybody. You can't legislate good health. And don't pontificate. What you really need to do is take the self-starters and support them, create the right environment for them. What we are finding out is that it's infectious, it sounds funny to say about health but it's infectious.

Dr. De Rosis: The problem is one of discouragement, we have to go slowly, taking into account the needs of each person. Find something that is compatible with the style of the individual. I use the health, the *wellness* of a person to get her motivated to become healthier, because essentially everyone cures herself.

Ms. De Varona: You can't expect too much. When I overload myself with goals and I don't get to the end of the list, I'm very disappointed. But none of us is perfect. We should have creative fun being healthy and fit and allow ourselves to go to experts to help us.

Q: What is the corporate or government responsibility in promoting health and fitness?

Mr. Beck: I would not promote building fitness Taj Mahals. A few large corporations can build three-million-dollar fitness centers, but most businesses can't. As successful as IBM is, we designed ours around community facilities.

A corporation should not segregate people. It's true that executives are a valuable commodity and you want to do everything you can to protect them—you have a heck of an investment there—but involving all the employees, the families, particularly the children, that's where the long-lasting results come.

Dr. Wynder: To be a healthier society, we need a mandatory school health education program with appropriate funding and evaluation in all of the schools in this country. The health education program in American schools is one of the worst compared with those of other industrialized nations. The American Health Foundation's "Know Your Body" program teaches children, when they are six years old, about cholesterol and blood pressure, and let me tell you, children at six years old are very eager to learn about the function of their bodies.

If we want to make ours a healthier nation, we must, in addition to paying attention to ourselves, pay attention to our children. The health of our children really ought to be one of the top priorities of a rich country like ours.

Dr. De Rosis: A physical fitness program should be an established part of any health program that an institution maintains, school or work place, not an *extra* destined to be cut as soon as budgets become lean. For when fitness does become a fixed part of a program, it pays its way manyfold in terms of prevention of physical illnesses or incapacitating symptoms of emotional disturbances.

Our motto is one day at a time. All we ask you to do is to get started

Ideal programs are costly, however, and often unrealistic; but it's not necessary to think only in terms of ideal or nothing. I want to underscore the importance of *any* fitness program that is compatible with the monetary and physical limits of a particular school, government agency, or business. We have to be willing to work with whatever is available, in terms of equipment, personnel, space, imagination, good sense, and good humor. Together with a spirit of voluntarism and self help, we can go far toward establishing realistic, useful fitness programs.

Planning leadership can be assumed by a principal or classroom teacher if there is no school gym teacher or coach, by the manager in business, by department heads in government. Space can usually be found, if one is not too fussy. Time is taken from something else which might then be made up through improved productivity by a person who feels good enough to accelerate her output.

Clearly, the feeling of well-being, derived from fitness, has a strong ripple effect. It can create a new sense of optimism, lead to a viewing of previously overlooked possibilities.

Q: Is it ever too late to begin?

All: Never. It all pays off from the day you start. ▽

THE WITCH . . .

(Continued from page 561)

housewife as witch in Anne Sexton's haunting poem, "Her Kind."

Her Kind

I have gone out, a possessed witch,
haunting the black air, braver at night;
dreaming evil, I have done my hitch
over the plain houses, light by light;
lonely thing, twelve-fingered, out of mind.
A woman like that is not a woman, quite.
I have been her kind.

I have found the warm caves in the woods,
filled them with skillets, carvings, shelves,
closets, silks, innumerable goods;
fixed the suppers for the worms and the elves;
whining, rearranging the disaligned.
A woman like that is misunderstood.
I have been her kind.

I have ridden in your cart, driver,
waved my nude arms at villages going by,
learning the last bright routes, survivor
where your flames shall bite my thigh
and my ribs crack where your wheels wind.
A woman like that is not ashamed to die.
I have been her kind.

We find her transformed into a Christian goddess in the Virgin Mary, where she becomes woman cleansed of genital sexuality, giving birth parthenogenically, and therefore pure (as sexual woman is, implicitly, impure).

The amount of damage that has been done to women by the assumption that their sexuality constitutes "impurity" is incalculable. Even today, we all labor (both literally and figuratively) under the legacy of this assumption. The current battle over whether women should control their own reproduction—the so-called, but misnamed, Right-to-Life Movement—partakes of this assumption of female sexual sinfulness. In a more just world, there could be no doubt that those who bear and raise children should decide when and whether to have them. In fact the oppression of women (of which the history of witch-persecutions is only an aspect) owes largely to the need of men, by nature's own idiosyncracies uncertain of their paternity, to keep women in thrall so as to legally possess their offspring.

For centuries the fear of being thought a witch was a powerful means of social control, a means of keeping assertive women in their places through sheer terror. When the witch-craze died out (in the late seventeenth, early eighteenth century), a new form of male patriarchal social control replaced it: the ideal of romantic love. For truly there is nothing to compel a woman to grant a man paternity of her child except the love, the identification, and the submission she voluntarily cedes to him. Without romantic love, without the lush romantic feelings implied in the simple phrase, "father of my child," there would be no way for men to surely know their offspring as their own—and no way, therefore, for them to hold women hostage through their children.

When patriarchy was at its most virulent, the threat of the accusation of sorcery—which could mean immediate torture and burning—kept women healers and herbalists in their places (well below the male medical establishment), and it also kept powerful women from asserting their power too overtly. Women who transgressed these rules often met sorry fates. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake for her unparalleled service to her country. Dame Alice Kyteler, the fourteenth-century Irish heiress accused of witchcraft, fled to England, leaving her lands and wealth behind. It seems clear that the very *threat* of the accusation of witchcraft was used for centuries to keep women "properly" submissive and fearful. Though most of the punished "witches" were neither propertied nor powerful, the constant reminder of what patriarchal power could do to uppity, solitary, or rebellious women must have gone a long way toward keeping the mass of women in their place. Obviously the *idea* of the witch exercised a form of social constraint. The apparent randomness of the accusation, together with the ferocity with which punishment could strike, doubtless helped to intimidate many women.

Witchcraft, then, served many purposes. It was a way of projecting the evils of society outward and seeming to expunge them, a way of intimidating women, a way of keeping health care in the hands of upper-class males, and a way of preserving ecclesiastical power in times of social unrest. Whether it had *originally* represented an ancient fertility cult or not, it came in time to have so many other *secondary* uses that society could hardly get by without it.

What do we have today to take its place?

This is an important question because we would be wrong to assume that the attitudes that created the witch-hunts of the past are now safely behind us. Women's sexuality is still seen as a legitimate political battleground (while men's sexuality, obviously, is not). If legislators see no wrong in decreeing that poor women cannot control their own reproduction (I refer, of course, to the federal government's refusal to allow Medicaid abortions) we still have a society in which women's bodies are not beyond the reach of the state's awesome powers. While we no longer apply thumb screws, we are still torturing women in very physical ways. Now, we torture them more selectively. Should the Right-to-Lifers prevail, poor women will once again suffer kitchen-table abortions, while the rich will pay fancy doctors (or fly to countries where abortions are legal). But the basic *principle*—that a woman's body belongs to the state—will go unchallenged.

The witch is important in understanding this current problem because the witch embodies all the female archetypes our culture is heir to. She is at once Mother-Goddess, and Moon-Goddess, Muse, Goddess of Earth and soil and fecundity, as well as woman as controller of her own reproductive destiny and as healer. As long as we see woman's unparalleled life-giving powers as sinful, evil, and needful of legislative intervention, we will be in danger of renewed witch-hunts—witch-hunts in the illegal abortionist's office, witch-hunts that will doom generations of women and children to grinding poverty and hopelessness.

What a falling off there has been from the witch's great, great, great ancestress, the Mother Goddess, embodied in Isis, Astarte, Ishtar, Inanna, and Aphrodite! In these ancient goddesses all the positive side of womanliness was expressed: her connection with the psychic world, with healing, with birthing, with bringing forth the fruits of the earth, with the life-giving energies healthy sexuality releases. That we have demoted this great goddess to a warty old crone only bespeaks our society's terror of women. It also bespeaks our terror of aging—more terrifying, as usual, in women than in men.

As an antidote to *(Continued on page 604)*

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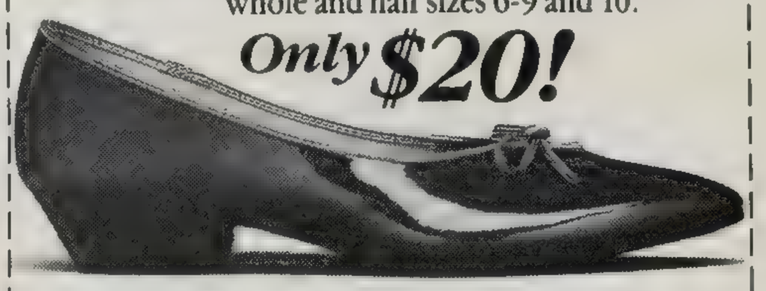

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THE WITCH . . .

(Continued from page 603)

nine Christian centuries of brainwashing about woman's sexual sinfulness, we should go back and look at the great Mother Goddess as the ancients saw her. She was the life-giver, the force that pushed plants to sunlight and babies into the world. She was also the force that drove men and women to desire new life. Surely she was fearsome—because whoever controls life also controls death—so her embrace could kill as well as cure. But in her we had a more positive image of woman than we have had for many centuries since, and she remains an inspiration.

Standing over my daughter's bed at night, I confess I pray to the Great Mother. I ask Her to bless my daughter and make her strong and self-reliant—even independent of me, when the time comes. I suspect that many mothers of daughters secretly do the same. Covert goddess-worshippers, we all must feel a little silly for praying to this ancient deity, so forgotten and neglected, in our nuclear-armed, patriarchal world. Yet she still lurks in our midst, or hovers over all—like Gerard Manley Hopkins' image of the Holy Ghost ("with—ah—bright wings"). She is waiting for us to recognize Her again, to choose life for our planet rather than death. Let us hope She prevails.

To the Goddess

Goddess, I come to you
my neck wreathed with rosebuds,
my head filled with visions of infants,
my palms open to your silver nails,
my eyes open to your rays
of illumination,
my vagina & my womb gaping
to be filled by your radiance. . .
O goddess, I would be a worthy vessel.

Impermanence—all is impermanence.
The cock rises to fall again;
the woman fills only to empty
in a convulsion that shakes the world;
the poet grows to become a voice
only to lose that voice when death takes her.
A stroke cancels her upon the page—
& yet I open her book & a chill wind
blows from eternity.

Goddess, I come to you
wreathed in tears, in losses, in whistling winds.
I wrap the witch's herbs around my neck
to ward off the impermanence that is
our common fate.

The herbs dry & crumble,
as my face grows the map of my
anxieties,
& my daughter leaps up like a vine
twining around the trellis
of impermanence.

O goddess, teach me to praise loss,
death & the passing of all things—
for from this flux
I know your blessings flow.

Erica Jong *is author of "Witches," to be published in paperback this month by New American Library/Plume.*

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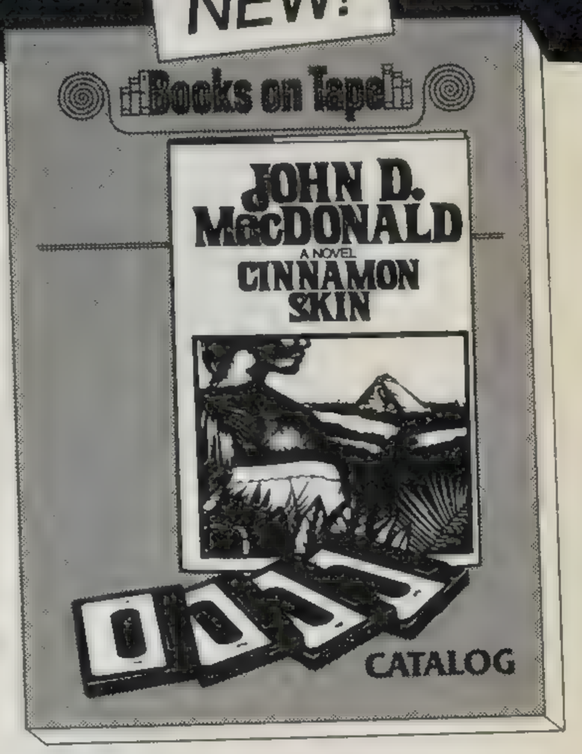

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DEEP SPACE

(Continued from page 558)

characters, or even continuity in the new breed of science-fiction film is to be frustrated. Because the content of these films does not emanate from a literary culture but from a post-literate (or perhaps more precisely a non-literate) sensibility, their focus is not on the story but on imagery, on an optical jolt rather than on emotional empathy. Short-circuiting the brain, they address themselves directly to primary, instinctual "gut" reactions provoked by physical fears and physical experiences. Taking up where the old Westerns left off, they base their appeal on the universal raw material of popular art throughout the ages: melodrama, violence, and the fundamental conflict of good versus evil.

A simplistic story line, inevitably reducible to White Hats versus Black Hats, is a necessity in films designed for mass consumption. This anti-psychological bias, which is part of the definition of mass entertainment, is not necessarily anti-art, although it is certainly anti-literary. Moreover, although it might seem that the vogue for science-fiction movies is a result of the popularization of science, these fantasy films have little to do with science, but a lot to do with art. Their essence is an atmosphere, a sensation—an allover impression more like the effect of a work of visual art than what film has been during the period when it has aspired to become literature, or even more pointlessly, psychoanalytic introspection.

The critical reception of *Tron* is a case in point of invalid literary criteria being applied to damn a film that is fundamentally mindless but visually stunning and highly imaginative. Produced by the fabled Disney Studios, *Tron* was attacked by a West Coast securities analyst so miffed by absence of a consistent story line that he caused Wall Street to dump Disney stock. Many film critics, listening to the dumb dialogue and put off by the abrupt disjunctions between fantasy and reality, judged *Tron* by the same academic, literary standards as the stockbroker: both the genuine originality as well as the point of the movie, which is centered around how things look, not what they mean, were thus not registered.

Tron is a fascinating film from many points of view. For one thing, it represents the most sophisticated synthesis to date of avant-garde experiments in animation made by West Coast filmmakers like Bruce Baillie and Pat O'Neill, video artists like Nam June Paik and Ed Emshwiller, and painters like Miriam Schapiro and Harold Cohen, who in the late 'sixties began working with computer-generated images that turned drawings into three-dimensional spatial imagery at the University of California, San Diego, within a stone's throw of the film schools where the current crop of directors and technicians were trained.

It was probably inevitable that *Tron* should come from Disney. The relationship of the Disney Studios to California art has been more intimate than most West Coast artists, eager to be perceived as fine, not commercial, artists, might care to have known. In many respects, California art education is a product of the taste and needs of Walt Disney, who had a long-time association with the Chouinard Art School where many leading California painters and sculptors, such as Ed Ruscha, John Altoon, and Robert Irwin, were educated; and Disney-style animation, especially the biomorphic, surrealist-inspired mutating forms of Disney's most radical film, the virtually abstract *Fantasia*, is the basis for much of the imagery of the so-called Los Angeles School. In 1966, Disney left an enormous endowment to Chouinard, which by then had merged with the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music to become the California Institute of the Arts. The scene of many a counterculture insurrection in the 'sixties, "Cal Arts," as the school is familiarly known, became everything that Walt Disney detested: a center of far-out experiments with drugs, new technologies, and various counterculture ideologies.

With its psychedelic color scheme, campy ironic dialogue, and breathtaking visual effects that draw on various forms of illusionistic Op Art, including the sophisticated combinations of two- and three-point perspective and projective geometry utilized by painters Ron Davis and Al Held, *Tron* is the logical product of Cal Arts. Indeed, Disney intended the school to be the breeding ground for future animators for his studio, although *Tron* may not be what Disney had in mind.

Tron represents the intersection of the "inner space" subject-object confusion induced by psychedelic hallucination, state-of-the-art technology, avant-garde film animation, and the recent reintroduction of space into abstract art. In its complexity and visual sophistication, *Tron* is more than just the *Fantasia* of the 'eighties; it is a breakthrough in popular art. It is a delightful "trip," more exhilarating than any Disneyland ride; however, it would be foolish to think it *means* anything at all.

Like all truly popular art, *Tron* is totally involving, immediately gratifying, and an expression of a collective wish fulfillment. The wish it fulfills is the possibility of escaping from the present, from the constraints of a claustrophobic society where aggression must be inhibited, action seems limited, and space is so scarce that we look to the overcrowded Japanese for solutions to our design problems.

In this context, the appeal of all outer-space fantasies is their ability to simulate an experience of freedom of motion, of the physically expansive and primitive aggressive responses that the realities of contemporary society are making increasingly prohibitive. As economic and social stasis close down horizons of both mobility and imagination, the fantasies of exploration, conquest, and new frontiers in outer space are destined to become more popular. Indeed, it might be argued that we need them as an agent of catharsis—another specific function of all popular arts.

In my mind, there is no question that the animators who created *Tron* and the various special effects of outer-space science-fiction films are not just better artists but more serious artists than the vast majority of untalented painters currently being packaged as an international avant-garde, who are nihilistically feeding perverse *Kitsch* imagery back into a culturally confused society.

Obscurantism and obliqueness create false categories of knowledge by making the masses feel ignorant and hence inferior. In the past, deliberate obscurantism masquerading as significance was quickly detected. One can even remember the time when "pseudo-intellectual" was an effective pejorative. When movies like *Tron*, *Star Wars*, and *E.T.* begin to reclaim for film its historic role as the last genuinely popular art form, one feels a sense of possibility and of expanding horizons that reflects the limitlessness of outer space itself. ▽

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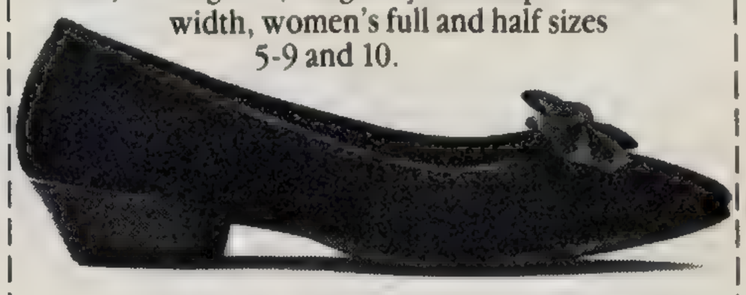

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Gridlock—a fable for our time

What will happen when people become too busy to meet?

BY ELIZABETH J. BLOCK

Time to set a date for the next meeting. All six dynamic, well-tailored participants whip out their pocket appointment books.

"I can't make it on Tuesdays anymore."

"Mondays are out for me."

"How about early Thursday evening?"

"I have a rehearsal."

"Jane, are you still taking that Wednesday course?"

"What do you mean? It just started."

"Well, how about another Sunday afternoon meeting? We did that once before."

"I just can't do it. It breaks up the whole day."

"Saturday morning? No, forget it."

"Look, there's got to be a time. How about a breakfast meeting? We could make it really fast."

General groans.

"Maybe I can make it Monday after all. I'll just be a little late."

"O.K., how about Monday the 14th at 6:30?"

General assent. Then an anguished cry.

"Oh, no, I'll be out of town that week!"

The group never met again.

"I missed my own wedding," said one woman. "It was such a hectic week"

It had to happen sometime. Gridlock, the dread syndrome that had long menaced the city's intersections, now threatened the very structure of the social fabric. People were simply too busy to meet.

Soon romance began to suffer and, by implication, the perpetuation of the species.

"Sharon? Hi, this is George. Listen, I have two tickets for the Neo-Siberian Dance Theatre for tomorrow night. Can you make it? It's supposed to be terrific."

"Oh, George, I'd love to. But I'm tied up tomorrow."

"Well, I'd still like to see you. How about later in the week?"

"Friday I have to go to Atlanta and I don't know whether I'll get back that night. And Saturday's no good. Can you come to brunch on Sunday?"

"No, it's my kid's birthday. I have to lead an expedition to the aquarium." Pause. "How about next week? I'll take you to dinner on Tuesday."

"That sounds lovely. No, wait, I have a meeting at eight. Could we meet afterwards?"

"Well, I have a crack-of-dawn flight to Washington the next day. Can you do it Thursday?"

"No, that's my classical Tibetan temple-building class at The New School. Did I tell you about that? It's so much fun and afterwards the whole class goes out together for yak-butter tea. . . ."

The situation took its toll on the nerves. "I can't tell when I'm being rejected and when I'm simply being postponed," one young woman complained.

"There's a guy who always calls me up about eleven at night and says he just got home from work," another woman reported. "I can't tell if he's a legitimate workaholic or if he's just trying to use me."

Marriage and family life, already under stress, were tested even more severely. "We used to joke that we never saw each other," said one working mother. "But now it's true. I haven't seen him for months. Or the children either, for that matter. They're so busy with all their ballet classes and after-school sports and their music. But we each have a remote beeper for the answering machine and we try to leave a lot of messages for each other. It's nice to get a message and besides, it helps you remember the sound of their voices."

"I missed my own wedding," an assistant vice president said tearfully. "It was just such a hectic week." She is hoping to reschedule the event, she said.

Many people complained that sincerity was a thing of the past. "I'm so ashamed of ever admitting I'm free," a thirty-five-year-old accountant confessed to his therapist. "Sometimes I pretend I'm busy just to save face."

"We made a lot of lunch-type noises," a trade editor said, referring to a chance encounter with a former acquaintance. "But we both knew it didn't mean a thing."

As the situation deteriorated, behavioral scientists raced to supply an explanation. Working independently, since no two could agree on a common time, several scholars came up with a similar theory. "It's really a syndrome of noncontiguous chronological clusters," said Dr. E. Preamble Crimp of the University of Southern North Passaic. "You can think in terms of many semi-concentric circles in faster and faster motion. In lay terms, there's a lot of overload but not enough overlap."

Always before in human history, when the body politic showed signs of acute discomfort, a committee had been appointed to study the situation. Whether consisting of village elders or tribal chieftains or outside consultants or actual members of the community, never had a committee failed to convene. Until now. There was simply no way for such a committee to meet.

"I don't care if they meet at midnight," the mayor thundered into the telephone. "I want this city moving again! There's got to be a common time."

"I'll have to get back to you on that, sir."

The meeting was duly scheduled, for midnight in five years. But it had to be canceled after all. Something came up. ▽

DANCING IN SPACE

(Continued from page 560)

Daryl Hannah as Pris, the post-Marilyn punk; Edward James Olmos as Gaff, the Oriental cop who absentmindedly folds stray wisps of Kleenex into origami animals; Sean Young's novice passivity as pampered, inexperienced Rachael, who suddenly finds herself a fugitive; the mature self-possession of Joanna Cassidy as Zhora the fake-snake dancer: each personality, like Harrison Ford's well-known worried cool, registers as a solid unit. The constant tension between body parts and wholeness electrifies the movie. It makes the replicants' outbursts of superhuman power shocking, and gives the encounters between humans and replicants a physiological charge.

The body language circumvents psychology and arrives at stark, staring soul. Smoke drifts around the characters like their early memories—the lived childhood memories of humans, the programmed ones of the recently synthesized replicants. Is there a true difference? In the clouded hazel eyes of Harrison Ford and the transparent green ones of Rutger Hauer, as the rebel leader, there's equal astonishment at the experience of a lifetime—forty years, or four.

Blade Runner, for all its plate glass and futuristic police cars, is a warm movie asking you to seek out the textures of humanity. John Carpenter's *The Thing* is icy and perverse, sacrificing texture to one bare pattern of physical contrast. The men isolated on an Antarctic research outpost are body shapes muffled by beards and fur parkas; one of the sled-dog huskies has more personality—at least he's not wearing black wrap-around sunglasses. Carpenter sucks all the genetic information into one image—the Thing, a repulsive metamorphosing mess of glistening, churning innards and snatching tentacles that process victims into junior Things outwardly identical to huskies and men in parkas. Everybody is a fur-coated vessel waiting to be filled by the naked organs of what is feared. Carpenter gives a funny, beautiful form to paranoia as a kind of biological double vortex.

The Thing itself, designed by twenty-five-year-old Rob Bottin, is the rich creation of a human—if bizarre—imagination; there's nothing facile or mass-produced about it. Nor is there anything intrinsically anti-human about a computer. In *Tron,* the writer-director Steven Lisberger and a team of special-effects innovators give delightful physical form to the conceptual bond between human programmers and their computer. Jeff Bridges plays Kevin Flynn, the computer whiz who gets trapped inside the circuitry like a program, caught up in information wars and alliances dictated by the human "users" out at the terminals. Like the geriatrics' energy in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan,* Bridges' perennial-adolescent All-American wise-guy moves embody the thrill of scientific obsession. We go in like Flynn, loping across grids, racing fantastic flying information "bytes," playing killer jai alai against rival programs with laser frisbees.

Combining live actors and computer-generated imagery, *Tron* is both mathematical and sensuous. The programs are human bodies shaped by grey-lavender light, veined with serpentine coils of neon, and topped by actors' faces. When they recline and drink from a pool of glowing Gatorade-green energy, their coils

brighten; the poses suggest multiple Nijinskys in an electronic *Afternoon of a Faun.* In a movie where the dramatic climax is the liberation of information—with lights coming on across a geometric landscape like a reborn city—the kiss between Flynn the user and a lady program is the pure passion of ideas.

Computer, Thing, replicant—they're all projections of human ideas and feelings, yet have their own exotic properties, too. Discouragingly, the most beloved of these movies is the one that exacts the most empathy with the least informative nonhuman. *E.T.–The Extra-Terrestrial*'s little alien has been widely praised for seeming "so human." E.T. is a superior boy. (The villainous inquisitive scientists could probably have satisfied themselves by dissecting the boy Elliott.)

In a wonderful monologue, Elliott demonstrates human civilization to E.T. with a mind-boggling array of literal and symbolic objects: You put the money in the peanut—this is money—but you don't eat the peanut. . . . The child actor Henry Thomas, who improvised the scene, senses the crazy range of interspecies difference and seems eager to deal with it. But the script (by Melissa Mathison) channels him into a quaking psychophysical rapport with E.T.—a pressure-cooker lesson in beer drinking, terror, and compassion.

Spielberg's direction made bodies dance across the wide screen in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *1941.* His coercive style was balanced by his distractible curiosity. In the intimate, small-screen *E.T.,* he concentrates all that power like a laser, aiming with disproportionate force at your simple child-

Pet-like totem of human love—E.T.

hood emotions, as if they were armored. Maybe many people's are. But he wants in so he can program your metabolism with alternating doses of adrenalin and fairy dust, closing off avenues of curiosity. The outward-looking awe of *Close Encounters* turns in on itself, sentimentally enraptured by its own sensations.

An extra-terrestrial, however benign, would have plenty of strange news for us. Yet the filmmakers only want to hear from E.T. what they already know: that kindness is healing and good. They show nonhuman higher intelligence as a flat-footed phallus, a pet-like totem of human love.

The best Sci-Fi movies give you room to speculate, to volunteer responses. *2001* is still the measure. The famous cut from the ape's flung bone to the satellite in space has been called the greatest in movies, but it's just a tour de force until the subsequent subtle cut from outer space to the inside of the *Orion* cabin—to a ballpoint pen that has drifted from the hand of the dozing scientist and dances in mid-air, a miniature analogy to the flying bone and satellite, completing a triumvirate of human tools in evolution. When the stewardess walks slowly down the aisle toward us, reaches shakily for the pen, and plucks it from before our eyes to return it to the scientist, it's the whole history of written thought she tenderly tucks into his jacket pocket.

All this is Kubrick's idea, I think, but he lets me experience it as mine. To take part that way is what my love of Sci-Fi movies is about. User kisses program. ▽

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FEMINIZATION OF SCI-FI

(Continued from page 558)

It was just that no other choices were possible as long as 90 percent or more of the readers were young men.

Even in the late 1950s and early 1960s, when the sexual revolution was in its beginnings, science fiction lagged behind. Then came something new!

In the middle 1960s, *Star Trek* appeared on television. It was reasonably good science fiction, several giant steps beyond the *Flash Gordon* serials. It was not the first good science fiction to appear on the screen, to be sure. I need only mention *The Shape of Things To Come* and *2001* to make that point.

Star Trek, however, appeared *every week.* It built a steady audience and, as it turned out, a fanatical one. When the television moguls tried to end it after its first year, the outpouring of protest was one of the phenomena of the age. For once (and perhaps only that once), the front office was frightened by the sheer weight and force of popular anger into continuing a program they thought unprofitable.

Star Trek continued for three more seasons, has had nearly twenty years in reruns and given birth to two major motion pictures.

More important than those mere facts was this: For the first time, a piece of science fiction not only gained a mass following but gained one in which women made up a large percentage. For the first time!

Why was this? My own feeling is that the makers of *Star Trek,* Gene Roddenberry in particular, did their best to build human interest into the stories, and to give the characters distinct and developing personalities from week to week. And they had Mr. Spock!

Mr. Spock was a member of the superrational, nonemotional Vulcans (though he was half-human) who maintained his calm under all conditions. For some reason (I am not a woman and I will not attempt to pontificate about the nature of these reasons), this appealed to women. What's more, Mr. Spock had pointed ears and, for some reason, this, too, seemed to appeal to women.

In any case, when the time came that *Star Trek* conventions were held and thousands upon thousands of "Trekkies" swarmed to attend, half or more seemed, to my dazzled eyes, to be young women.

Those young women were ready for the next science-fiction phenomenon—*Star Wars.* It was no longer an audience that was predominantly male that filled the movie houses. The young women were there first in line, and were more pertinacious in seeing the movie again than the young men were.

Of all the tens of millions of viewers who sat before the television screens and flocked to the movie houses, merely tens of thousands turned aside to the printed media, but perhaps half of these were women.

Mr. Spock—the superrational, nonemotional, pointy-eared Vulcan on Star Trek—seemed to appeal to women

The result is that from 1965 on, we have seen the gradual feminization of the audience for printed science fiction. The readers of the science-fiction magazines and novels are women to an extent of 25 percent at the very least. I suspect that the percentage is now nearer the 40 percent mark.

This has introduced enormous changes. For one thing, it has brought a broader scope to the writing. To satisfy reader demand, the stories have to contain women as *people.*

Women writers have grown more prominent; Ursula K. LeGuin, Joanna Russ, Joan Vinge, and others are now in the top echelons. They write as women, with great sensitivity to the relationship of the sexes and to the influence of social milieu—something that women could not do earlier and that men rarely even had the impulse to do. As a result, the bang-bang garishness of the old days has greatly diminished (and, we can hope, forever).

Women are increasingly serving as editors of science-fiction magazines and books, so that Judy-Lynn del Rey and Shawna McCarthy (as examples) can help guide science fiction in the direction that the steadily increasing percentage of women readers makes reasonable.

In some ways, we would expect science fiction to be expanding its influence under any conditions, for we live today in an increasingly science-fictional world. We *have* nuclear bombs, laser-beam "death rays," computers, robots, spaceships, and landings on the Moon. Science fiction is what we expect of life and want to read. Stories about the "here and now" are worthless, for "here and now" is not what the true here and now is all about.

Yet if the science-fiction writers were producing the limping adventure tales of yesteryear, the increasing influence of women would be hampered and dampened. It is the feminization of science fiction that has broadened and deepened the field to the point where science-fiction novels can now appear on the bestseller lists. Frank Herbert, Robert Heinlein, and Anne McCaffrey have all made it; and Arthur C. Clarke's *2010: Odyssey Two*—the long-awaited sequel due in November—is a sure candidate for the future.

Both sexes, you will note, are benefitting. It's as I have always said: Liberate women—and men will be liberated as well. ▽

SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 546)

cosmetics industry plus help given to the cosmetics industry in general by the Cosmetic, Toiletry and Fragrance Association.

Early on, the CTFA faced the reality of government scrutiny—making a commitment to introduce self-regulation to the industry. As the outgoing chairman of the CTFA and chief executive officer of Noxell George Bunting put it, "Since Congress passed the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act in 1938 to protect the consumer from potential harm caused by, among other things, cosmetics, we can truthfully say we are the leaders in the field of industry self-regulation." (It is interesting to note a recent Roper report indicated the public wants *more,* not less, Food and Drug Administration regulation.) Many industry leaders believe that because the decision was made to "police" ("self-regulate") their own products, companies had to place a stronger emphasis on science, which has led to the many wonderful "breakthrough" products of today.

Next to the different "shape" of skin care, perhaps the biggest revolution has been the gradual addition of PABA sunscreen and other protective ingredients to bring about an entirely new kind of product, not formulated for beach life or vacations in the sun but to protect skin on a day-to-day basis—particularly since the Food and Drug Administration drew attention to the fact the sun *does* cause aging.

Chanel's Protective Series epitomizes this new thinking . . . "protecting skin not only from certain of the UVB or burning rays but from the nonburning and far more deadly rays responsible for skin-cell membrane damage, affecting skin's ability to reproduce cells properly, literally bringing about 'premature' aging," says Dr. Mausner. He goes on: "Realize that skin damage comes about not only from summer sunbathing but *unceasingly,* even in winter, during daylight hours when skin is subject to rays that have no warmth, yet can wound the dermis and epidermis if skin goes unprotected."

The sun does cause aging. . .

Because these sunscreen additives are relatively new, the question was raised in *Product Marketing Report:* "When does a product cease being a cosmetic and become a drug?"

According to James Long, former assistant general counsel to the CTFA, the federal government classifies products on the basis of product *claims,* not ingredients. "This means a product sold for tan-promoting purposes is treated by the authorities as a cosmetic, even if it contains an 'active' sunscreen like PABA. Should that same product make a claim that it retards aging or prevents burns," he states, "then it would be considered a drug."

The protective ingredients that absorb the potentially harmful ultraviolet rays—which *can* alter skin's structure—are "active" ingredients. Therefore, at the moment, the legal status of popular sunscreens is preliminary, with only unofficial approval following a medical panel's report to evaluate the safety and effectiveness of all products containing sunscreens and making drug claims.

What does this really mean?

With eleven billion dollars spent on cosmetics last year and only the food industry surpassing cosmetics in the number of units sold, it can mean we are moving closer to an age of products with "active" ingredients that "actively" can help us to "weather" the years and our environment beautifully.

A wrinkle-free society?

Perhaps . . . providing no promises (or claims) are made. ▽

POSITIVE CHANGE/HAIR

(Continued from page 554)

er lengths as well). Overblown volume, unkempt fullness, the permed frizz of seasons past look out of date. In their place, hair with real line . . . no matter what the length.

Along with the change in length, with added finish, there's a difference in shape—which is built in, now, to a good cut. "Hair today should maintain its shape under any circumstance, cut so well it's as beautiful soaking-wet as it is dry," says stylist Rick Gillette. And, he added, hair doesn't have to "frame" the face. Most of the best-working, best-looking cuts are brushed off the face and forehead, often with sides pushed back as well.

Moderately short hair is long enough to accommodate a "lift" on top . . . and to accommodate change. Often, too, there's a surprise element of interest in the front: the lift of longer layers, a tuft, a top curl, the softness making these newer cuts more flattering to more faces. The interest could also be two different textures, straight and wavy, worked out on the same head . . . or a soft curliness on the top layer of hair only.

Another factor: a luxuriant aspect—is apparent in the two looks on pages 554-555 by John Sahag. "These cuts have definite line, soft but defined shape, with the top and sides harmonizing with each other," he said. And, a cut like this also has an especially easy maintenance level—time, today, being a more-than-vital consideration. This is a cut you can wash, just blow-dry, even finger-dry.

There's no question that the move toward shorter hair, "controlled" in shape, is a natural evolution of the fashion season: hair that clears the collar (or the shoulder) is more in tune with clothes that are equally cleaned-up, sharp, defined. A testimony to that: the growing acceptance of short or shorter hair among photography models . . . by now a noticeable trend. Often reluctant to part with past-shoulder-length hair, many are realizing that fashion today "needs" less hair in terms of length (and more in terms of line)—going for cuts that skim the shoulder, for jaw-length variations or shorter. Noteworthy examples: models Kelly LeBrock, Anette Stai, Karina Gomez, Carey Lowell, Nancy Donahue.

For those who remain undecided, or whose hair simply doesn't work for this kind of look, there are options. "Some women want a subtle hair change," commented Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. "For them, there's a transitional long/short type of cut: the top and sides are cut into shorter layers, the back is left longer. It gives the option of having the hair look long, or, when part of it is pulled back, look short." A cut like this can give a woman time to decide if she wants—or looks good in—shorter hair.

For women who prefer longer hair, the key words are "control" and "finish." There's "control" in a simple, brushed-back ponytail, up and off the neck . . . "finish" in a clean blunt cut tucked behind the ears.

The news—the change—for evening? Hair that doesn't change too much, that moves effortlessly from AM to PM . . . more a difference in attitude than a change in style. The most attractive looks: emphatically not "done." Instead, hair is embellished with small changes that turn it from day to evening—*e.g.*, pulling out a soft top strand, adding another texture (simply—quickly—with a curling iron or hot rollers), switching the part or direction of the hair. Curl can add the charm you want this season; but when you're dealing with curl, an all-over softness works best, never anything too tight.

Changes in color

First, the news of *healthier* color. Rarely now does one see double-process coloring—a positive change and a positive outgrowth of the interest in better hair through better hair health. Related to that, as hair coloring heightens the need for hair conditioning, there is a trend toward using products that color *and* condition. One example: the Clairol Color Renewal System, a no-peroxide, no-ammonia semi-permanent hair color, that, in addition to coloring, conditions hair, in effect acting more as a hair treatment than as a coloring process. Says Louis Licari (of NYC's La Coupe), who has been testing it, "It not only can be used to cover grey but also to add luster and richness to your own color." Lasting for six to eight shampoos, it's a viable way for women to "try-on" a new hair color before doing anything more permanent. (Note: the Clairol Color Renewal System will be available for at-home use next month.)

Along with healthier color, comes the use of color that is more subtle, less defined, and less damaging because it is left on the hair for a shorter amount of time. The same goes for coloring that is used only on small hair sections—a few strands around the crown, for instance.

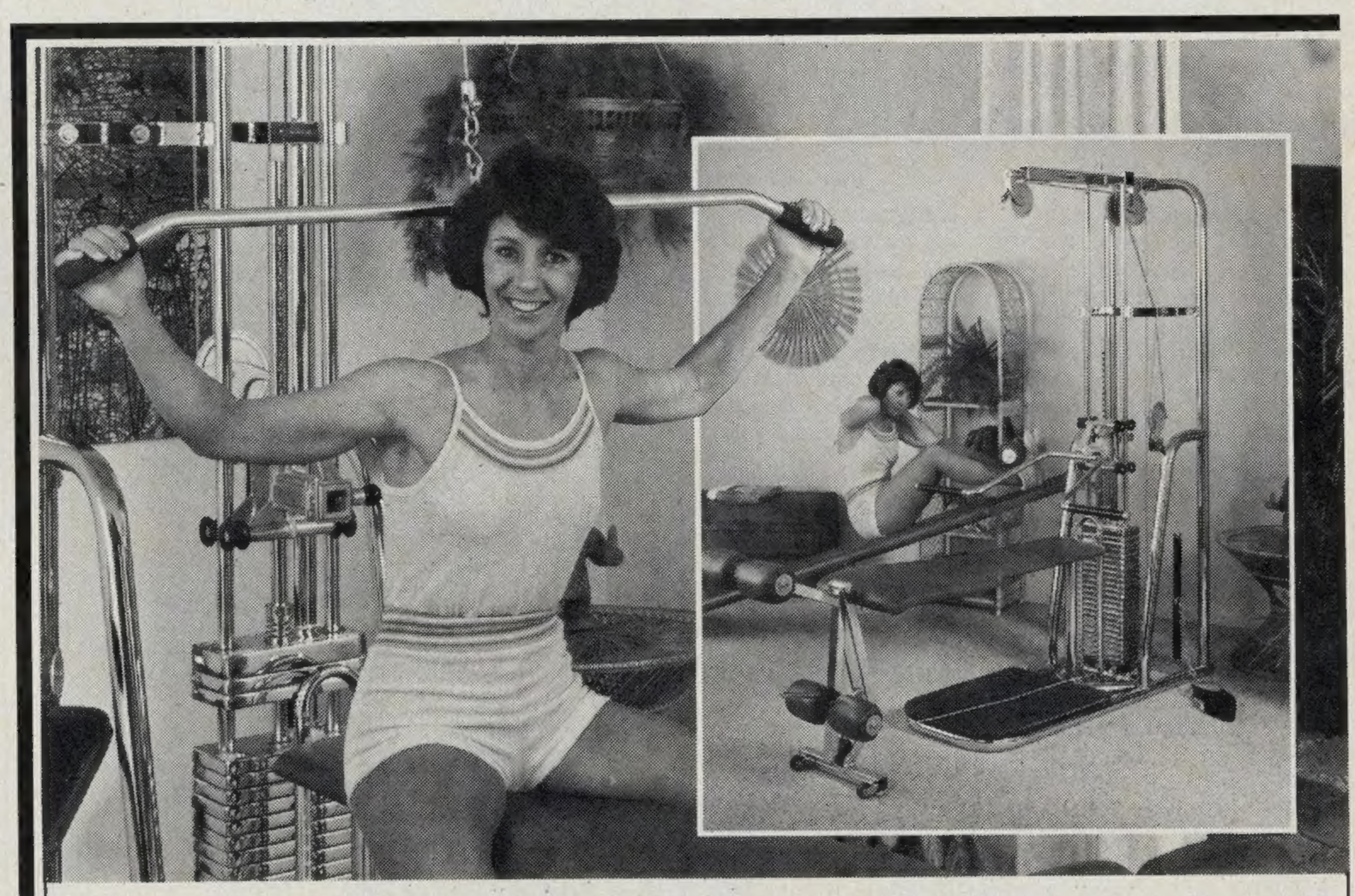
The process of developing these more subtle color variations has resulted in what can only be termed an explosion of innovation: the development of more and more new methods of color application, from the palest highlighting on blond hair to techniques that enhance darker shades with deeper, richer tones. One example of subtle color, being done by Jeff Stein at Richard Stein, NYC: mixing shades of red (containing no peroxide) that range from pale strawberry to dark auburn . . . that highlight hair with a "wash of sunlight" as Stein described it, rather than an actual alteration in color. Calvan Walker at Gerard Bollei, NYC, is "caramelizing"—a technique that puts warm tones in hair to pick up color, in effect, accomplishing in the winter months what the sun does to hair in summer.

Changes, too, are being made in the haircolor "palette," in the elimination of shades that have proved too artificial, as at Louis Guy D', NYC, where they're turning to darker, rather "fiery" shades that enrich natural brunette coloring, rather than using Burgundies, which resulted in too-purple coloring.

One thing is for certain: that with color as subtle as we're seeing it, the question "Who streaks your hair?" is fast becoming obsolete.

Color is also being used more and more to define the line of a cut—especially effective with shorter cuts this season. There's "feathering"—also from Calvan: adding a bright contrasting tone to the hair tips on the top and front only—*e.g.*, white on light blond hair, pale gold or strawberry-red on medium brown, transparent claret on deep brown. "This is strictly fun color," he emphasized, "best for haircuts that stand up a bit in the front—and that can be cut off at the next haircut."

The common denominator for all—and a direction in itself: all require minimum upkeep. Monthly touchups have simply become a luxury demanding both time and money that few women want to give anymore. And with the subtle, beautiful way hair color looks now, few have to . . . ▽



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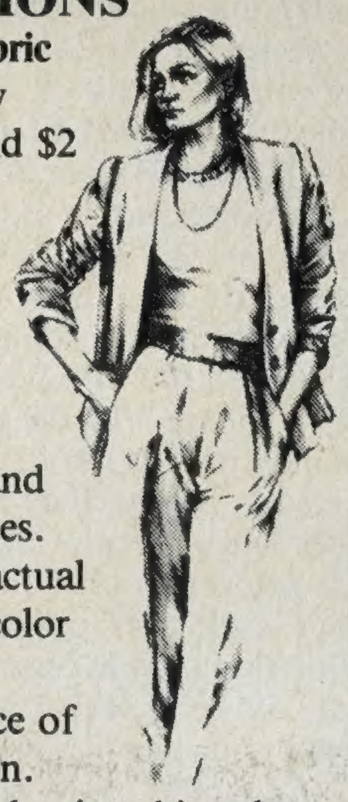

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FASHION INFORMATION

113: Jacket, $2700. Bergdorf Goodman. **161:** *Small photos, above and center:* earrings by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **196:** *Photo above:* Satin/nylon lace merry widow, $40. Brief Essentials, NYC; Nordstrom, Seattle, Dept. 12. Panty stockings, Gerbe. Macy's, Herald Square; Bullock's. **228–229:** Saint Laurent Rive Gauche maribou bolero available in solid colors. About $900. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Philadelphia; Coconut Grove FL; Oakbrook IL; San Francisco. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent. **270:** Saint Laurent Rive Gauche silk velvet dress with silk charmeuse ruffle trim at neck and cuff, silk charmeuse sash at waist, about $1050. Silk fabrics by Andreae. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 312; Dayton's, Dept. 349; Balliet's; Sakowitz, Dept. 54; I. Magnin, Dept. 271; Frederick and Nelson, Dept. 378. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent. Headpiece, Madcaps for Yves Saint Laurent. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. **274–275:** Wool grain de poudre jacket with silk satin lapels, $795. Pants, $325. Silk crêpe de Chine blouse, $285. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC, Chevy Chase, Atlanta, and Beverly Hills; Sakowitz, Dept. 54. All accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **276:** Jacket fabric, wool by Dormeuil. Blouse fabric, silk satin by Besson. **277:** All accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Gloves, Yves Saint Laurent Couture, Paris. **278:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Gloves, Yves Saint Laurent Couture, Paris. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bloomingdale's. **279:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **280–281:** All accessories by Emanuel Ungaro. **282:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **283:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **284:** All Accessories, Christian Dior. Panty stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. **285:** All accessories, Christian Dior. Panty stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. **286:** All accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **287:** All accessories, Givenchy. Panty stockings, Givenchy for Round-the-Clock. **288:** Panty stockings, Dim. **289:** Earrings, Givenchy. **290:** All accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Panty stockings, Dim. **291:** All accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. Panty stockings, Dim. **402:** Claude Montana. To order at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 39. Dim panty stockings. Henri Bendel. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC. **405:** Chloé pullover with polyester/Lurex knit inset and wool flannel skirt. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 525; Marshall Field's, Dept. 28; I. Magnin, Dept. 213. **407:** Emanuel Ungaro blouson, wool knit sweater, pants and silk velvet waistband. Blouson, sweater and pants also at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, Bal Harbour. Blouson and pants, Rich's, Dept. 329. Pants at Balliet's. **409:** Sonia Rykiel coat, wool jersey sleeveless coat, and wool jersey skirt. Barney's Dept. 73; Sakowitz Dept. 73. Dim panty stockings. Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC. **517:** Suede and sable dyed fox hat, Frank Olive, $900. Nan Duskin. To order at Martha. Pearl and rhinestone necklace, Paulo Salvadore for HV Studios. Topaz-colored stone necklace, Arthur Koby. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Gloves, Fownes. Altman's. Panty stockings, Gerbe. Samantha Jones Lingerie, NYC. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **518–519:** *Left:* Earrings, Alex & Lee for Ion. Ring, Carimati Jewelers, Carimati, NYC. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman. Christian Dior Legwear. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. Bob Ellis, Charleston SC. . . . *Right:* Silk matte jersey dress. John Baldwin, Dept. 87; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50; I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Dress also at Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Earrings, Alex & Lee for Ion. Ring, Carimati Jewelers. Carimati, NYC. Christian Dior Legwear. Andrea Pfister shoes. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph's, Chicago. **520–521:** Oscar de la Renta blouse at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 511; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Also at Topps, Omaha NE; Suite 101 Beverly Hills. Silk/rayon velvet skirt, Oscar de la Renta, $250. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 511. Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Ring at Carimati Jewelers, NYC. **522:** Mary McFadden polyester dress fabric by Seta Soie. Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 44. Also at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; Suite 101 Beverly Hills. Bag, Emanuel Ungaro. Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **523:** Oscar de la Renta at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Also at Kaufmann's, Dept. 897; Montaldo's, Dept. 06; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; L. S. Ayres, Dept. 353; Topp's, Omaha NE. Earrings, Paulo Salvador for HV Studios. Short necklace, One-of-a-kind by Alex & Lee. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Long necklace, Alex & Lee for Ion. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Ring, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, NYC. **524:** Gloves, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Henri Bendel. **525:** Model in black coat. Wool fabric, Boggio Casero. Earrings, Jerry Kott. Macy's, Herald Square. Gloves, Chloé. Boots, Walter Steiger. Henri Bendel. White coat in background, Gianfranco Ferre. See page 529. Earrings, Mikal-Jon. Panty stockings, Hot Sox. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Henri Bendel. **526–527:** Suede pants, Fendi. Earrings, Judyth van Amringe. Gloves, Chloé. Boots, Fendi. **528:** Ralph Lauren jacket, blouse, and wool pants. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 310. Also at Nan Duskin; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Vail and Aspen; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Seattle. Earrings, Mark Spirito. **529:** Ferre coat. Wool/polyamide fabric by Sordevolo. Also at Linea Pitti, Washington DC; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 39. Earrings, Mikal-Jon. Artwear, NYC. Gloves, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hot Sox panty stockings. Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC. **530–531:** Large Photo: Calvin Klein at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 104; Rich's, Dept. 338. Outfit also at John Wanamaker, Dept. 4715; Hudson's, Dept. 394; Giorgio's, Beverly Hills; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa, Dept. 66. Necklace, Alex & Lee One-of-a-kind. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Obiko, San Francisco. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Roland Pierre. Roland Pierre, NYC. Girl, *right:* silk charmeuse slip, Samantha Robbins for Sami. Cashmere/silk tights, Joan Vass. *Inset:* Perry Ellis cotton/viscose velvet pants and sweater at Henri Bendel, Dept. 43. Outfit also at Hudson's, Dept. 394; Harzfelds, Dept. 711; Frost Bros. Dept. 500. I. Magnin, Dept. 55. Natural silver fox boa. Perry Ellis for Alixandre. Furs by Weiss, Cleveland OH. Earrings, Alex & Lee for Ion. Bracelets, Paulo Salvador for H.V. Studios. Shalimar Gloves. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **532–533:** *Left:* Bill Blass rayon/polyester/silk cellophane coupe de velours dress. Fabric, Beaux Valette for Lafitte. Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Also at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans. Earrings, Richard Serbin. Henri Bendel; Hattie, Palm Beach; Lewie Watkins, Little Rock AK. Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. Bob Ellis, Charleston SC. . . . *Right:* Geoffrey Beene silk/Lurex/rayon chiffon coupe de velours top and skirt with black velvet ribbon belt which reverses to white satin. Dress, about $1950. Altman's, Dept. 70; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Halle's, Cleveland, Dept. 24; Jacobson's, Dept. 21; The Denver, Denver CO, Dept. 156; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA. Earrings, Judyth van Amringe. Henri Bendel. Necklace, Stephen Dweck. Bracelet, Mikal-Jon. Artwear, NYC. **534:** Dress also at Cyreld, Brookline MA; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; Sandy Austin, Lafayette LA. Earrings, Paulo Salvadore for H.V. Studios. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Shoes, Maud Frizon. Maud Frizon, NYC. **535:** Sweaters also at Gazebo, Narberth PA; Added Touch, Pittsburgh. Felt beret, Sonia Rykiel. $138. Barney's, NYC; Saks-Jandel; Sakowitz I. Magnin, Seattle; Clubissimo, Quebec. Earrings, Sonia Rykiel. Ring at Carimati Jewelers, NYC. **536–537:** Manicure: Roseann Singleton for Nails and Things, NYC. **540:** Manicure: Gerri Kyhill at The Galleria. **572:** Silk crêpe jacket. All accessories by Valentino. **574:** All accessories, Valentino, Shoes, Rene Caovilla. **575:** Shoes, Rene Caovilla. **576:** All accessories, Valentino. **577:** Earrings, André Laug. **578:** Wool turtleneck and wool gabardine skirt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Turtleneck, $175. Skirt, $300. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Philadelphia; Coconut Grove FL; San Francisco. Earrings, Andrée Miller. Henri Bendel. Bracelet, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. **579:** Scarf, Rebecca Moses. Pants, Marcasiano. Gloves, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. To order at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Philadelphia; Coconut Grove FL. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland. Shoes, Julianelli. **580:** Earrings, Terry Felper. Men's clothes, O. K. Uniform, NYC. **581:** Bracelet, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Men's clothes, O. K. Uniform, NYC. **582:** Bracelet, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Luggage, Lancel, NYC. Panty stockings, Kayser Roth/Burlington Leg Looks. Men's clothes, O. K. Uniform, NYC. **583:** Sweater, Zoran. Pants, OMO Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Scarf, Rebecca Moses. Bracelet, Karen Reed for Bergere. **584:** Ferre blouse. Barney's, Dept. 72; Frost Bros., Dept. 691; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Earrings, Carol Shannon Hsu. One-of-a-kind at Incorporated Gallery, NYC; Aisa Art-to-Wear Gallery, La Jolla CA. **585:** Norma Kamali dress. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 758; John Wanamaker, Dept. 4350; Burdines, Dept. 376; Hudson's Dept. 353; Bullock's, Dept. 380. Earrings, Cara Croninger. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Body Sculpture, Boston. **586:** Lamb's wool skirt. Earrings, Jerry Kott. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. **587:** Bracelet, Mark Davis. Panty stockings, Electric Sok! Shoes, Joan & David. Ann Taylor, NYC. Manicure by Ruth Tennen for Xavier, NY. **588:** Blassport. Lord & Taylor, Dept. 130; Halle's, Dept. 27; Marshall Field's, Dept. 28; I. Magnin, Dept. 211. Earrings, Laurence Seegers. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. **589:** Ralph Lauren at Barney's, Dept. 75. Watch, Patek Philippe. Ralph Lauren Hosiery. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. . . . Anne Klein wool/alpaca/camel hair/acrylic sweater and skirt at Nordstrom, Dept. 66. Boots, Bally of Switzerland. . . . Zoran sweater, $350. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Clothing, Sacramento CA. Izabel Lam pants, $195. Altman's, Dept. 147; Nan Duskin. Sweater around neck, Zoran. Bracelet, Mikal-Jon. Artwear, NYC. . . . Matsuda at Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 170. Bracelet, Jyunko Sonohara. **590:** Wool gabardine fabric at B & J Fabrics, NYC. Belt, Calvin Klein. Bonwit Teller. Luggage, Louis Vuitton. Louis Vuitton, NYC; Bal Harbour; Beverly Hills. **591:** Cashmere fabric available at Jerry Brown, NYC. Earrings, Monet. Bracelets, Jyunko Sonohara. Donna Kendall, NYC. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

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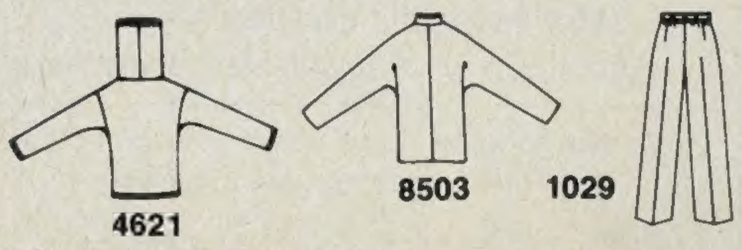
VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pp. 590-591



Jacket. Vogue Pattern #8503. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 2⅛ yards 58/60″ wide fabric. $4.50. Canada, $5.30. *Pants.* Vogue Designer Yves Saint Laurent Pattern #1029. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 1¾ yards 58/60″ wide fabric. $9.50. Canada, $11.30. *Dress.* Butterick Pattern #4621. Sizes S-M-L. Size M: 3½ yards 27/28″ tubular fabric. $2.50. Canada, $3.00.

SEWING TIPS

Dress. Lengthen pattern front and back by 36″ to make full-length dress. Do not use neck piece—instead, turn neckline ¼″ towards the wrong side and stitch, then turn back towards the wrong side ½″ and topstitch.

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